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# COLLECTION

FROM THE

SPECTATOR, TATLER, GUARDIAN, *Mr POPE,*  
*Mr DRYDEN, from Mr ROLLIN's Method of*  
*Teaching and Studying the BELLES LETTRES,*  
*and his* UNIVERSAL HISTORY:

For the BENEFIT of

## English Schools.

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*R. Warden (2.)*



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NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:

Printed for JOHN WARDEN, Teacher of English.

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MDCCLXI.







S O M E  
SELECT PIÈCES,

Collected out of the

SPECTATOR, TATLER, &c.

*Ut pictura poësis erit* —————

HOR.



NOTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written professedly upon it; and as for those who make any Mention of it, they only treat on the Subject as it has accidentally fallen in their Way, and that too in little short Reflexions, or in general declamatory Flourishes, without entring into the Bottom of the Matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable Work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this Subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a Manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the Censure which a famous Critick bestows upon one who had written a Treatise upon *the Sublime* in a low groveling Style. I intend to lay aside a whole Week for this Undertaking, that the Scheme of my

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Thoughts

Thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my Readers will give me a Week's Attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* Night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary Capacities; but if my Readers meet with any Paper that in some Parts of it may be a little out of their Reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only End of these my Speculations is to banish Vice and Ignorance out of the Territories of *Great-Britain*, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a Taste of polite Writing. It is with this View, that I have endeavoured to set my Readers right in several Points relating to Operas and Tragedies; and shall from Time to Time impart my Notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its Refinement and Perfection. I find by my Bookseller, that these Papers of Criticism, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind Reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such Subjects; for which Reason I shall enter upon my present Undertaking with greater Chearfulness.

In this, and one or two following Papers, I shall trace out the History of false Wit, and distinguish the several Kinds of it, as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were many Attempts on Foot last Winter, to revive some of those antiquated Modes of Wit, that have been long exploded out of the Commonwealth of Letters. There were several Satyrs and Panegyricks handed about in Acrostick, by which Means some of the most arrant undisputed Blockheads about the Town began to entertain ambitious Thoughts, and to set up for polite Authors. I shall therefore describe at Length those many Arts of false Wit, in which a Writer does not shew himself a Man of a beautiful-Genius, but of great Industry.



THE first Species of false Wit which I have met with is very venerable for its Antiquity, and has produced several Pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itself: I mean those short Poems printed among the minor *Greek* Poets, which resemble the Figure of an Egg, a Pair of Wings, an Ax, a Shepherd's Pipe, and an Altar.

As for the First, it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's Egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or in more intelligible Language, to translate it into *English*, did not I find the Interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author seems to have been more intent upon the Figure of his Poem, than upon the Sense of it.

THE Pair of Wings consists of twelve Verses, or rather Feathers, every Verse decreasing gradually in its Measure, according to its Situation in the Wing. The Subject of it (as in the rest of the Poems which follow) bears some remote Affinity with the Figure, for it describes a God of Love, who is always painted with Wings.

THE Ax methinks would have been a good Figure for a Lampoon, had the Edge of it consisted of the most satyrical Parts of the Work; but as it is in the Original, I take it to have been nothing else but the Posie of an Ax which was consecrated to *Minerva*, and was thought to have been the same that *Epeus* made Use of in the building of the *Trojan* Horse; which is a Hint I shall leave to the Consideration of the Criticks. I am apt to think, that the Posie was written originally upon the Ax, like those which our modern Cutlers inscribe upon their Knives; and that therefore the Posie shall remain in its ancient Shape, tho' the Ax itself is lost.

THE Shedherd's Pipe may be said to be full of Musick, for it is composed of nine different Kinds of Verses, which by their several Lengths resemble the nine Stops of the old musical Instrument, that is likewise the Subject of the Poem.

THE Altar is inscribed with the Epitaph of *Troilus*, the Son of *Hecuba*; which, by the Way, makes me believe, that these false Pieces of Wit are much more ancient, than the Authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a Writer as *Theocritus*, could have been the Author of any such simple Works.

It was impossible for a Man to succeed in these Performances, who was not a Kind of Painter, or at least a Designer: He was first of all to draw the Outline of the Subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the Description to the Figure of his Subject. The Poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the Mould in which it was cast. In a Word, the Verses were to be cramped or extended to the Dimensions of the Frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the Fate of those Persons whom the Tyrant *Procrustes* used to lodge in his Iron Bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a Rack, and if they were too long, chopped off a Part of their Legs, till they fitted the Couch which he had prepared for them.

MR *Dryden* hints at this obsolete Kind of Wit in one of the following Verses in his *Mac Fleckno*; which an *English* Reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little Poems above-mentioned in the Shape of Wings and Altars.

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*Chuse for thy Command  
Some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land;  
There may'st thou Wings display, and Altars raise,  
And torture one poor Word a thousand Ways.*

THIS Fashion of false Wit was revived by several Poets of the last Age, and in particular may be met with amongst Mr *Herbert's* Poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the Translation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other Kind of Work among the Moderns, which more resembles the Performances I have mentioned,

tioned, than that famous Picture of King *Charles* the First, which has the whole Book of *Psalms* written in the Lines of the Face, and the Hair of the Head. When I was last at *Oxford*, I perused one of the Whiskers, and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by Reason of the Impatience of my Friends and Fellow-Travelers, who all of them pressed to see such a Piece of Curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent Writing-Master in Town, who has transcribed all the *Old Testament* in a full-bottomed Perriwig; and if the Fashion should introduce the thick Kind of Wigs which were in Vogue some few Years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary Locks that shall contain all the *Apocrypha*. He designed this Wig originally for King *William*, having disposed of the two Books of *Kings* in the two Forks of the Fore-top; but that glorious Monarch dying before the Wig was finished, there is a Space left in it, for the Face of any one that has a Mind to purchase it.

BUT to return to our ancient Poems in Picture, I would humbly propose for the Benefit of our modern Smatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their Brethren among the Ancients in those ingenious Devices. I have communicated this Thought to a young poetical Lover of my Acquaintance, who intends to present his Mistress with a Copy of Verses made in the Shape of her Fan; and if he tells me true, has already finished the three first Sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the Measure of his Mistress's Marriage Finger, within a Design to make a Poësie in the Fashion of a Ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good Hint, that I do not question but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have said to many other Particulars; and that we shall see the Town filled in a very little Time with poetical Tippets, Handkerchiefs, Snuff-Boxes, and the like female Ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a Word of Advice to those admirable *English*



Authors, who call themselves Pindarick Writers, that they would apply themselves to this Kind of Wit without Loss of Time, as being provided better than any other Poets, with Verses of all Sizes and Dimensions.

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*Operosè nihil agunt.*

SEN.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every Man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithstanding Pedants of pretended Depth and Solidity are apt to decry the Writings of a polite Author, as *Flash* and *Froth*, they all of them shew upon Occasion, that they could spare no Pains to arrive at the Character of those whom they seem to despise. For this Reason, we often find them endeavouring at Works of Fancy, which cost them infinite Pangs in the Production. The Truth of it is, a Man had better be a Gally-Slave than a Wit, were one to gain that Title by those elaborate Trifles, which have been the Inventions of such Authors as were often Masters of great Learning, but no Genius.

IN my last Paper I mentioned some of these false Wits among the Ancients, and in this shall give the Reader two or three other Species of them, that flourished in the same early Ages of the World. The first I shall produce are the *Lipogrammatists* or *Letter-Droppers* of Antiquity, that would take an Exception without any Reason, against some particular Letter in the Alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great Master in this Kind of Writing. He composed an *Odyssey* or Epic Poem on the Adventures of *Ulysses*, consisting of four and-twenty Books, having intirely banished the Letter *A* from his first Book, which was called *Alpha*, (as *Lucus a non lucend's*) because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second Book was inscribed *Beta* for the same Reason. In short, the Poet excluded the whole four and

twenty

twenty Letters in their Turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his Business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as another would a false Quantity, and making his Escape from it through the several *Greek* Dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular Syllable. For the most apt and elegant Word in the whole Language was rejected, like a Diamond with a Flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong Letter. I shall only observe upon this Head, that if the Work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all Probability, would have been oftner quoted by our learned Pedants, than the *Odysey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual Fund would it have been of obsolete Words and Phrases, unusual Barbarisms and Rusticities, absurd Spellings, and complicated Dialects? I make no Question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable Treasuries of the *Greek* Tongue.

I find likewise among the Ancients, that ingenious Kind of Conceit, which the Moderns distinguish by the Name of a *Rebus*, that does not sink a Letter but a whole Word, by substituting a Picture in its Place. When *Cesar* was one of the Masters of the *Roman* Mint, he placed the Figure of an Elephant upon the Reverse of the publick Money: The Word *Cesar* signifying an Elephant in the *Punick* Language. This was artificially contrived by *Cesar*, because it was not lawful for a private Man to stamp his own Figure upon the Coin of the Commonwealth. *Cicero*, who was so called from the Founder of his Family, that was marked on the Nose with a little Wen like a Vetch, (which is *Cicer* in *Latin*) instead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, ordered the Words *Marcus Tullius* with the Figure of a Vetch at the End of them to be inscribed on a publick Monument. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his Name or Family, notwithstanding the Envy of his Competitors had often reproached him

him with both. In the same Manner we read of a famous Building, that was marked in several Parts of it, with the Figures of a Frog and a Lizard: Those Words in *Greek* having been the Names of the Architects, who by the Laws of their Country were never permitted to inscribe their own Names upon their Works. For the same Reason, it is thought that the Forelock of the Horse in the antique Equestrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, represents at a Distance the Shape of an Owl, to intimate the Country of the Statuary, who, in all Probability, was an *Athenian*. This Kind of Wit was very much in Vogue among our own Countrymen about an Age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique Reason, as the Ancients above-mentioned, but purely for the Sake of being witty. Among innumerable Instances that may be given of this Nature, I shall produce the Device of one Mr *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Camden* in his Remains. Mr *Newberry*, to represent his Name by a Picture, hung up at his Door the Sign of a Yew-Tree, that had several Berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden *N* hung upon a Bough of the Tree, which, by the Help of a little false Spelling, made up the Word *New-berry*.

I shall conclude this Topick with a *Rebus*, which has been lately hewn out in Free-Stone, and erected over two of the Portals of *Blenheim* House, being the Figure of a monstrous Lion tearing to Pieces a little Cock. For the better Understanding of which Device, I must acquaint my *English* Reader, that a Cock has the Misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the same Word that signifies a *Frenchman*, as a Lion is the Emblem of the *English* Nation. Such a Device in so noble a Pile of Building looks like a Pun in an heroick Poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious Architect would suffer the Statuary to blemish his excellent Plan with so poor a Conceit: But I hope what I have said will gain Quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lion's Paw.



I find also in ancient Times, the Conceit of making an Echo talk sensibly, and give rational Answers. If this could be excusable in any Writer, it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the Echo as a Nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a Voice. The learned *Erasmus*, though a Man of Wit and Genius, has composed a Dialogue upon this silly Kind of Device, and made Use of an Echo, who seems to have been a very extraordinary Linguist, for she answers the Person she talks with in *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*, according as she found the Syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned Languages. *Hudibras*, in Ridicule of this false Kind of Wit, has described *Bruin* bewailing the Loss of his Bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great Use to the Poet in several Distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his Verse, and furnishes him with *Rhymes*.

*He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as  
Stout Hercules for Loss of Hylas.  
Forcing the Vallies to repeat  
The Accents of his sad Retreat;  
He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,  
For Loss of his dear Crony Bear.  
That Echo from the hollow Ground  
His doleful Wailings did resound  
More wistfully, by many Times,  
Than in small Poets Splay-foot Rhymes,  
That make her, in their rueful Stories,  
To answer to Int'rogatories,  
And most unconscionably depose  
Things of which she nothing knows:  
And when she has said all she can say,  
'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.  
Quoth he, O whether, wicked Bruin,  
Art thou fled to my ——— Echo, Ruin?  
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a Step  
For Fear. (Quoth Echo) Marry guep.  
Am not I hear to take thy Part!  
Then what has qaell'd thy stubborn Heart?*

*Have*

Have these Bones rattled, and this Head  
 So often in thy Quarrel bled?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
 For thy dear Sake? (Quoth she) Mum budget.  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i'th' Dish  
 Thou turn'dst thy Back? Quoth Echo, Pish.  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.  
 But what a-vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too, as thine Enemy?  
 Or if thou hadst no Thought of me,  
 Nor what I have-endur'd for thee,  
 Yet Shame and Honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning Tail:  
 For who would grudge to spend his Blood in  
 His Honour's Cause? Quoth she, A Pudding.

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*Scribendi recté sapere est & principium & fons.* HOR.

**M**R Locke has an admirable Reflexion upon the  
 Difference of Wit and Judgment, whereby he  
 endeavours to shew the Reason why they are not al-  
 ways the Talents of the same Person. His Words are as  
 follow. And hence, perhaps, may be given some Reason of  
 that common Observation, That Men who have a great deal  
 of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the clearest  
 Judgment, or deepest Reason. For Wit lying most in the  
 Assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with Quick-  
 ness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance or  
 Congruity, thereby to make up pleasant Pictures and agree-  
 able Visions in the Fancy; Judgment, on the contrary, lies  
 quite on the other Side, in separating carefully one from a-  
 nother, Ideas wherein can be found the least Difference, there-  
 by to avoid being misled by Similitude, and by Affinity, to  
 take one Thing for another. This is a Way of proceeding  
 quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion; wherein, for the  
 most Part, lies that Entertainment and Pleasantry of Wit  
 which

*which strikes so lively on the Fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all People.*

THIS is, I think, the best and most philosophical Account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, tho' not always, consists in such a Resemblance and Congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I shall only add to it, by Way of Explanation, That every Resemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unless it be such an one that gives *Delight* and *Surprise* to the Reader: These two Properties seem essential to Wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the Resemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is necessary that the Ideas should not lie too near one another in the Nature of Things; for where the Likeness is obvious, it gives no Surprise. To compare one Man's Singing to that of another, or to represent the Whiteness of any Object by that of Milk and Snow, or the Variety of its Colours by those of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unless besides this obvious Resemblance, there be some further Congruity discovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader some Surprise. Thus when a Poet tells us, the Bosom of his Mistress is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Comparison; but when he adds with a Sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's Memory may supply him with innumerable Instances of the same Nature. For this Reason the Similitudes in heroic Poets, who endeavour rather to fill the Mind with great Conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any Thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr *Locke's* Account of Wit, with this short Explanation, comprehends most of the Species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, *Ænigmas*, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Visions, dramatic Writings, Burlesque, and all the Methods of Allusion: As there are many other Pieces of Wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first Sight from the foregoing Description) which, upon Examination, will be found to agree with it.



As *true Wit* generally consists in this Resemblance and Congruity of Ideas, *false Wit* chiefly consists in the Resemblance and Congruity some Times of single Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acrosticks: Some Times of Syllables, as in Echos and Doggerel Rhymes: Some Times of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles; and some Times of whole Sentences or Poems, cast into the Figures of *Eggs*, *Axes*, or *Altars*: Nay, some carry the Notion of Wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a Man as an ingenious Person, that can resemble the Tone, Posture, or Face of another.

As *true Wit* consists in the Resemblance of Ideas, and *false Wit* in the Resemblance of Words, according to the foregoing Instances, there is another Kind of Wit which consists partly in the Resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Resemblance of Words; which for Distinction Sake, I shall call *mixt Wit*. This Kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Gowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr *Waller* has likewise a great deal of it. Mr *Dryden* is very sparing in it. *Milton* had a Genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the same Class with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monsieur *Boileau*, who formed himself upon the ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with Scorn. If we look after *mixt Wit* among the *Greek* Writers, we shall find it no where but in the Epigrammatists. There are indeed some Strokes of it in the little Poem ascribed to *Musaëus*, which by that, as well as many other Marks, betrays itself to be a modern Composition. If we look into the *Latin* Writers, we find none of this *mixt Wit* in *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, or *Catullus*; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and scarce any Thing else in *Martial*.

OUT of the innumerable Branches of *mixt Wit*, I shall chuse one Instance which may be met with in all the Writers of this Class. The Passion of Love in its Nature, has been thought to resemble Fire; for which Reason the Words Fire and Flame are made Use of to signify

nify Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage from the doubtful Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Number of Witticisms. *Cowley* observing the cold Regard of his Mistress's Eyes, and, at the same Time, their Power of producing Love in him, considers them as Burning-Glasses made of Ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest Extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his Letter written in Juice of Lemon by holding it to the Fire, he desires her to read it over a second Time by Love's Flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward Heat that distilled those Drops from the Limbec. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious Love is a Fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the Beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love Flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a Flame that sends up no Smoke; when it is opposed by Counsel and Advice, it is a Fire that rages the more by the Winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a Tree in which he had cut his Loves, he observes that his written Flames had burnt up and withered the Tree. When he resolves to give over his Passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the Fire. His Heart is an *Ætna*, that, instead of *Vulcan's* Shop, incloses *Cupid's* Forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his Love in Wine, is throwing Oil upon the Fire. He would insinuate to his Mistress, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun, (which produces so many living Creatures) should not only warm, but beget. Love, in another Place, cooks Pleasure at his Fire. Some Times the Poet's Heart is frozen in every Breast, and some Times scorched in every Eye. Some Times he is drowned in Tears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship set on Fire in the Middle of the Sea.

THE Reader may observe in every one of these Instances, that the Poet mixes the Qualities of Fire with those of Love; and in the same Sentence, speaking of it both as a Passion, and as real Fire, surprises the Reader

with those seeming Resemblances or Contradictions that make up all the Wit in this Kind of Writing. Mixt Wit therefore is a Composition of Pun and true Wit, and is more or less perfect as the Resemblance lies in the Ideas or in the Words: Its Foundations are laid partly in Falshood, and partly in Truth: Reason puts in her Claim for one Half of it, and Extravagance for the other. The only Province therefore for this Kind of Wit, is Epigram, or those little occasional Poems that in their own Nature are nothing else but a Tissue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this Head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet, out of whom I have taken the Examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ; and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this Subject, that I should take Notice of Mr *Dryden's* Definition of Wit, which, with all the Deference that is due to the Judgment of so great a Man, is not so properly a Definition of Wit, as of good Writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject.' If this be a true Definition of Wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* was the greatest Wit that ever set Pen to Paper: It is certain that never was a greater Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject, than what that Author has made Use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my Reader, if this Definition agrees with any Notion he has of Wit: If it be a true one, I am sure Mr *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious Man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

BOUHOURS, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the *French* Criticks, has taken Pains to shew, That it is impossible for any Thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its Foundation in the Nature of Things: That the Basis of all Wit is Truth; and that no Thought can be valuable, of which good Sense is not the Ground-work. *Boileau* has endeavoured



to inculcate the same Notion in several Parts of his Writings, both in Prose and Verse. This is that natural Way of writing, that beautiful Simplicity, which we so much admire in the Compositions of the Ancients, and which no Body deviates from, but those who want Strength of Genius to make a Thought shine in its own natural Beauties. Poets who want this Strength of Genius to give that majestic Simplicity to Nature, which we so much admire in the Works of the Ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign Ornaments, and not to let any Piece of Wit of what Kind soever escape them. I look upon these Writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful Simplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to supply its Place with all the Extravagancies of an irregular Fancy. Mr *Dryden* makes a very handsome Observation on *Ovid's* writing a Letter from *Dido* to *Æneas*, in the following Words: ‘ *Ovid* (says he, speaking of *Virgil's* Fiction of *Dido* and *Æneas*) takes it up after him, even in the same Age, and makes an ancient Heroine of *Virgil's* new created *Dido*; dictates a Letter for her, just before her Death, to the ungrateful Fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a Sword with a Man so much superior in Force to him on the same Subject. I think I may be Judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous Author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater Master in his own Profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds: Nature fails him, and being forced to his old Shift, he has Recourse to Witticism. This passes indeed with his soft Admirers, and gives him the Preference to *Virgil* in their Esteem.

WERE not I supported by so great an Authority as that of Mr *Dryden*, I should not venture to observe, That the Taste of most of our *English* Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothic*. He quotes Monsieur *Segrais* for a threefold Distinction of the Readers of Poetry: In the first of which, he comprehends the

Rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as such, with Regard to their Quality, but to their Numbers, and the Coarseness of their Taste. His Words are as follow. ‘*Segrais* has distinguished the Readers of Poetry, according to their Capacity of judging, into three Classes. [He might have said the same of Writers too, if he had pleased.] In the lowest Form, he places those whom he calls *Les petits Esprits*, such Things as are our Upper-Gallery Audience in a Play-House; who like nothing but the Husk and Rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, an Epigram, before solid Sense and elegant Expressions: These are Mob Readers. If *Virgil* and *Martial* stood for Parliament Men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest Appearance in the Field, and cry the loudest, the best on’t is, they are but a Sort of *French Huguenots*, or *Dutch Boors*, brought over in Herds, but not naturalized; who have not Lands of Two Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnassus*, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their Authors are of the same Level, fit to represent them on a Mountebank’s Stage, or to be Masters of the Ceremonies in a Bear-Garden: Yet these are they who have the most Admirers. But it often happens to their Mortification, that as their Readers improve their Stock of Sense, (as they may be reading better Books, and by Conversation with Men of Judgment) they soon forsake them.

I MUST not dismiss this Subject without observing, that as Mr *Locke*, in the Passage abovementioned, has discovered the most fruitful Source of Wit, so there is another of a quite contrary Nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several Kinds. For not only the *Resemblance* but the Opposition of Ideas does very often produce Wit; as I could shew in several little Points, Turns and Antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future Speculation.

C

*Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam  
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit. VIRG.*

**T**HERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret Stabs to a Man's Reputation. Lampoons and Satyrs, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poisoned Darts, which not only inflict a Wound, but make it incurable. For this Reason, I am very much troubled when I see the Talents of Humour and Ridicule in the Possession of an ill-natured Man. There cannot be a greater Gratification to a barbarous and inhuman Wit, than to stir up Sorrow in the Heart of a private Person, to raise Uneasiness among near Relations, and to expose whole Families to Derision, at the same Time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the Accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a Man is vicious into the Bargain, he is one of the most mischievous Creatures that can enter into a civil Society. His Satyr will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every Thing that is Praise-worthy, will be made the Subject of Ridicule and Buffoonry. It is impossible to enumerate the Evils which arise from these Arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other Excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the Wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret Shame or Sorrow in the Mind of the suffering Person. It must indeed be confess'd, that a Lampoon or a Satyr do not carry in them Robbery or Murder; but, at the same Time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable Sum of Money, or even Life itself, than be set up as a Mark of Infamy and Derision? And in this Case, a Man should consider, that an Injury is not to be measured by the Notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

THOSE who can put the best Countenance upon the Outrages of this Nature which are offered them, are not without their secret Anguish. I have often obser-



ved a Passage in *Socrates's* Behaviour at his Death, in a Light wherein none of the Criticks have considered it. That excellent Man, entertaining his Friends, a little before he drank the Bowl of Poison, with a Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entring upon it says, that he does not believe any the most comick Genius can censure him for talking upon such a Subject at such a Time. This Passage, I think, evidently glances upon *Aristophanes*, who writ a Comedy on Purpose to ridicule the Discourses of that divine Philosopher. It has been observed by many Writers, that *Socrates* was so little moved at this Piece of Buffoonry, that he was several Times present at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expressed the least Repentment of it. But, with Submission, I think this Remark I have here made, shews us that this unworthy Treatment made an Impression upon his Mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

WHEN *Julius Cesar* was lampooned by *Catullus*, he invited him to a Supper, and treated him with such a generous Civility, that he made the Poet his Friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the same Kind of Treatment to the learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous *Latin* Poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and after some kind Expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his Esteem, and dismissed him with a Promise of the next good Abby that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few Months after. This had so good an Effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the second Edition of his Book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the Passages which had given him Offence.

SEXTUS QUINTUS was not of so generous and forgiving a Temper. Upon his being made Pope, the Statue of *Pasquin* was one Night dressed in a very dirty Shirt, with an Excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul Linen because his Laundress was made a Princess. This was a Reflexion upon the  
Pope's

Pope's Sister, who, before the Promotion of her Brother, was in those mean Circumstances that *Pasquin* represented her. As this *Pasquinade* made a great Noise in *Rome*, the Pope offered a considerable Sum of Money to any Person that should discover the Author of it. The Author relying upon his Holiness's Generosity, as also on some private Overtures which he had received from him, made the Discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the Reward he had promised, but, at the same Time, to disable the Satyrist for the future, ordered his Tongue to be cut out, and both his Hands to be chopped off. *Aretine* is too trite an Instance. Every one knows that all the Kings of *Europe* were his Tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his Boasts, that he had laid the Sophy of Persia under Contribution.

THOUGH in the various Examples which I have here drawn together, these several great Men behaved themselves very differently towards the Wits of the Age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly shewed, that they were very sensible of the Reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great Injuries. For my own Part, I would never trust a Man that I thought was capable of giving these secret Wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the Person, whose Reputation he thus assaults, in his Body or in his Fortune, could he do it with the same Security. There is indeed some Thing very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scribblers of Lampoons. An innocent young Lady shall be exposed for an unhappy Feature. A Father of a Family turned to ridicule for some domestic Calamity. A Wife be made uneasy all her Life for a misinterpreted Word or Action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just Man, shall be put out of Countenance by the Representation of those Qualities that should do him Honour. So pernicious a Thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I HAVE indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate Writers, that without any Malice have sacrificed the Reputation of their Friends and Acquaintance, to a certain Levity of Temper, and a silly Ambition of distinguishing themselves by a Spirit of Raillery and Satyr : As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured Man than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant Humour in an Author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which Reason, I always lay it down as a Rule, that an indiscreet Man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one ; for as the latter will only attack his Enemies, and those he wishes ill to ; the other injures indifferently both Friends and Foes. I cannot forbear, on this Occasion, transcribing a Fable out of Sir Roger l'Estrange, which accidentally lies before me. ' A Company of ' waggish Boys were watching of Frogs at the Side ' of a Pond, and still as any of them put up their ' Heads, they'd be pelting them down with Stones. ' Children, (says one of the Frogs) *you never consider, ' that though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*'

As this Week is in a Manner set apart and dedicated to serious Thoughts, I shall indulge myself in such Speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the Season ; and in the mean Time, as the settling in ourselves a charitable Frame of Mind, is a Work very proper for the Time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expose that particular Breach of Charity which has been generally over-looked by Divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it. C

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—*Cupias non placuisse nimis.*

Mart.

A LATE Conversation which I fell into, gave me an Opportunity of observing a great deal of Beauty in a very handsome Woman, and as much Wit in an ingenious Man, turned into Deformity in the one, and Absurdity in the other, by the mere Force of Affectation.



tion. The fair One had some Thing in her Person upon which her Thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to Advantage in every Look, Word, and Gesture. The Gentleman was as diligent to do Justice to his fine Parts, as the Lady to her beauteous Form : You might see his Imagination on the Stretch to find out some Thing uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her ; while she writhed herself into as many different Postures to engage him. When she laughed, her Lips were to sever at a greater Distance than ordinary, to shew her Teeth ; her Fan was to point to somewhat at a Distance, that in the Reach she may discover the Roundness of her Arm ; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own Folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her Tucker is to be adjusted, her Bosom exposed, and the whole Woman put into new Airs and Graces. While she was doing all this, the Gallant had Time to think of some Thing very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind Observation on some other Lady, to feed her Vanity. These unhappy Effects of Affectation, naturally led me to look into that strange State of Mind which so generally discolours the Behaviour of most People we meet with.

THE learned Dr *Burnet*, in his Theory of the Earth, takes Occasion to observe, That every Thought is attended with Consciousness and Representativeness ; the Mind has nothing presented to it, but what is immediately followed by a Reflection or Conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This Act of the Mind discovers itself in the Gesture, by a proper Behaviour in those whose Consciousness goes no further than to direct them in the just Progress of their present Thought or Action ; but betrays an Interruption in every second Thought, when the Consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a Man's own Conceptions ; which Sort of Consciousness is what we call Affectation.

As the Love of Praise is implanted in our Bosoms as a strong Incentive to worthy Actions, it is a very difficult

cult Task to get above a Desire of it for Things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose Hearts are fixed upon the Pleasure they have in the Consciousness that they are the Objects of Love and Admiration, are ever changing the Air of their Countenances, and altering the Attitude of their Bodies, to strike the Hearts of their Beholders with new Sense of their Beauty. The dressing Part of our Sex, whose Minds are the same with the sillier Part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy Condition to be regarded for a well-tied Cravat, an Hat cocked with an usual Briskness, a very well-chosen Coat, or other Instances of Merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

BUT this apparent Affectation, arising from an ill-governed Consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial Minds as these: But when you see it reign in Characters of Worth and Distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, nor without some Indignation. It creeps into the Heart of the wise Man as well as that of the Coxcomb. When you see a Man of Sense look about for Applause, and discover an itching Inclination to be commended; lay Traps for a little Incense, even from those whose Opinion he values in nothing but his own Favour: Who is safe against this Weakness? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best Way to get clear of such a light Fondness for Applause, is to take all possible Care to throw off the Love of it upon Occasions that are not in themselves laudable; but, as it appears, we hope for no Praise from them. Of this Nature are all Graces in Mens Persons, Dress, and bodily Deportment; which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their Force in proportion to our Endeavour to make them such.

WHEN our Consciousness turns upon the main Design of Life, and our Thoughts are employed upon the chief Purpose either in Business or Pleasure, we shall never betray an Affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: But when we give the Passion for Praise an unbridled Liberty, our Pleasure in little Perfections, robs

us of what is due to us for great Virtues and worthy Qualities. How many excellent Speeches and honest Actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with Regard to their Way of speaking and acting, instead of having their Thoughts bent upon what they should do or say; and by that Means bury a Capacity for great Things, by their Fear of failing in indifferent Things. This, perhaps, cannot be called Affectation; but it has some Tincture of it, at least so far, as that their Fear of erring in a Thing of no Consequence argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough Disregard to himself in such Particulars, that a Man can act with a laudable Sufficiency: His Heart is fixed upon one Point in View; and he commits no Errors, because he thinks nothing an Error but what deviates from that Intention.

THE wild Havock Affectation makes in, that Part of the World which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our Eyes: It pushes Men not only into Impertinencies in Conversation, but also in their premeditated Speeches. At the Bar it torments the Bench, whose Business it is to cut off all Superfluities in what is spoken before it by the Practitioner; as well as several little Pieces of Injustice which arise from the Law itself. I have seen it make a Man run from the Purpose before a Judge, who was, when at the Bar himself, so close and logical a Pleader, that with all the Pomp of Eloquence in his Power, he never spoke a Word too much.

It might be born even here, but it often ascends the Pulpit itself; and the Declaimer, in that sacred Place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last Day itself with so many quaint Phrases, that there is no Man who understands Raillery, but must resolve to sin no more: Nay, you may behold him sometimes in Prayer, for a proper Delivery of the great Truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well-turned Phrase, and mention his own Unworthiness in a Way so very becoming, that the Air of the pretty Gentleman is preserved under the Lowliness of the Preacher.



I SHALL end this with a short Letter I writ the other Day to a very witty Man, over-run with the Fault I am speaking of.

*Dear Sir,*

I Spent some Time with you the other Day, and must take the Liberty of a Friend, to tell you of the unsufferable Affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you a Hint of it, you asked me whether a Man is to be cold to what his Friends think of him? No; but Praise is not to be the Entertainment of every Moment: He that hopes for it must be able to suspend the Possession of it till proper Periods of Life, or Death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be Praise-worthy, condemn little Merits; and allow no Man to be so free with you, as to praise you to your Face. Your Vanity by this Means will want its Food. At the same Time your Passion for Esteem will be more fully gratified; Men will praise you in your Actions: Where you now receive one Compliment, you will then receive twenty Civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than,

*S I R,*

R

*Your humble Servant.*

*Defendit numerus, junctaque umbone Phalanges. Juv.*

THERE is something very sublime, tho' very fanciful, in *Plato's* Description of the Supreme Being, That *Truth is his Body, and Light his Shadow*. According to this Definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his Nature as Error and Falshood. The Platonists have so just a Notion of the Almighty's Aversion to every Thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon *Truth* as no less necessary than *Virtue*, to qualify the human Soul for the Enjoyment of a separate State. For this Reason, as they recommended moral

Duties

Duties to qualify and season the Will for a future Life, so they prescribed several Contemplations and Sciences to rectify the Understanding. Thus *Plato* has called mathematical Demonstrations the Catharticks or Purgatives of the Soul, as being the most proper Means to cleanse it from Error, and to give it a Relish of Truth; which is the natural Food and Nourishment of the Understanding, as Virtue is the Perfection and Happiness of the Will.

THERE are many Authors who have shewn wherein the Malignity of a *Lye* consists, and set forth in proper Colours the Heinousness of the Offence. I shall here consider one particular Kind of this Crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable Practice of *Party-lying*. This Vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a Man is thought of no Principles, who does not propagate a certain Syltem of Lies. The Coffee-Houses are supported by them, the Press is choak'd with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our Bottle-Conversation is so infected with them, that a Party-Lye is grown as fashionable an Entertainment, as a lively Catch or a merry Story: The Truth of it is, half the great Talkers of the Nation would be struck dumb, were this Fountain of Discourse dried up. There is however one Advantage resulting from this detestable Practice; the very Appearances of Truth are so little regarded, that Lyes are at present discharged in the Air, and begin to hurt no Body. When we hear a Party-Story from a Stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are Words of Course, in which the honest Gentleman designs to recommend his Zeal, without any Concern for his Veracity. A Man is looked upon as bereft of common Sense, that gives Credit to the Relations of Party-Writers; nay, his own Friends shake their Head at him, and consider him in no other Light than as an officious Tool, or a well-meaning Ideot. When it was formerly the Fashion to husband a Lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary Emergency, it generally did

Execution, and was not a little serviceable to the Faction that made Use of it ; but at present every Man is upon his Guard, the Artifice has been too often repeated to take Effect.

I HAVE frequently wondered to see Men of Probity, who would scorn to utter a Falshood for their own particular Advantage, give so readily into a Lye when it becomes the Voice of their Faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are Men of Honour in their Persons, thus to become notorious Lyars in their Party ? If we look into the Bottom of this Matter, we may find, I think, three Reasons for it, and at the same Time discover the Insufficiency of these Reasons to justify so criminal a Practice.

IN the first Place, Men are apt to think that the Guilt of a Lye, and consequently the Punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the Multitudes of those who partake in it. Tho' the Weight of a Falshood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their Imaginations, when it is shared among *many*. But in this Case a Man very much deceives himself ; Guilt, when it spreads thro' Numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied : Every one is criminal in Proportion to the Offence which he commits, not to the Number of those who are his Companions in it. Both the Crime and the Penalty lie as heavy upon every Individual of an offending Multitude, as they would upon any single Person had none shared with him in the Offence. In a Word, the Division of Guilt is like that of Matter ; tho' it may be separated into infinite Portions, every Portion shall have the whole Essence of Matter in it, and consist of as many Parts as the Whole did before it was divided.

BUT, in the second Place, tho' Multitudes, who join in a Lye, cannot exempt themselves from the Guilt, they may from the Shame of it. The Scandal of a Lie is in a Manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several thousands ; as a Drop of the blackest



Tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable Body of Water; the Blot is still in it, but is not able to discover itself. This is certainly a very great Motive to several Party-Offenders, who avoid Crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their Virtue, but to their Reputation. It is enough to shew the Weakness of this Reason, which palliates Guilt without removing it, that every Man who is influenced by it declares himself in Effect an infamous Hypocrite, prefers the Appearance of Virtue to its Reality, and is determined in his Conduct neither by the Dictates of his own Conscience, the Suggestions of true Honour, nor the Principles of Religion.

THE third and last great Motive for Men's joining in a popular Falshood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-Lye, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing Good to a Cause which every Party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The Unsoundness of this Principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a Man must be an utter Stranger to the Principles, either of natural Religion or Christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a Man might promote the supposed Good of his Country by the blackest Calumnies and Falshoods, our Nation abounds more in Patriots than any other of the Christian World. When *Pompey* was desired not to set sail in a Tempest that would hazard his Life. *It is necessary for me, says he, to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live*: Every one should say to himself, with the same Spirit, It is my Duty to speak Truth, tho' it is not my Duty to be in an Office. One of the Fathers hath carried this Point so high, as to declare, *He would not tell a Lye, tho' he were sure to gain Heaven by it*. However extravagant such a Protestation may appear, every one will own, that a Man may say very reasonably, *He would not tell a Lye, if he were sure to gain Hell by it*; or, if you have a Mind to soften the Expression, that he would not tell a Lie to gain any temporal Reward by it, when he should run the Hazard

of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain.

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— *Cum prostrata sopore*  
*Urget membra quies, & mens sine pondere ludit.* Petr.

**T**HOUGH there are many Authors who have written on Dreams, they have generally considered them only as Revelations of what has already happened in distant Parts of the World, or as Presages of what is to happen in future Periods of Time.

I SHALL consider this Subject in another Light, as Dreams may give us some Idea of the great Excellency of an human Soul, and some Intimation of its Independency on Matter.

IN the first Place, our Dreams are great Instances of that Activity which is natural to the human Soul, and which it is not in the Power of Sleep to deaden or abate. When the Man appears tired, and worn out with the Labours of the Day, this active Part in his Composition is still busied and unwearied. When the Organs of Sense want their due Repose and necessary Reparations, and the Body is no longer able to keep Pace with that spiritual Substance to which it is united, the Soul exerts herself in her several Faculties, and continues in Action till her Partner is again qualified to bear her Company. In this Case, Dreams look like the Relaxations and Amusements of the Soul, when she is disincumbred of her Machine, her Sports and Recreations, when she has laid her Charge asleep.

IN the second Place, Dreams are an Instance of that Agility and Perfection which is natural to the Faculties of the Mind, when they are disengaged from the Body. The Soul is clogged and retarded in her Operations, when she acts in Conjunction with a Companion that is so heavy and unweildy in its Motions. But in Dreams, it is wonderful to observe with what a Sprightliness and Alacrity she exerts herself. The Flow of  
 Speech

Speech make unpremeditated Harangues; or converse readily in Languages that they are but little acquainted with. The Grave abound in Pleasantries, the Dull in Repartees and Points of Wit. There is not a more painful Action of the Mind, than Invention; yet in Dreams, it works with that Ease and Activity, that we are not sensible when the Faculty is employ'd. For Instance, I believe every one, some Time or other, dreams that he is reading Papers, Books or Letters; in which Case the Invention prompts so readily, that the Mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own Suggestions for the Compositions of another.

I SHALL, under this Head, quote a Passage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious Author gives an Account of himself in his dreaming and his waking Thoughts. *We are somewhat more than ourselves in our Sleeps, and the Slumber of the Body seems to be but the Waking of the Soul. It is the Litigation of Sense, but the Liberty of Reason; and our waking Conceptions do not match the Fancies of our Sleeps. At my Nativity my Ascendant was the watery Sign of Scorpius: I was born in the planetary Hour of Saturn, and I think I have a Piece of that leaden Planet in me: I am no Way facetious, nor disposed for the Mirth and Galliardise of Company; yet in one Dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the Action, apprehend the Jest, and laugh myself awake at the Conceits thereof. Were my Memory as faithful as my Reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my Dreams; and this Time also would I chuse for my Devotions: But our grosser Memories have then so little hold of our abstracted Understandings, that they forget the Story, and can only relate to our awaked Souls a confused and broken Tale of that which has passed.—Thus it is observed, that Men sometimes upon the Hour of their Departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the Soul begins to be freed from the Ligaments of the Body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a Strain above Mortality.*



WE may likewise observe in the third Place, that the Passions affect the Mind with greater Strength when we are asleep, than when we are awake. Joy and Sorrow give us more vigorous Sensations of Pain or Pleasure at this Time, than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent Author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular Manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the Soul at a Time that the Body is thus laid at Rest. Every Man's Experience will inform him in this Matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently in different Constitutions. I shall conclude this Head with the two following Problems, which I shall leave to the Solution of my Reader. Supposing a Man always happy in his Dreams, and miserable in his waking Thoughts, and that his Life was equally divided between them, Whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a Man a King in his Dreams, and a Beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken Schemes as he thinks when awake, Whether he would be in Reality a King or Beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

THERE is another Circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high Idea of the Nature of the Soul, in Regard to what passes in Dreams, I mean that innumerable Multitude and Variety of Ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful Being only conscious of her own Existence at such a Time, What a painful Solitude would her Hours of Sleep be? Were the Soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping Moments, after the same Manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the Time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such a Solitude.

—*Semperque relinqui*

*Sola sibi, semper longam incommittata videtur*

*Ire viam!* —

Virg.

BUT this Observation I only make by the Way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful Power  
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in the Soul, of producing her own Company on these Occasions. She converses with numberless Beings of her own Creation, and is transported into ten thousand Scenes of her own raising. She is herself the Theatre, the Actors, and the Beholder. This puts me in Mind of a Saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which *Plutarch* ascribes to *Heraclitus*, *That all Men, whilst they are awake, are in one common World; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a World of his own.* The waking Man is conversant in the World of Nature, when he sleeps, he retires to a private World that is particular to himself. There seems some Thing in this Consideration, that intimates to us a natural Grandeur and Perfection in the Soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I MUST not omit that Argument for the Excellency of the Soul, which I have seen quoted out of *Tertulian*, namely, Its Power of divining in Dreams. That several such Divinations have been made, none can question who believes the holy Writings, or who has but the least Degree of a common historical Faith; there being innumerable Instances of this Nature in several Authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark Presages, such Visions of the Night, proceed from any latent Power in the Soul, during this her State of Abstraction, or from any Communication with the supream Being, or from any Operation of subordinate Spirits, has been a great Dispute among the Learned; the Matter of Fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest Writers, who have been never suspected either of Superstition or Enthusiasm.

I do not suppose, that the Soul in these Instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the Body: It is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk and immersed in Matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her Operations, with such Motions of Blood and Spirits, as when she actuates the Machine in its waking Hours. The corporeal Union is slackened enough to give the Mind more Play.

Play. The Soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that Spring which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in Concert with the Body.

THE Speculations I have here made, if they are not Arguments; they are at least strong Intimations, not only of the Excellency of an human Soul, but of its Independence on the Body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great Points, which are established by many other Reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

OUR modern Scepticks and Infidels are great Pretenders to Reason and Philosophy, and are willing to have it thought, that none who are really possess'd of those Talents, can easily assent to the Truth of Christianity. But it falls out very unfortunately for them and their Cause, that those Persons within our own Memory, who are confess'd to have been the most perfect Reasoners and Philosophers of their Time, are also known to have been firm Believers, and they *Laymen*; I mean Mr *Boyle*, Mr *Locke*, Sir *Isaac Newton*, and Mr *Addison*; who, modestly speaking, were as good Thinkers and Reasoners, as the best among the Scepticks and Infidels at this Day. Some of them might have their particular Opinions about this or that Point in Christianity, which will be the Case as long as Men are Men; but the Thing here insisted on, is, That they were accurate Reasoners, and, at the same Time, firm Believers.

Mr *Boyle*, the most exact Searcher into the Works of Nature that any Age has known, and who saw Atheism and Infidelity beginning to shew themselves in a loose and voluptuous Reign, pursued his philosophical Enquiries with religious Views, to establish the Minds of Men in a firm Belief and thorough Sense of the infinite Power and Wisdom of the great Creator.

THIS Account we have from one who was intimately acquainted with him, and preached his funeral Sermon.



‘ It appeared to those who conversed with him in his Enquiries into Nature, that his main Design in that (on which he has had his own Eye most constantly, so he took Care to put others often in Mind of it) was to raise in himself and others, vaster Thoughts of the Greatness and Glory, and of the Wisdom and Goodness of God. This was so deep in his Thoughts, that he concludes the Article of his Will, which relates to that illustrious Body, the Royal Society, in these Words. *Wishing them a happy Success in their laudable Attempts, to discover the true Nature of the Works of God; and praying, that they and all other Searchers into physical Truths, may cordially refer their Attainments to the Glory of the great Author of Nature, and to the Comfort of Mankind.*’ The same Person also speaks thus of him, ‘ He had the profoundest Veneration for the great God of Heaven and Earth, that ever I observed in any Person. The very Name of GOD was never mentioned by him without a Pause, and a visible Stop in his Discourse.’ And, of the Strictness and Exemplariness of the whole Course of his Life, he says, ‘ I might here challenge the whole Tribe of *Liber-tines*, to come and view the Usefulness, as well as the Excellence of the Christian Religion, in a Life that was entirely dedicated to it.’

AGAINST the *Atheists* he wrote his *Free Enquiry into the received Notion of Nature* (to confute the pernicious Principle of ascribing Effects to *Nature*, which are only produced by the infinite Power and Wisdom of God) and also his *Essay about final Causes of Things natural*, to shew that all Things in Nature were made and contrived with great Order, and every Thing for its proper End and Use, by an all-wise Creator.

AGAINST the *Deists* he wrote a *Treatise of Things above Reason*; in which he makes it appear, that several Things which we judge to be contrary to Reason, because *above* the Reach of our Understanding, are not therefore to be thought unreasonable, because we cannot comprehend them, since they may be apparently

rea-

reasonable to a greater and more comprehensive Understanding. And he wrote another Treatise, to shew the Possibility of the *Resurrection of the same Body*.

THE Veneration he had for the *Holy Scriptures*, appears not only from his studying them with great Exactness, and exhorting others to do the same, but more particularly from a distinct Treatise which he wrote, on purpose to defend the *Scripture Style*, and to answer all the Objections which profane and irreligious Persons have made against it. And speaking of Mortality considered as a Rule of Life, he says, ' I have formerly taken Pains to  
' peruse Books of Mortality; yet since they have only a  
' Power to *persuade*, but not to *command*, and Sin and  
' Death do not necessarily attend the Disobedience of  
' them, they have the less Influence; for since we may  
' take the Liberty to question human Writers, I find that  
' the Methods they take to impose their Writings upon  
' us, may serve to countenance either Truth or Falshood.

His Zeal to *propagate* Christianity in the World, appears by many and large Benefactions to that End; which are enumerated in his funeral Sermon. ' He was  
' at the Charge of the Translation and Impression of the  
' New Testament into the *Malayan* Language, which he  
' sent all over the *East-Indies*. He gave a noble Reward  
' to him that translated *Grotius's* incomparable Book of  
' the *Truth of the Christian Religion* into *Arabick*, and was  
' at the Charge of a whole Impression, which he took  
' Care to order to be distributed in all the Countries  
' where that Language is understood. He was resolved  
' to have carried on the Impression of the New Testa-  
' ment in the *Turkish* Language; but the Company  
' thought it became them to be the Doers of it, and so  
' suffered him only to give a large Share towards it.—  
' He was at seven hundred Pounds Charge in the Edition  
' of the *Irish* Bible, which he ordered to be distributed  
' in *Ireland*, and he contributed largely both to the Im-  
' pressions of the *Welsh* Bible, and of the *Irish* Bible in  
' *Scotland*. He gave during his Life three hundred  
' Pounds to advance the Design of propogating the  
' Christian

‘ Christian Religion in *America*; and as soon as he heard  
 ‘ that the *East-India* Company were entertaining Propo-  
 ‘ sitions for the like Designs in the *East*, he presently sent  
 ‘ an hundred Pounds for a Beginning and an Example,  
 ‘ but intended to carry it much further, when it should  
 ‘ be set on Foot to Purpose. He had designed, tho’  
 ‘ some Accidents did upon great Considerations divert  
 ‘ him from settling it during his Life, but not from  
 ‘ ordering it by his Will, that a liberal Provision should  
 ‘ be made for one, who should in a very few well-di-  
 ‘ gested Sermons, every Year set forth the Truth of  
 ‘ the Christian Religion in general, without descend-  
 ‘ ing to the Subdivisions amongst Christians; and who  
 ‘ should be changed every third Year, that so this no-  
 ‘ ble Study and Employment might pass through many  
 ‘ Hands, by which Means many might become Masters  
 ‘ of the Argument.

IN his younger Years he had Thoughts of entring  
 into *Holy Orders*; and one Reason that determined him  
 against it, was, that he believed he might in some Re-  
 spects be more serviceable to Religion, by continuing  
 a Layman. ‘ His having no Interests with Relation to  
 ‘ Religion, besides those of saving his own Soul, gave  
 ‘ him, as he thought, a more unsuspected Authority  
 ‘ in writing or acting on that Side. He knew the pro-  
 ‘ phane Crew fortified themselves against all that was  
 ‘ said by Men of our Profession, with this, that it was  
 ‘ their Trade, and that they were paid for it: He  
 ‘ hoped therefore that he might have the more In-  
 ‘ fluence the less he shared in the Patrimony of the  
 ‘ Church.

MR *Locke*, whose accurate Talent in Reasoning, is  
 so much celebrated even by the *Scepticks* and *Infidels*  
 of our Times, shewed his Zeal for Christianity, first,  
 in his middle Age, by publishing a Discourse on Pur-  
 pose to demonstrate the Reasonableness of believing  
 Jesus to be the promised Messiah; and after that, in  
 the last Year of his Life, by a very judicious Commen-  
 tary upon several of the Epistles of *St Paul*.



HE speaks of the MIRACLES wrought by our Saviour and his Apostles, in the strongest Manner, both as Facts unexceptionably true, and as the clearest Evidences of a divine Mission. His Words are these; *The Evidence of our Saviour's Mission from Heaven is so great, in the Multitude of his Miracles he did before all Sorts of People, (which the divine Providence and Wisdom has so ordered, that they never were, nor could be denied by any of the Enemies and Opposers of Christianity) that what he delivered, cannot but be received as the Oracles of God, and unquestionable Verity.* And again, after his Resurrection, he sent his Apostles amongst the Nations, accompanied with Miracles; which were done in all Parts so frequently, and before so many Witnesses of all Sorts, in broad Day-Light, that as I have often observed, the Enemies of Christianity have never dared to deny them: No, not Julian himself, who neither wanted Skill nor Power to enquire into the Truth, nor would have failed to have proclaimed and exposed it, if he could have detected any Falshood in the History of the Gospel, or found the least Ground to question the Matter of Fact published of Christ, and his Apostles. The Number and Evidence of the Miracles done by our Saviour and his Followers, by the Power and Force of Truth, bore down this mighty and accomplished Emperor and all his Parts, in his own Dominions. He durst not deny so plain Matter of Fact; which being granted, the Truth of our Saviour's Doctrine and Mission unavoidably follows, notwithstanding whatever artful Suggestions his Wit could invent, or Malice should offer, to the contrary.

To those who ask, *What Need was there of a Saviour? What Advantage have we by Jesus Christ?* Mr Locke replies, *It is enough to justify the Fitness of any Thing to be done, by resolving it into the Wisdom of God, who has done it; whereof our narrow Understanding, and short Views may utterly incapacitate us to judge. We know little of this visible, and nothing at all of the State of that intellectual World, (wherein are infinite Numbers and Degrees of Spirits out of the Reach*

*Reach of our Ken or Guess) and therefore know not what Transactions there were between God and our Saviour, in Reference to his Kingdom. We know not what Need there was to set up a Head and a Chieftain, in Opposition to THE PRINCE OF THIS WORLD, THE PRINCE OF THE POWER OF THE AIR, &c. whereof there are more than obscure Intimations in Scripture. And we shall take too much upon us, if we shall call God's Wisdom or Providence to account, and pertly condemn for needfuls, all that our weak, and perhaps biassed UNDERSTANDING, cannot account for. And then he shews at large the Necessity there was of the Gospel-Revelation, to deliver the World from the miserable State of Darkness and Ignorance that Mankind were in. 1. As to the true Knowledge of God. 2. As to the Worship to be paid him. 3. As to the Duties to be performed to him. To which he adds the mighty Aids and Encouragements to the Performance of our Duty. 1. From the Assurance the Gospel gives of future Rewards and Punishments. And, 2. From the Promise of the Spirit of God to direct and assist us.*

*THE holy Scriptures are every where mentioned by him with the greatest Reverence. He calls them the holy Books, the sacred Text, holy Writ, and divine Revelation; and exhorts Christians to betake themselves in earnest to the Study of the Way to Salvation, in those holy Writings, wherein God has revealed it from Heaven, and proposed it to the World; seeking our Religion where we are sure it is in Truth to be found, comparing spiritual Things with spiritual. And in a Letter written the Year before his Death, to one who had asked this Question, What is the shortest and surest Way, for a young Gentleman to attain to a true Knowledge of the Christian Religion, in the full and just Extent of it? His Answer is, Let him study the holy Scripture, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the Words of eternal Life. It has God for its Author; Salvation for its End; and Truth, without any Mixture of Error, for its Matter. A Direction that was co-*

pied from his own Practice, in the *latter* Part of his Life, and after his Retirement from Business ; when for *fourteen or fifteen Years*, he applied himself especially to the Study of the holy Scriptures, and employed the last Years of his Life hardly in any Thing else. He was never weary of admiring the great Views of that sacred Book, and the just Relation of all its Parts. He every Day made Discoveries in it, that gave him fresh Cause of Admiration.

OF St Paul, in particular, upon several of whose Epistles he drew up a most useful Commentary, he says, *That he was miraculously called to the Ministry of the Gospel, and declared to be a chosen Vessel ;—That he had the whole Doctrine of the Gospel from God by immediate Revelation.—That for his Information in the Christian Knowledge, and the Mysteries and Depths of the Dispensation of God by Jesus Christ, God himself had condescended to be his Instructor and Teacher.—That he had received the Light of the Gospel, from the Fountain and Father of Light himself.—And that an exact Observation of his Reasonings and Inferences, is the only safe Guide for the right understanding of him, under the Spirit of God, that directed these sacred Writings.*

AND the Death of this great Man was agreeable to his Life. For we are informed by one who was with him when he died, and had lived in the same Family for seven Years before, That the Day before his Death, he particularly exhorted all about him to read the holy Scriptures ; That he desired to be remembered by them at Evening Prayers ; and being told, that if he would, the whole Family should come and pray by him in his Chamber, he answered, he should be very glad to have it so, if it would not give too much Trouble : That an Occasion offering to speak of the Goodness of God, he especially exalted the Love which God shewed to Man, in justifying him by Faith in Jesus Christ ; and returned God Thanks in particular for having called him to the Knowledge of that divine Saviour.

ABOUT two Months before his Death, he drew up a Letter to a certain Gentleman, (who afterwards distinguished



guished himself by a very different Way of Thinking and Writing) and left this Direction upon it, *To be delivered to him after my Decease.* In it are these remarkable Words.—*This Life is a Scene of Vanity that soon passes away, and affords no solid Satisfaction, but in the Consciousness of doing well, and in the Hopes of another Life. This is what I can say upon Experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the Account.*

SIR *Isaac Newton*, universally acknowledged to be the ablest Philosopher and Mathematician that this or perhaps any other Nation has produced, is also well known to have been a firm Believer, and a serious Christian. His Discoveries concerning the Frame and System of the Universe, were applied by him, as Mr *Boyle's* Enquiries into Nature had been, to demonstrate against *Atheists* of all Kinds, the Being of a God, and to illustrate his Power and Wisdom in the Creation of the World. Of which a better Account cannot be given, than in the Words of an ingenious Person who has been much conversant in his philosophical Writings. ‘At the End of his mathematical Principles of natural Philosophy, he has given us his Thoughts concerning the Deity. Wherein he first observes, that the Similitude found in all Parts of the Universe, makes it undoubted, that the whole is governed by one supreme Being, to whom the Original is owing of the Frame of Nature, which evidently is the Effect of Choice and Design. He then proceeds briefly to state the best metaphysical Notions concerning God. In short, we cannot conceive either of Space or Time otherwise than as necessarily existing; this Being therefore, on whom all others depend, must certainly exist by the same Necessity of Nature. Consequently where ever Space and Time is found, there God must also be. And as it appears impossible to us, that Space should be limited, or that Time should have had a Beginning, the Deity must be both immense and eternal.

THIS great Man applied himself with the utmost Attention to the Study of the *holy Scriptures*, and considered the several Parts of them with an uncommon Exactness ; particularly as to the Order of Time, and the Series of Prophecies and Events relating to the Messiah. Upon which Head, he has left behind him an elaborate Discourse, to prove that the famous Prophecy of *Daniel's Weeks*, which has been so industriously perverted by the *Deists* of our Times, was an express Prophecy of the coming of the Messiah, and fulfilled in Jesus Christ.

Mr *Addison*, so deservedly celebrated for an uncommon Accuracy in Thinking and Reasoning, has given abundant Proof of his firm Belief of Christianity, and his Zeal against Infidels of all Kinds in the Writings that are here published ; of which it is *certainly* known, that a great Part of them were his own Compositions.

I mention not these great Names, nor the Testimonies they have given of their firm Belief of the Truth of Christianity, as if the Evidences of our Religion were to be finally resolved into human Authority, or tried in any other Way than by the known and established Rules of right Reason ; but my Design in mentioning them, is,

1. To shew the very great Assurance of those who would make the Belief of Revelation inconsistent with the due Use of our Reason, when they have known so many eminent Instances in our Time, of the greatest Masters of Reason, not only believing Revelation, but zealously concerned to *establish* and *propagate* the Belief of it.

2. THE Remembrance of this will also be a Means, on one Hand, to hinder well-meaning People from being *misled* by the vain Boasts of our modern Pretenders to Reason ; and, on the other Hand, to check the *Inclination* of the wicked and vicious to be misled ; when both of them have before their Eyes such fresh and eminent Instances of sound Reasoning and a firm Faith, joined together in one and the same Mind.

3. FUR-

3. FURTHER, as these were Persons generally esteem'd for Virtue and Goodness, and, notwithstanding their high Attainments, remarkable for their Modesty and Humility ; their Examples shew us, that a strong and clear Reason naturally leads to the Belief of Revelation, when it is not under the Influences of Vice or Pride.

4. AND, finally, as they are all *Laymen*, there is no Room for the Enemies of revealed Religion to alledge, that they were prejudiced by Interest, or secular Considerations of any Kind ; a Suggestion, that has really no Weight, when urged against the Writings of the *Clergy*, in Defence of Revelation, since they do not desire to be trusted upon their own Authority, but upon the Reasons they offer ; and Lawyers and Physicians are not less trusted, because they *live* by their Professions ; but it is a Suggestion that easily takes hold of weak Minds, and especially such as catch at Objections, and are willing to be caught by them. And, considering the Diligence of the Adversary in making Proselytes, and drawing Men from the Faith of Christ, equal Diligence is required of those who are to maintain that Faith, not only to leave Men no real *Ground*, but even no *Colour* or *Pretence*, for their Infidelity.

I. IT happened very providentially to the Honour of the Christian Religion, that it did not take its Rise in the dark illiterate Ages of the World, but at a Time when Arts and Sciences were at their Height, and when there were Men who made it the Business of their Lives to search after Truth, and sift the several Opinions of Philosophers and wise Men, concerning the Duty, the End, and chief Happiness of reasonable Creatures.

II. SEVERAL of these therefore, when they had informed themselves of our Saviour's History, and examined with unprejudiced Minds the Doctrines and Manners of his Disciples and Followers, were so struck and convinced, that they professed themselves of that Sect ; notwithstanding, by this Profession in that Juncture of



Time, they bid farewell to all the Pleasures of this Life, renounced all the Views of Ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted Course of Severities, and exposed themselves to public Hatred and Contempt, to Sufferings of all Kinds, and to Death itself.

III. OF this Sort we may reckon those three early Converts to Christianity, who each of them was a Member of a Senate famous for its Wisdom and Learning. *Joseph* the *Arimathea*n was of the *Jewish Sanhedrim*, *Dionysius* of the *Athenian Areopagus*, and *Flavius Clemens* of the *Roman Senate*; nay, at the Time of his Death, Consul of *Rome*. These three were so thoroughly satisfied of the Truth of the Christian Religion, that the first of them, according to all the Reports of Antiquity, died a Martyr for it; as did the second, unless we disbelieve *Aristides*, his Fellow-Citizen and Contemporary; and the third, as we are informed both by *Roman* and Christian Authors.

IV. AMONG those innumerable Multitudes, who, in most of the known Nations of the World, came over to Christianity at its first Appearance, we may be sure there were great Numbers of wise and learned Men, beside those whose Names are in the Christian Records, who without Doubt took Care to examine the Truth of our Saviour's History, before they would leave the Religion of their Country, and of their Forefathers, for the Sake of one that would not only cut them off from the Allurements of this World, but subject them to every Thing terrible or disagreeable in it. *Tertullian* tells the *Roman* Governors, that their Corporations, Councils, Armies, Tribes, Companies, the Palace, Senate, and Courts of Judicature, were filled with Christians; as *Arnobius* asserts, that Men of the finest Parts and Learning, Orators, Grammarians, Rhetoricians, Lawyers, Physicians, Philosophers, despising the Sentiments they had been once fond of, took up their Rest in the Christian Religion.

V. WHO can imagine that Men of this Character did not thoroughly inform themselves of the History of that  
Person

Person whose Doctrines they embraced? For however consonant to Reason his Precepts appeared, how good soever were the Effects which they produced in the World, nothing could have tempted Men to acknowledge him as their God and Saviour, but their being firmly persuaded of the Miracles he wrought, and the many Attestations of his divine Mission, which were to be met with in the History of his Life. This was the Ground-Work of the Christian Religion, and, if this failed, the whole Superstructure sunk with it. This Point therefore of the Truth of our Saviour's History, as recorded by the Evangelists, is every where taken for granted in the Writings of those, who from *Pagan* Philosophers became Christian Authors, and who, by Reason of their Conversion, are to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral Testimony for the Truth of what is delivered concerning our Saviour.

VI. BESIDES innumerable Authors that are lost, we have the undoubted Names, Works, or Fragments of several *Pagan* Philosophers, which shew them to have been as learned as any unconverted heathen Authors of the Age in which they lived. If we look into the greatest Nurseries of Learning in those Ages of the World, we find in *Athens*, *Dionysius*, *Quadratus*, *Aristides*, *Athenagoras*; and in *Alexandria*, *Dionysius*, *Clemens*, *Ammonius*, and *Anatolius*, to whom we may add *Origen*; for though his Father was a Christian Martyr, he became, without all Controversy, the most learned and able Philosopher of his Age, by his Education at *Alexandria*, in that famous Seminary of Arts and Sciences.

*Qui mare & terras variisque mundum*

*Temperat horis :*

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,*

*Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.* HOR.

**S**IMONIDES being asked by *Dionysius* the Tyrant, what God was, desired a Day's Time to consider of it before he made his Reply. When the Day was

ex-

expired, he desired two Days ; and afterwards, instead of returning his Answer, demanded still double the Time to consider of it. This great Poet and Philosopher, the more he contemplated the Nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his Depth ; and that he lost himself in the Thought, instead of finding an End of it.

If we consider the Idea which wise Men, by the Light of Reason, have framed of the divine Being, it amounts to this : That he has in him all the Perfection of a spiritual Nature ; and since we have no Notion of any Kind of spiritual Perfection, but what we discover in our own Souls, we join Infinitude to each Kind of these Perfections, and what is a Faculty in an human Soul becomes an Attribute in God. *We* exist in Place and Time, the divine Being fills the Immensity of Space with his Presence, and inhabits Eternity. *We* are possessed of a little Power and a little Knowledge, the divine Being is almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding Infinity to any Kind of Perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different Kinds of Perfections in one Being, we form our Idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

THOUGH everyone who thinks must have made this Observation, I shall produce Mr *Locke's* Authority to the same Purpose, out of his Essay on human Understanding. ' If we examine the Idea we have of the incomprehensible supream Being, we shall find that we come by it the same Way ; and that the complex *Ideas* we have both of God and separate Spirits, are made up of the simple *Ideas* we receive from *Reflexion* ; v. g. having from what we experiment in ourselves, got the *Ideas* of Existence and Duration, of Knowledge and Power, of Pleasure and Happiness, and of several other Qualities and Powers, which it is better to have than to be without ; when we would frame an *Idea* the most suitable we can to the supream Being, we enlarge every one of these with our *Idea* of Infinity ; and so putting them together, make our complex *Idea* of God.' *God.*



It is not impossible that there may be many Kinds of spiritual Perfection, besides those which are lodged in an human Soul ; but it is impossible that we should have Ideas of any Kinds of Perfection, except those of which we have some small Rays and short imperfect Strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore a very high Presumption to determine whether the supream Being has not many more Attributes than those which enter into our Conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any Kind of spiritual Perfection which is not marked out in an human Soul, it belongs in its Fulness to the divine Nature.

SEVERAL eminent Philosophers have imagined, that the Soul in her separate State, may have new Faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present Union with the Body ; and whether these Faculties may not correspond with other Attributes in the divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new Matter of Wonder and Adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the sovereign Being, the great Author of Nature, has in him all possible Perfection, as well in *Kind* as in *Degree*, to speak according to our Methods of conceiving. I shall only add, under this Head, that when we have raised our Notion of this infinite Being, as high as it is possible for the Mind of Man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. *There is no End of his Greatness*: The most exalted Creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it; none but himself can comprehend it.

THE Advice of the Son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this Light. *By this Word all Things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: Wherefore, in Sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his Works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his Power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your Strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us?*

And

*And who can magnify him as he is? There art yet hid greater Things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his Works.*

I HAVE here only considered the supream Being by the Light of Reason and Philosophy. If we would see him in all the Wonders of his Mercy, we must have Recourse to Revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his Dispensations towards Man. But as this is a Theory which falls under every one's Consideration, tho' indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take Notice of that habitual Worship and Veneration which we ought to pay to this almighty Being. We should often refresh our Minds with the Thought of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the Contemplation of our own Worthlessness, and of his transcendent Excellency and Perfection. This would imprint in our Minds such a constant and uninterrupted Awe and Veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in Reality a Kind of incessant Prayer, and reasonable Humiliation of the Soul before him who made it.

THIS would effectually kill in us all the little Seeds of Pride, Vanity, and Self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the Minds of such whose Thoughts turn more on those comparative Advantages which they enjoy over some of their Fellow-creatures, than on that infinite Distance which is placed between them and the supream Model of all Perfection. It would likewise quicken our Desires and Endeavours of uniting ourselves to him, by all the Acts of Religion and Virtue.

SUCH an habitual Homage to the supream Being, would, in a particular Manner, banish from among us that prevailing Impiety of using his Name on the most trivial Occasions.

I find the following Passage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the Funeral of a Gentleman who was an Honour to his Country, and a more diligent as well as successful Enquirer into the Works of Nature, than any  
other

other our Nation has ever produced. ‘ He had the profoundest Veneration for the great God of Heaven and Earth that I have ever observed in any Person. The very Name of God was never mentioned by him without a Pause, and a visible Stop in his Discourse; in which, one that knew him most particularly above twenty Years, has told me, that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.

EVERY one knows the Veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a Name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious Discourses. What can we then think of those who make Use of so tremendous a Name in the ordinary Expressions of their Anger, Mirth, and most impertinent Passions? Of those who admit it into the most familiar Questions and Assertions, ludicrous Phrases and Works of Humour? Not to mention those who violate it by solemn Perjuries? It would be an Affront to Reason; to endeavour to set forth the Horror and Profaneness of such a Practice. The very Mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the Light of Nature, not to say Religion, is not utterly extinguished. O.

— *Deum namque ire per omnes  
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.*

VIRG.

I Was Yesterday about Sun-set walking in the open Fields, till the Night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the Richness and Variety of Colours, which appeared in the western Parts of Heaven: In Proportion as they faded away and went out, several Stars and Planets appeared one after another, till the whole Firmament was in a Glow. The Blueness of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the Season of the Year, and by the Rays of all those Luminaries that passed thro’ it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful White. To compleat the



the Scene, the full Moon rose at Length in that clouded Majesty which *Milton* takes Notice of, and opened to the Eye a new Picture of Nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer Lights, than that which the Sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the Moon walking in her Brightness, and taking her Progress among the Constellations, a Thought arose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs Men of serious and contemplative Natures. *David* himself fell into it in that Reflexion, *When I consider the Heavens, the Work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou hast ordained, what is Man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou regardest him!* In the same Manner when I considered that infinite Host of Stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of Suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable Sets of Planets or Worlds, which were moving round their respective Suns; when I still enlarged the Idea, and supposed another Heaven of Suns and Worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior Firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at so great a Distance, that they may appear to the Inhabitants of the former as the Stars do to us; in short, whilst I pursued this Thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant Figure which I myself bore amidst the Imensity of God's Works.

WERE the Sun, which enlightens this Part of the Creation, with all the Host of planetary Worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated; they would not be missed more than a Grain of Sand upon the Sea-Shore. The Space they possess is so exceedingly little in Comparison of the Whole, that it would scarce make a Blank in the Creation. The Chasm would be imperceptible to an Eye, that could take in the whole Compass of Nature, and pass from one End of the Creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a Sense in ourselves hereafter, or in Creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many Stars  
by

by the Help of Glasses, which we do not discover with our Eyes; and the finer our Telescopes are, the more still are our Discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this Thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be Stars whose Light is not yet travelled down to us since their first Creation. There is no Question but the Universe has certain Bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the Work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodness, with an infinite Space to exert itself in, how can our Imagination set any Bounds to it.

To return therefore to my first Thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret Horror, as a Being that was not worth the smallest Regard of one who had so great a Work under his Care and Superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the Immensity of Nature, and lost among that infinite Variety of Creatures, which in all Probability swarm through all these immeasurable Regions of Matter.

IN order to recover myself from this mortifying Thought, I considered that it took its Rise from those narrow Conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different Objects at the same Time. If we are careful to inspect some Things, we must of Course neglect others. This Imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an Imperfection that cleaves in some Degree to Creatures of the highest Capacities, as they are Creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited Natures. The Presence of every created Being is confined to a certain Measure of Space, and consequently his Observation is stinted to a certain Number of Objects. The Sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider Circumference to one Creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the Scale of Existence. But the widest of these our Spheres has its Circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this Imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some Measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no Shadow of Imperfection.

fection. Our Reason indeed assures us that his Attributes are infinite, but the Poorness of our Conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting Bounds to every Thing it contemplates, till our Reason comes again to our Succour, and throws down all those little Prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the Mind of Man.

WE shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy Thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the Multiplicity of his Works, and the Infinity of those Objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first Place, that he is omnipresent, and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

IF we consider him in his Omnipresence, his Being passes thro', actuates, and supports the whole Frame of Nature. His Creation, and every Part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His Substance is within the Substance of every Being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that Being is to itself. It would be an Imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one Place into another, or to withdraw himself from any Thing he has created, or from any Part of that Space which is diffused and spread Abroad to Infinity. In short, to speak of him in the Language of the old Philosopher, he is a Being whose Centre is every where, and his Circumference no where.

IN the second Place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every Motion that arises in the whole material World, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every Thought that is stirring in the intellectual World, to every Part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moralists have considered the Creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own Hands, and which is filled with his Presence. Others have considered infinite Space as the Receptacle, or rather the

Habi-



Habitation of the Almighty: But the noblest and most exalted Way of considering this infinite Space, is that of Sir *Isaac Newton*, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and Men have their *Sensoriola*, or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the Presence and perceive the Actions of a few Objects that lie contiguous to them. Their Knowledge and Observation turns within a very narrow Circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every Thing in which he resides, infinite Space gives Room to infinite Knowledge, and is, as it were, an Organ to Omniscience.

WERE the Soul separate from the Body, and with one Glance of Thought should start beyond the Bounds of the Creation; should it for Millions of Years continue its Progress through infinite Space with the same Activity, it would still find itself within the Embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the Immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the Body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* says *Job*. *Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left Hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right Hand, that I cannot see him.* In short, Reason, as well as Revelation, assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

IN this Consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience, every uncomfortable Thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every Thing that has Being, especially such of his Creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their Thoughts, and to that Anxiety of Heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this Occasion: For, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his Creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an Eye of Mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his Notice, and in an unfeigned Humility of Heart, think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

—*Cælum quid querimus ultra?*

LUC.

**I**N your Paper of *Friday* the 9th Instant, you had Occasion to consider the Ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same Time to shew, that as he is present to every Thing, he cannot but be attentive to every Thing, and privy to all the Modes and Parts of its Existence; or, in other Words, that his Omniscience and Omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole Infinitude of Space. This Consideration might furnish us with many Incentives to Devotion, and Motives to Morality; but as this Subject has been handled by several excellent Writers, I shall consider it in a Light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

**FIRST**, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same Time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence!

**SECONDLY**, How deplorable is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who feels no other Effects from this his Presence, but such as proceed from divine Wrath and Indignation!

**THIRDLY**, How happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's Presence, from the secret Effects of his Mercy and loving Kindness!

**FIRST**, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same Time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence! Every Particle of Matter is actuated by this Almighty Being, which passes through it. The Heavens and the Earth, the Stars and Planets, move and gravitate by Virtue of this great Principle within them. All the dead Parts of Nature are invigorated by the Presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective Qualities. The several Instincts in the Brute Creation do likewise operate and work towards the several Ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine Energy. Man only,  
who

who does not co-operate with this holy Spirit, and is un-  
 attentive to his Presence, receives none of those Advan-  
 tages from it, which are perfective of his Nature, and  
 necessary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him,  
 and in him, and every where about him, but of no Advan-  
 tage to him. It is the same Thing to a Man with-  
 out Religion, as if there were no God in the World. It  
 is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove him-  
 self from any of his Creatures; but tho' he cannot with-  
 draw his Essence from us, which would argue an Im-  
 perfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the Joys  
 and Consolations of it. His Presence may perhaps be  
 necessary to support us in our Existence; but he may  
 leave this our Existence to itself, with regard to its Hap-  
 piness or Misery. For, in this Sense, he may cast us  
 away from his Presence, and take his holy Spirit from  
 us. This single Consideration one would think suffici-  
 ent to make us open our Hearts to all those Infusions of  
 Joy and Gladness which are so near at Hand, and ready  
 to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider,  
*Secondly*, the deplorable Condition of an intellectual  
 Being, who feels no other Effects from his Maker's  
 Presence, but such as proceed from divine Wrath and  
 Indignation.

WE may assure ourselves, that the great Author of  
 Nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to  
 any of his Creatures. Those who will not feel him in  
 his Love, will be sure to feel him at length in his Displeas-  
 ure. And how dreadful is the Condition of that Crea-  
 ture who is only sensible of the Being of his Creator, by  
 what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present  
 in Hell as in Heaven; but the Inhabitants of those ac-  
 cursed Places behold him only in his Wrath, and shrink  
 within the Flames, to conceal themselves from him. It  
 is not in the Power of Imagination to conceive the fear-  
 ful Effects of Omnipotence incensed.

BUT I shall only consider the Wretchedness of an in-  
 tellectual Being, who, in this Life, lies under the Dis-  
 pleasure of him, that at all Times and in all Places, is



intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the Soul, and vex it in all its Faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest Comforts of Life from refreshing us, and give an Edge to every one of its slightest Calamities. Who then can bear the Thought of being an Out-cast from his Presence, that is, from the Comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its Terrors? How pathetick is that Expostulation of *Job*, when, for the Trial of his Patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable Condition! *Why hast thou set me as a Mark against thee, so that I am become a Burden to myself?* But, *Thirdly*, How happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being who is sensible of his Maker's Presence from the secret Effects of his Mercy and loving Kindness.

THE Blessed in Heaven behold him Face to Face; that is, are as sensible of his Presence as we are of the Presence of any Person whom we look upon with our Eyes. There is doubtless a Faculty in Spirits by which they apprehend one another, as our Senses do material Objects; and there is no Question but our Souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified Bodies, will by this Faculty, in whatever Part of Space they reside, be always *sensible* of the divine Presence. We, who have this Veil of Flesh standing between us and the World of Spirits, must be content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us, by the Effects which he produceth in us. Our outward Senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his Influence upon our Minds, by those virtuous Thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret Comforts and Refreshments which he conveys into our Souls, and by those ravishing Joys and inward Satisfaction which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the Thoughts of good Men. He is lodged in our very Essence, and is as a Soul within the Soul, to irradiate its Understanding, rectify its Will, purify its Passions, and enliven all the Powers of Man. How happy therefore is an intellectual Being, who, by Prayer and Meditation, by Virtue and good Works,

Works, opens this Communication between God and his own Soul! Tho' the whole Creation frowns upon him, and all Nature looks black about him, he has his Light and Support within him, that are able to cheer his Mind, and bear him up in the Midst of all those Horrors which encompass him. He knows that his Helper is at Hand, and is always nearer to him than any Thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the Midst of Calumny or Contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better Things within his Soul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Glory, and the Lifter up of his Head. In his deepest Solitude and Retirement, he knows that he is in Company with the greatest of Beings; and perceives within himself such real Sensations of his Presence, as are more delightful than any Thing that can be met with in the Conversation of his Creatures. Even in the Hour of Death, he considers the Pains of his Dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that Partition which stands betwixt his Soul, and the Sight of that Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in Fulness and Joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's Presence, from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Goodness, we must keep such a Watch over all our Thoughts, that, in the Language of the Scripture, his Soul may have Pleasure in us. We must take Care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the Meditations of our Hearts always acceptable in his Sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The Light of Nature could direct *Seneca* to this Doctrine, in a very remarkable Passage among his Epistles, *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus, honorum malorumque custos & observator, & quemadmodum nos illam tractamus, ita & ille nos.* There is a holy Spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil Men, and will treat us after the same Manner that we treat him. But I shall conclude this Discourse with those emphatical Words in divine Revelation, *If a Man*  
*love*

love me, he will keep my Word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our Abode with him.

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— *Si verbo audacia detur,*

*Non metuam magni dixisse palatia Coeli.* OVID. MET.

S I R,

I CONSIDERED in my two last Letters that awful and tremendous Subject, the Ubiquity or Omnipresence of the divine Being. I have shewn that he is equally present in all Places throughout the whole Extent of infinite Space. This Doctrine is so agreeable to Reason, that we meet with it in the Writings of the enlightened Heathens, as I might shew at large, were it not already done by other Hands. But tho' the Deity be thus essentially present through all the Immensity of Space, there is one Part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible Glory. This is that Place which is marked out in Scripture under the different Appellations of *Paradise, the third Heaven, the Throne of God, and the Habitation of his Glory*. It is here where the glorified Body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial Hierarchies, and the innumerable Hosts of Angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the Seat of God with Hallelujahs and Hymns of Praise. This is that Presence of God, which some of the Divines call his glorious, and others his majestatick Presence. He is indeed as essentially present in all other Places as in this, but it is here where he resides in a sensible Magnificence, and in the Midst of those Splendors which can affect the Imagination of created Beings.

It is very remarkable, that this Opinion of God Almighty's Presence in Heaven, whether discovered by the Light of Nature, or by a general Tradition from our first Parents, prevails among all the Nations

of



‘ of the World, whatsoever different Notions they en-  
 ‘ entertain of the Godhead. If you look into *Homer*,  
 ‘ that is, the most ancient of the *Greek* Writers, you  
 ‘ see the supream Powers seated in the Heavens, and en-  
 ‘ compassed with inferior Deities, among whom the  
 ‘ Muses are represented as singing incessantly about his  
 ‘ Throne. Who does not here see the main Strokes and  
 ‘ Out-lines of this great Truth we are speaking of? The  
 ‘ same Doctrine is shadowed out in many other heathen  
 ‘ Authors, tho’ at the same Time, like several other  
 ‘ revealed Truths, dashed and adulterated with a Mix-  
 ‘ ture of Fables and human Inventions. But to pass  
 ‘ over the Notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, those more  
 ‘ enlightened Parts of the *Pagan* World, we find there  
 ‘ is scarce a People among the late discovered Nations,  
 ‘ who are not trained up in an Opinion, that Heaven is  
 ‘ the Habitation of the Divinity whom they worship.

‘ As in *Solomon’s* Temple there was the *Sanctum Sanc-*  
 ‘ *torum*, in which a visible Glory appeared among the  
 ‘ Figures of the Cherubim, and into which none but  
 ‘ the high Priest himself was permitted to enter, after  
 ‘ having made an Atonement for the Sins of the Peo-  
 ‘ ple; so, if we consider the whole Creation as one great  
 ‘ Temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, into which  
 ‘ the high Priest of our Salvation entred, and took his  
 ‘ Place among Angels and Archangels, after having  
 ‘ made a Propitiation for the Sins of Mankind.

‘ WITH how much Skill must the Throne of God be  
 ‘ erected? With what glorious Designs is that Habita-  
 ‘ tion beautified, which is contrived and built by him  
 ‘ who inspired *Hiram* with Wisdom? How great must  
 ‘ be the Majesty of that Place, where the whole Art of  
 ‘ Creation has been employed, and where God has chos-  
 ‘ en to shew himself in the most magnificent Manner?  
 ‘ What must be the Architecture of infinite Power un-  
 ‘ der the Direction of infinite Wisdom? A Spirit can-  
 ‘ not but be transported after an ineffable Manner, with  
 ‘ the Sight of those Objects, which were made to affect  
 ‘ him by that Being who knows the inward Frame of a  
 ‘ Soul,

' Soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most se-  
 ' cret Powers and Faculties. It is to this majestick  
 ' Presence of God, we may apply those beautiful Ex-  
 ' pressions in holy Writ. *Behold even to the Moon, and*  
 ' *it shineth not ; yea the Stars are not pure in his Sight.*  
 ' The Light of the Sun, and all the Glories of the World  
 ' in which we live, are but as weak and sickly Glimmer-  
 ' ings, or rather Darkness itself, in Comparison of those  
 ' Splendors which encompass the Throne of God.

' As the *Glory* of this Place is transcendent beyond  
 ' Imagination, so probably is the Extent of it. There  
 ' is Light behind Light, and Glory within Glory. How  
 ' far that Space may reach in which God thus appears  
 ' in perfect Majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Tho'  
 ' it is not infinite, it may be indefinite ; and though not  
 ' immeasurable in itself, it may be so with Regard to  
 ' any created Eye or Imagination. If he has made these  
 ' lower Regions of Matter so inconceivably wide and  
 ' magnificent for the Habitation of mortal and perish-  
 ' able Beings, how great may we suppose the Courts  
 ' of his House to be, where he makes his Residence in  
 ' a more special Manner, and displays himself in the  
 ' Fulness of his Glory, among an innumerable Company  
 ' of Angels, and Spirits of just Men made perfect ?

' THIS is certain, that our Imaginations cannot be  
 ' raised too high, when we think on a Place where Om-  
 ' nipotence and Omniscience have so signally exerted  
 ' themselves, because that they are able to produce a  
 ' Scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we  
 ' are able to imagine. It is not impossible but at the  
 ' Consummation of all Things, these outward Apart-  
 ' ments of Nature, which are now suited to those Be-  
 ' ings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to  
 ' that glorious Place of which I am here speaking ; and  
 ' by that Means made a proper Habitation for Beings  
 ' who are exempt from Mortality, and cleared of their  
 ' Imperfections : For so the Scripture seems to inti-  
 ' mate, when it speaks of new Heavens and of a new  
 ' Earth, wherein dwelleth Righteousness.

' I HAVE only considered this glorious Place, with  
 ' Regard to the Sight and Imagination, though it is  
 ' highly probable that our other Senses may here likewise  
 ' enjoy their highest Gratifications. There is nothing  
 ' which more ravishes and transports the Soul, than Har-  
 ' mony; and we have great Reason to believe, from the  
 ' Descriptions of this Place in holy Scripture, that this  
 ' is one of the Entertainments of it. And if the Soul  
 ' of Man can be so wonderfully affected with those  
 ' Strains of Musick, which human Art is capable of  
 ' producing, how much more will it be raised and ele-  
 ' vated by those, in which is exerted the whole Power  
 ' of Harmony! The Senses are Faculties of the human  
 ' Soul, though they cannot be employed, during this  
 ' our vital Union, without proper Instruments in the  
 ' Body. Why therefore should we exclude this Satis-  
 ' faction of these Faculties, which we find by Experience  
 ' are Inlets of great Pleasure to the Soul, from among  
 ' those Entertainments which are to make up our Hap-  
 ' piness hereafter? Why should we suppose that our  
 ' Hearing and Seeing will not be gratified with those Ob-  
 ' jects which are most agreeable to them, and which they  
 ' cannot meet with in these lower Regions of Nature;  
 ' Objects, *which neither Eye hath seen, nor Ear heard,*  
 ' *nor can it enter into the Heart of Man to conceive?* I  
 ' *knew a Man in Christ,* (says St Paul, speaking of him-  
 ' self) *above fourteen Years ago, (whether in the Body, I*  
 ' *cannot tell, or whether out of the Body, I cannot tell:*  
 ' *God knoweth) such a one caught up to the third Heaven.*  
 ' *And I knew such a Man, (whether in the Body, or*  
 ' *out of the Body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) how that*  
 ' *he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable*  
 ' *Words, which it is not possible for a Man to utter.* By  
 ' this is meant, that what he heard was so infinitely  
 ' different from any Thing which he had heard in this  
 ' World, that it was impossible to express it in such  
 ' Words as might convey a Notion of it to his  
 ' Hearers.



' It is very natural for us to take Delight in Enquiries  
 ' concerning any foreign Country, where we are some  
 ' Time or other to make our Abode; and as we all  
 ' hope to be admitted into this glorious Place, it is both  
 ' a laudable and useful Curiosity, to get what Informa-  
 ' tions we can of it, whilst we make Use of Revelation  
 ' for our Guide. When these everlasting Doors shall be  
 ' open to us, we may be sure that the Pleasures and Beau-  
 ' ties of this Place will infinitely transcend our present  
 ' Hopes and Expectations, and that the glorious Ap-  
 ' pearance of the Throne of God, will rise infinitely  
 ' beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We  
 ' might here entertain ourselves with many other Specu-  
 ' lations on this Subject, from those several Hints which  
 ' we find of it in the holy Scriptures; as whether there  
 ' may not be different Mansions and Apartments of Glo-  
 ' ry, to Beings of different Natures; whether as they ex-  
 ' cel one another in Perfection, they are not admitted  
 ' nearer to the Throne of the Almighty, and enjoy  
 ' greater Manifestations of his Presence; whether there  
 ' are not solemn Times and Occasions, when all the  
 ' Multitude of Heaven celebrate the Presence of their  
 ' Maker in more extraordinary Forms of Praise and  
 ' Adoration; as *Adam*, tho' he had continued in a State  
 ' of Innocence, would, in the Opinion of our Divines,  
 ' have kept holy the Sabbath-Day, in a more particular  
 ' Manner than any other of the Seven. These, and the  
 ' like Speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so  
 ' long as we make Use of them to inspire us with a De-  
 ' sire of becoming Inhabitants of this delightful Place.

' I HAVE in this, and in two foregoing Letters,  
 ' treated on the most serious Subject that can employ  
 ' the Mind of Man, the Omnipresence of the Deity; a  
 ' Subject which, if possible, should never depart from our  
 ' Meditations. We have considered the divine Being,  
 ' as he inhabits Infinitude, as he dwells among his  
 ' Work, as he is present to the Mind of Man, and as  
 ' he discovers himself in a more glorious Manner among  
 ' the Regions of the Blest. Such a Consideration should  
 ' be

‘ be kept awake in us, at all Times, and in all Places,  
 ‘ and possess our Minds with a perpetual Awe and  
 ‘ Reverence. It should be interwoven with all our  
 ‘ Thoughts and Perceptions, and become one with the  
 ‘ Consciousness of our own Being. It is not to be reflected  
 ‘ on in the Coldness of Philosophy, but ought to sink us  
 ‘ into the lowest Prostration before him, who is so asto-  
 ‘ nishingly great, wonderful and holy.’

---

— *Affiduo labuntur tempora motu*

*Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,  
 Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,  
 Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,  
 Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;  
 Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est:  
 Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.*

OVID. MET.

WE consider infinite Space as an Expansion with-  
 out a Circumference: We consider Eternity,  
 or infinite Duration, as a Line that has neither a Be-  
 ginning nor End. In our Speculations of infinite Space,  
 we consider that particular Place in which we exist, as a  
 Kind of Centre to the whole Expansion. In our Specu-  
 lations of Eternity, we consider the Time which is pre-  
 sent to us as the Middle, which divides the whole Line  
 into two equal Parts. For this Reason, many witty  
 Authors compare the present Time to an Isthmus or nar-  
 row Neck of Land, that rises in the Midst of an Ocean,  
 immeasurably diffused on either Side of it.

PHILOSOPHY, and indeed common Sense, naturally  
 throws Eternity under two Divisions; which we may  
 call in *English*, that Eternity which is past, and that  
 Eternity which is to come. The learned Terms of  
*aeternitas a parte ante*, and *aeternitas a parte post*, may  
 be more amusing to the Reader, but can have no other  
 Idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by  
 those Words, an Eternity that is past, and an Eternity

that is to come. Each of these Eternities is bounded at the one Extream; or, in other Words, the former has an End, and the latter a Beginning.

LET us first of all consider that Eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the Subject of another Paper. The Nature of this Eternity is utterly inconceivable by the Mind of Man: Our Reason demonstrates to us that it *has been*, but at the same Time can frame no Idea of it, but what is big with Absurdity and Contradiction. We can have no other Conception of any Duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present, is at some certain Distance from us; and whatever is at any certain Distance from us, be the Distance never so remote, cannot be Eternity. The very Notion of any Duration's being past, implies that it was once present, for the Idea of being once present, is actually included in the Idea of its being past. This therefore is a Depth not to be sounded by human Understanding. We are sure that there has been an Eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this Eternity by any Notion which we can frame of it.

IF we go to the Bottom of this Matter, we shall find, that the Difficulties we meet with in our Conceptions of Eternity, proceed from this single Reason, that we can have no other Idea of any Kind of Duration, than that by which we ourselves, and all other created Beings, do exist; which is, a successive Duration made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this Manner, all the Parts of whose Existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain Number of Years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our Being to that Eternity which is to come, in adding Millions of Years to Millions of Years, and we can never come up to any Fountain-head of Duration, to any Beginning in Eternity: But, at the same Time, we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the Reach of Numbers, though perhaps we  
can



can never be able to put enough of them together for that Purpose. We may as well say, that any Thing may be actually present in any Part of infinite Space, which does not lie at a certain Distance from us, as that any Part of infinite Duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined Distance from us. The Distance in both Cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our Faculties, but our Reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that Difficulty which human Understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that some Thing must have existed from Eternity, and are at the same Time unable to conceive, that any Thing which exists, according to our Notion of Existence, can have existed from Eternity.

It is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this Thought in his own Mind, to follow in such an abstracted Speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative Argument of the Being and Eternity of a God: And tho' there are many other Demonstrations which lead us to this great Truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any Proofs in this Matter which the Light of Reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by Men famous for their Penetration and Force of Understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the Pains to examine it.

HAVING thus considered that Eternity which is past, according to the best Idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several Articles on this Subject which are dictated to us by the Light of Reason, and which may be looked upon as the Creed of a Philosopher in this great Point.

*First*, It is certain that no Being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a Contradiction.

*Secondly*, THAT therefore some Being must have existed from all Eternity.

*Thirdly*, THAT whatever exists after the Manner

of created Beings, or according to any Notions which we have of Existence, could not have existed from Eternity.

*Fourthly*, THAT this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of Nature, *the Ancient of Days*, who, being at an infinite Distance in his Perfections from all finite and created Beings, exists in a quite different Manner from them, and in a Manner of which they can have no Idea.

I KNOW that several of the School-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any Thing, have pretended to explain the Manner of God's Existence, by telling us, That he comprehends infinite Duration in every Moment; that Eternity is with him a *Punctum stans*, a fixed Point; or, which is as good Sense, an *infinite Instant*; that nothing with Reference to his Existence is either past, or to come: To which the ingenious Mr Cowley alludes in his Description of Heaven.

*Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,  
But an eternal Now does always last.*

FOR my own Part, I look upon these Propositions as Words that have no Ideas annexed to them; and think Men had better own their Ignorance, than advance Doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are self-contradictory. - We cannot be too modest in our Disquisitions, when we meditate on him who is environed with so much Glory and Perfection, who is the Source of Being, the Fountain of all that Existence which we and his whole Creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost Humility acknowledge, that as some Being must necessarily have existed from Eternity, so this Being does exist after an incomprehensible Manner, since it is impossible for a Being to have existed from Eternity after our Manner or Notions of Existence. Revelation confirms these natural Dictates of Reason in the Accounts which it gives us of the divine Existence, where it tells us, that he is the same Yesterday,

day, To-day, and for ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the Ending; that a thousand Years are with him as one Day, and one Day as a thousand Years; by which and the like Expressions, we are taught, that his Existence, with Relation to Time or Duration, is infinitely different from the Existence of any of his Creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate Conceptions of it.

IN the first Revelation which he makes of his own Being, he entitles himself, *I am that I am*; and when *Moses* desires to know what Name he shall give him in his Embassy to *Pharaoh*, he bids him say that *I am* hath sent you. Our great Creator, by this Revelation of himself, does in a Manner exclude every Thing else from a real Existence, and distinguishes himself from his Creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonick Notion, which was drawn from Speculations of Eternity, wonderfully agrees with this Revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in Reality exists, whose Existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present and to come. Such a Flitting and successive Existence is rather a Shadow of Existence, and some Thing which is like it, than Existence itself. He only properly exists whose Existence is intirely present; that is, in other Words, who exists in the most perfect Manner, and in such a Manner as we have no Idea of.

I SHALL conclude this Speculation with one useful Inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable Goodness and Wisdom which contrived this Existence for finite Natures? What must be the Overflowings of that Good-will which prompted our Creator to adapt Existence to Beings, in whom it is not necessary? Especially when we consider that he himself was before in the complete Possession of Existence and of Happiness, and in the full Enjoyment of Eternity. What Man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reason-  
able.



able and a happy Creature, in short, of being taken in as a Sharer of his Existence, and a Kind of Partner in Eternity, without being swallowed up in Wonder, in Praise, in Adoration ! It is indeed a Thought too big for the Mind of Man, and rather to be entertained in the Secrecy of Devotion, and in the Silence of the Soul, than to be expressed by Words. The supreme Being has not given us Powers or Faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable Goodness.

It is however some Comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a Work which cannot be finished, will however be the Work of an Eternity.

*Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,  
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub aquore pontus.*

VIRG.

**T**HOUGH there is a great deal of Pleasure in contemplating the material World, by which I mean that System of Bodies into which Nature has so curiously wrought the Mass of dead Matter, with the several Relations which those Bodies bear to one another, there is still, methinks, some Thing more wonderful and surprising in Contemplations on the World of Life, by which I mean all those Animals with which every Part of the Universe is furnished. The material World is only the Shell of the Universe: The World of Life are its Inhabitants.

If we consider those Parts of the material World which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our Observations and Enquiries, it is amazing to consider the Infinity of Animals with which it is stocked. Every Part of Matter is peopled: Every green Leaf swarms with Inhabitants. There is scarce a single Humour in the Body of a Man, or of any other Animal, in which our Glasses do not discover Myriads of living Creatures. The Surface of Animals is also covered  
with

with other Animals, which are in the same Manner the Basis of other Animals, that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid Bodies, as in Marble itself, innumerable Cells and Cavities that are crouded with such imperceptible Inhabitants, as are too little for the naked Eye to discover. On the other Hand, if we look into the more bulky Parts of Nature, we see the Seas, Lakes and Rivers teeming with numberless Kinds of living Creatures: We find every Mountain and Marsh, Wilderness and Wood, plentifully stocked with Birds and Beasts, and every Part of Matter affording proper Necessaries and Conveniences for the Livelihood of Multitudes which inhabit it.

THE Author of the *Plurality of Worlds*, draws a very good Argument from this Consideration, for the *Peopling* of every Planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the Analogy of Reason, that if no Part of Matter, which we are acquainted with, lyes waste and useless, those great Bodies which are at such a Distance from us should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with Beings adapted to their respective Situations.

EXISTENCE is a Blessing to those Beings only which are endowed with Perception, and is in a Manner thrown away upon dead Matter, any further than as it is subservient to Beings which are conscious of their Existence. Accordingly we find, from the Bodies which lie under our Observation, that Matter is only made as the Basis and Support of Animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the Existence of the other.

INFINITE Goodness is of so communicative a Nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of Existence upon every Degree of perceptive Beings. As this is a Speculation, which I have often pursued with great Pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that Part of the Scale of Beings which comes within our Knowledge.

THERE are some living Creatures which are raised but  
just

just above dead Matter. To mention only that Species of Shell-Fish, which are formed in the Fashion of a Cone, that grow to the Surface of several Rocks, and immediately die upon there being severed from the Place where they grow. There are many other Creatures but one Remove from these, which have no other Sense besides that of Feeling and Taste. Others have still an additional one of Hearing; others of Smell, and others of Sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual Progress the World of Life advances through a prodigious Variety of Species, before a Creature is formed that is compleat in all its Senses; and even among these there is such a different Degree of Perfection in the Sense which one Animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the Sense in different Animals be distinguished by the same common Denomination, it seems almost of a different Nature. If after this we look into the several inward Perfections of Cunning and Sagacity, or what we generally call Instinct, we find them rising after the same Manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional Improvements according to the Species in which they are implanted. This Progress in Nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior Species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

THE exuberant and overflowing Goodness of the supreme Being, whose Mercy extends to all his Works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little Matter, at least what falls within our Knowledge, that does not swarm with Life: Nor is his Goodness less seen in the Diversity, than in the Multitude of living Creatures. Had he only made one Species of Animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the Happiness of Existence; he has, therefore, *specified* in his Creation every Degree of Life, every Capacity of Being. The whole Chasm in Nature, from a Plant to a Man, is filled up with divers Kinds of Creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy Ascent, that the little Transitions and Deviations from one

Spe-



Species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate Space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a Degree of Perception which does not appear in some one Part of the World of Life. Is the Goodness or Wisdom of the divine Being more manifested in this his Proceeding ?

THERE is a Consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing Considerations. If the Scale of Being rises by such a regular Progress, so high as Man, we may by a Parity of Reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those Beings which are of a superior Nature to him ; since there is an infinitely greater Space and Room for different Degrees of Perfection, between the supreme Being and Man, than between Man and the most despicable Insect. This Consequence of so great a Variety of Beings which are superior to us, from that Variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr *Locke*, in a Passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite Room between Man and his Maker, for the creative Power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should be ever filled up, since there will still be an infinite Gap or Distance between the highest created Being, and the Power which produced him.

‘ THAT there should be more *Species* of intelligent  
 ‘ Creatures above us, than there are of sensible and ma-  
 ‘ terial below us, is probable to me from hence : That  
 ‘ in all the visible corporeal World, we see no Chasms,  
 ‘ or no Gaps. All quite down from us, the Descent is  
 ‘ by easy Steps, and a continued Series of Things, that  
 ‘ in each Remove differ very little one from the other.  
 ‘ There are Fishes that have Wings, and are not Stran-  
 ‘ gers to the airy Regions : And there are some Birds,  
 ‘ that are Inhabitants of the Water ; whose Blood is  
 ‘ cold as Fishes, and their Flesh so like in Taste, that  
 ‘ the scrupulous are allowed them on Fish-Days. There  
 ‘ are Animals so near of Kin both to Birds and Beasts, that  
 ‘ they are in the Middle between both : Amphibious A-  
 ‘ nimals link the Terrestrial and Aquatic together ; Seals  
 ‘ live

live at Land and at Sea, and Purpoises have the warm Blood and Entrails of a Hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids or Seamen. There are some Brutes, that seem to have as much Knowledge and Reason, as some that are called Men; and the animal and vegetable Kingdoms are so nearly join'd, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great Difference between them: And so on till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical Parts of Matter, we shall find every where that the several *Species* are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible Degrees. And when we consider the infinite Power and Wisdom of the Maker, we have Reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent Harmony of the Universe, and the great Design and infinite Goodness of the Architect, that the *Species* of Creatures should also, by gentle Degrees, ascend upward from us toward his infinite Perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downwards: Which, if it be probable, we have Reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more *Species* of Creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in Degrees of Perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest State of Being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct *Species*, we have no clear distinct *Ideas*.

In this System of Being, there is no Creature so wonderful in its Nature, and which so much deserves our particular Attention, as Man, who fills up the Middle Space between the animal and intellectual Nature, the visible and invisible World, and is that Link in the Chain of Beings, which has been often termed the *nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he who in one Respect is associated with Angels and Archangels, may look upon a Being of infinite Perfection as a Father, and the highest Order of Spirits as his Brethren, may in another Respect say to Corruption, *thou art my Father*, and to the Worm, *thou art my Mother and my Sister*.

O.

—Facies

— *Facies non omnibus una  
Nec diversa tamen* —

OVID.

**T**HOSE who were skilful in Anatomy among the Ancients, concluded from the outward and inward Make of an human Body, that it was the Work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the World grew more enlighened in this Art, their Discoveries gave them fresh Opportunities of admiring the Conduct of Providence in the Formation of an human Body. *Galen* was converted by his Dissections, and could not but own a supream Being upon a Survey of this his Handy-work. There were indeed many Parts of which the old Anatomists did not know the certain Use; but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adaped with admirable Art to their several Functions, they did not question but those, whose Uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same Wisdom for respective Ends and Purposes. Since the Circulation of the Blood has been found out, and many other great Discoveries have been made by our modern Anatomists, we see new Wonders in the human Frame, and discern several important Uses for those Parts, which Uses the Ancients knew nothing of. In short, the Body of Man is such a Subject as stands the utmost Test of Examination. Tho' it appears formed with the nicest Wisdom, upon the most superficial Survey of it, it still mends upon the Search, and produces our Surprize and Amazement in Proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an human Body, may be applied to the Body of every Animal which has been the Subject of anatomical Observations.

THE Body of an Animal is an Object adequate to our Senses. It is a particular System of Providence, that lies in a narrow Compass. The Eye is able to command it, and by the successive Enquiries can search into all its Parts. Could the Body of the whole Earth, or indeed the whole Universe, be thus submitted to the Examination of our Senses, were it not too big and disproportioned



oned for our Enquiries, too unweildy for the Management of the Eye and Hand, there is no Question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a Frame as that of an human Body. We should see the same Concatenation and Subserviency, the same Necessity and Usefulness, the same Beauty and Harmony in all and every of its Parts, as what we discover in the Body of every single Animal.

THE more extended our Reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense Objects, the greater still are those Discoveries which it makes of Wisdom and Providence in the Work of the Creation. A Sir *Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the Miracle of the present Age, can look through a whole planetary System; consider it in its Weight, Number, and Measure; and draw from it as many Demonstrations of infinite Power and Wisdom, as a more confined Understanding is able to deduce from the System of an human Body.

BUT to return to our Speculations on Anatomy. I shall here consider the Fabrick and Texture of the Bodies of Animals in one particular View; which, in my Opinion, shews the Hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their Formation, with the Evidence of a thousand Demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable Principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual Uniformity and Consistence with itself. If one should always sling the same Number with ten thousand Dice, or see every Throw just five Times less, or five Times more in Number than the Throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible Power which directs the Cast? This is the Proceeding which we find in the Operations of Nature. Every Kind of Animal is diversified by different Magnitudes, each of which gives Rise to a different Species. Let a Man trace the Dog or Lion-Kind, and he will observe how many of the Works of Nature are published, if I may use the Expression, in a Variety of Editions. If we look into the reptile World, or into those different Kinds of Animals that fill the Element of Water,

ter, we meet with the same Repetitions among several Species, that differ very little from one another, but in Size and Bulk. You find the same Creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several Proportions, and ending in Miniature. It would be tedious to produce Instances of this regular Conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural History of Animals. The magnificent Harmony of the Universe is such, that we may observe innumerable *Divisions* running upon the same *Ground*. I might also extend this Speculation to the dead Parts of Nature, in which we may find Matter disposed into many similar Systems, as well in our Survey of Stars and Planets, as of Stones, Vegetables, and other sublunary Parts of the Creation. In a Word, Providence has shewn the Richness of its Goodness and Wisdom, not only in the Production of many original Species, but in the Multiplicity of Descendants which it has made on every original Species in particular.

BUT to pursue this Thought still farther, every living Creature, considered in itself, has many very complicated Parts, that are exact Copies of some other Parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same Manner. One Eye would have been sufficient for the Subsistence and Preservation of an Animal; but, in order to better his Condition, we see another placed with a mathematical Exactness in the same most advantageous Situation, and in every Particular of the same Size and Texture. Is it possible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her Operations? Should a Million of Dice turn up twice together the same Number, the Wonder would be nothing in Comparison with this. But when we see this Similitude and Resemblance in the Arm, the Hand, the Fingers; when we see one Half of the Body intirely correspond with the other, in all those minute Strokes, without which a Man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single Part repeated an hundred Times in the same Body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless Fibres, and these Parts differing still in Mag-

nitude, as the Convenience of their particular Situation requires ; sure a Man must have a strange Cast of Understanding, who does not discover the Finger of God in so wonderful a Work. These Duplicates in those Parts of the Body, without which a Man might have very well subsisted, tho' not so well as with them, are a plain Demonstration of an all-wise Contriver ; as those more numerous Copyings which are found among the Vessels of the same Body, are evident Demonstrations that they could not be the Work of Chance. This Argument receives additional Strength, if we apply it to every Animal and Insect within our Knowledge, as well as to those numberless living Creatures that are Objects too minute for a human Eye ; and if we consider how the several Species in this whole World of Life resemble one another in very many Particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective States of Existence, it is much more probable that an hundred Million of Dice should be casually thrown a hundred Million of Times in the same Number, than that the Body of any single Animal should be produced by the fortuitous Concourse of Matter. And that the like Chance should arise in innumerable Instances, requires a Degree of Credulity that is not under the Direction of common Sense. We may carry this Consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two Sexes in every living Species, with their Resemblances to each other, and those particular Distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great World of Life.

THERE are many more Demonstrations of a supream Being, and of his transcendent Wisdom, Power and Goodness in the Formation of the Body of a living Creature, for which I refer my Reader to other Writings, particularly to the sixth Book of the Poem intitled *Creation*, where the Anatomy of the human Body is described with great Perspicuity and Elegance. I have been particular on the Thought which runs through this Speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.

O

Jupiter



*Jupiter est quodcunque vides—*

LUCAN.

I HAD this Morning a very valuable and kind Present sent me, of a translated Work of a most excellent foreign Writer, who makes a very considerable Figure in the learned and Christian World. It is intituled, *A Demonstration of the Existence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence of God*, drawn from the Knowledge of Nature, particularly of Man, and fitted to the meanest Capacity, by the Archbishop of *Cambray*, Author of *Telemachus*, and translated from the *French* by the same Hand that *englished* that excellent Piece. This great Author, in the Writings which he has before produced, has manifested an Heart full of virtuous Sentiments, great Benevolence to Mankind, as well as a sincere and fervent Piety towards his Creator. His Talents and Parts are a very great Good to the World, and it is a pleasing Thing to behold the polite Arts subservient to Religion, and recommending it from its natural Beauty. Looking over the Letters of my Correspondents, I find one which celebrates this Treatise, and recommends it to my Readers.

*To the GUARDIAN.*

S I R,

I THINK I have somewhere read, in the Writings of one whom I take to be a Friend of yours, a Saying which struck me very much, and, as I remember, it was to this Purpose. *The Existence of a God is so far from being a Thing that wants to be proved, that I think it the only Thing of which we are certain.* This is a sprightly and just Expression; however, I dare say you will not be displeased that I put you in Mind of saying something on the Demonstration of the Bishop of *Cambray*. A Man of his Talents views all Things in a Light different from that in which ordinary Men see them, and the devout Disposition of his Soul turns all those Talents to the Improvement of the Pleasures of a good Life. His Style cloaths Philosophy in a Dress

Dress almost poetic, and his Readers enjoy, in full  
 Perfection, the Advantage, while they are reading  
 him, of being what he is. The pleasing Representation  
 of the animal Powers in the Beginning of his  
 Work, and his Consideration of the Nature of Man  
 with the Addition of Reason, in the subsequent Discourse,  
 impresses upon the Mind a strong Satisfaction  
 in itself, and Gratitude towards him who bestowed that  
 Superiority over the Brute World. These Thoughts  
 had such an Effect upon the Author himself, that he has  
 ended his Discourse with a Prayer, This Adoration  
 has a Sublimity in it befitting his Character, and the  
 Emotions of his Heart flow from Wisdom and Knowledge.  
 I thought it would be proper for a *Saturday's*  
 Paper, and have translated it, to make you a Present  
 of it. I have not, as the Translator was obliged to  
 do, confined myself to an exact Version from the Original,  
 but have endeavoured to express the Spirit of it,  
 by taking the Liberty to render his Thoughts in such  
 a Way as I should have uttered them, if they had been  
 my own. It has been observed, that the private  
 Letters of great Men are the best Pictures of their Souls,  
 but certainly their private Devotions would be still  
 more instructive, and I know not why they should not  
 be as curious and entertaining.

If you insert this Prayer, I know not but I may send  
 you, for another Occasion, one used by a very great  
 Wit of the last Age, which has Allusions to the Errors  
 of a very wild Life, and I believe you will think is  
 written with an uncommon Spirit. The Person whom  
 I mean was an excellent Writer, and the Publication  
 of this Prayer of his, may be, perhaps, some Kind of  
 Antidote against the Infection in his other Writings.  
 But this Supplication of the Bishop has in it a more  
 happy and untroubled Spirit; it is (if that is not saying  
 something too fond) the Worship of an Angel  
 concerned for those who had fallen, but himself still  
 in the State of Glory and Innocence. The Book ends  
 with an Act of Devotion, to this Effect:

"O MY God, if the greater Number of Mankind do  
 not discover thee in that glorious Shew of Nature which  
 thou hast placed before our Eyes, it is not because thou  
 art far from every one of us; thou art present to us  
 more than any one Object which we touch with our  
 Hands; but our Senses, and the Passions which they  
 produce in us. turn our Attention from thee. Thy  
 Light shines in the Midst of Darknes, but the Dark-  
 ness comprehends it not. Thou, O Lord, dost every  
 where display thyself. Thou shinest in all thy Works,  
 but art not regarded by heedless and unthinking Man.  
 The whole Creation talks aloud of thee, and echoes  
 with the Repetitions of thy holy Name. But such is  
 our Insensibility, that we are deaf to the great and uni-  
 versal Voice of Nature. Thou art every where about  
 us, and within us; but we wander from ourselves, be-  
 come Strangers to our own Souls, and do not appre-  
 hend thy Presence. O thou who art the eternal Foun-  
 tain of Light and Beauty, who art the ancient of Days,  
 without Beginning and without End; O thou who  
 art the Life of all that truly live, those can never fail  
 to find thee, who seek for thee within themselves. But  
 alas! the very Gifts which thou bestowest upon us, do  
 so employ our Thoughts, that they hinder us from  
 perceiving the Hand which conveys them to us. We  
 live by thee, and yet we live without thinking of thee;  
 but, O Lord, what is Life in the Ignorance of thee?  
 A dead unactive Piece of Matter, a Flower that wi-  
 thers, a River that glides away, a Palace that hastens  
 to its Ruin; a Picture made up of fading Colours, a  
 Mass of shining Ore, strike our Imaginations, and  
 make us sensible of their Existence. We regard them  
 as Objects capable of giving us Pleasure, not consider-  
 ing that thou conveyest through them all the Pleasure  
 which we imagine they give us. Such vain empty  
 Objects, that are only the Shadows of Being, are pro-  
 portioned to our low and groveling Thoughts. That  
 Beauty which thou hast poured out on thy Creation, is  
 as a Veil which hides thee from our Eyes. As thou  
 art



' art a Being too pure and exalted to pass through our  
 ' Senses, thou art not regarded by Men, who have de-  
 ' based their Nature, and have made themselves like  
 ' the Beasts that perish. So infatuated are they, that,  
 ' notwithstanding they know what is Wisdom and  
 ' Virtue, which have neither Sound, nor Colour, nor  
 ' Smell, nor Taste, nor Figure, nor any other sensible  
 ' Quality, they can doubt of thy Existence, because  
 ' thou art not apprehended by the grosser Organs of  
 ' Sense. Wretches that we are! we consider Shadows  
 ' as Realities, and Truth as a Phantom. That which  
 ' is nothing is all to us, and that which is all appears  
 ' to us nothing. What do we see in all Nature but  
 ' thee, O my God! Thou, and only thou, appearest  
 ' in every Thing. When I consider thee, O Lord, I  
 ' am swallowed up and lost in Contemplation of thee.  
 ' Every Thing besides thee, even my own Existence,  
 ' vanishes and disappears in the Contemplation of thee.  
 ' I am lost to myself, and fall into nothing, when I  
 ' think on thee. The Man who does not see thee, has  
 ' beheld nothing; he who does not taste thee, has a  
 ' Relish of nothing. His Being is vain, and his Life but  
 ' a Dream. Set up thyself, O Lord, set up thyself that  
 ' we may behold thee. As Wax consumes before the  
 ' Fire, and as the Smoke is driven away, so let thine  
 ' Enemies vanish out of thy Presence. How unhappy  
 ' is that Soul, who, without the Sense of thee, has no  
 ' God, no Hope, no Comfort to support him? But how  
 ' happy the Man who searches, sighs, and thirsts after  
 ' thee? But he only is fully happy on whom thou livest  
 ' up the Light of thy Countenance, whose Tears thou  
 ' hast wiped away, and who enjoys in thy loving Kind-  
 ' ness the Completion of all his Desires. How long,  
 ' how long, O Lord, shall I wait for that Day, when  
 ' I shall possess, in thy Presence, the Fulness of Joy, and  
 ' Pleasures for evermore? O Lord, in this pleasing  
 ' Hope, my Bones rejoice and cry, Who is like un-  
 ' to thee! my Heart melts away, my Soul faints  
 ' within

‘ within me, when I look up to thee, who art the God  
 ‘ of my Life, and my Portion to all Eternity.

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*Visu carentem magna pars veri latet.* Senec. in Oedip.

**I**T is very reasonable to believe, that Part of the Pleasure which happy Minds shall enjoy in a future State, will arise from an enlarged Contemplation of the divine Wisdom in the Government of the World, and a Discovery of the secret and amazing Steps of Providence, from the Beginning to the End of Time. Nothing seems to be an Entertainment more adapted to the Nature of Man, if we consider, that Curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting Appetites implanted in us, and that Admiration is one of our most pleasing Passions; and what a perpetual Succession of Enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a Scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our View in the Society of superior Spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a Prospect!

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that Part of the Punishment of such as are excluded from Bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this Privilege, but in having their Appetites, at the same Time, vastly increased, without any Satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain Pursuit of Knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their Infelicity, and bewilder them into Labyrinths of Error, Darknefs, Distraction, and Uncertainty of every Thing, but their own evil State. *Milton* has thus represented the fallen Angels reasoning together in a Kind of Respite from their Torments, and creating to themselves a new Disquiet amidst their very Amusements; he could not properly have described the Sports of condemned Spirits, without that Cast of Horror and Melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

*Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,  
 In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high*

*Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate;  
Fixt Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no End, in wandering Māzes lost.*

IN our present Condition, which is a middle State, our Minds are, as it were, chequered with Truth and Falshood ; and as our Faculties are narrow, and our Views imperfect, it is impossible but our Curiosity must meet with many Repulses. The Business of Mankind in this Life being rather to act than to know, their Portion of Knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

FROM hence it is, that the Reason of the inquisitive has so long been exercised with Difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous Distribution of Good and Evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this World. From hence come all those pathetical Complaints of so many tragical Events, which happen to the wise and the good, and of such surprizing Prosperity, which is often the Reward of the guilty and the foolish; that Reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a Loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a Dispensation.

PLATO expresses his Abhorrence of some Fables of the Poets, which seem to reflect on the Gods as the Authors of Injustice ; and lays it down as a Principle, that whatever is permitted to befall a just Man, whether Poverty, Sickness, or any of those Things which seem to be Evils, shall either in Life or Death, conduce to his Good. My Reader will observe how agreeable this Maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater Authority. Seneca has written a Discourse purposely on this Subject, in which he takes Pains, after the Doctrine of the *Sticks*, to shew, that Adversity is not in itself an Evil ; and mentions a noble Saying of *Demetrius*, That *nothing would be more unhappy, than a Man who had never known Affliction*. He compares Prosperity to the Indulgence of a fond Mother to a Child, which often proves his Ruin ; but the Affection of the divine Being to that of a wise Father, who would have his Sons exercised with Labour, Disappointment, and Pain. that they may



may gather Strength, and improve their Fortitude. On this Occasion the Philosopher rises into that celebrated Sentiment, that there is not on Earth a Spectacle more worthy the Regard of a Creator intent on his Works, than a brave Man superior to his Sufferings; to which he adds, that it must be a Pleasure to *Jupiter* himself to look down from Heaven, and see *Cato* amidst the Ruins of his Country, preserving his Integrity.

THIS Thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human Life as a State of Probation, and Adversity as the Post of Honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select Spirits.

BUT what I would chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper Situation to judge of the Counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or, according to the elegant Figure in holy Writ, *We see but in Part, and as in a Glass darkly*. It is to be considered, that Providence in its Oeconomy regards the whole System of Time and Things together, so that we cannot discover the beautiful Connections between Incidents which lie widely separated in Time, and by losing so many Links of the Chain, our Reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those Parts in the moral World, which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative Beauty, in respect of some other Parts concealed from us, but open to his Eye, before whom *past, present, and to come*, are set together in one Point of View; and those Events, the Permission of which seems now to accuse his Goodness, may, in the Consummation of Things, both magnify his Goodness, and exalt his Wisdom. And this is enough to check our Presumption, since it is in vain to apply our Measures of Regularity to Matters of which we know neither the Antecedents nor the Consequents, the Beginning nor the End.

I SHALL relieve my Readers from this abstracted Thought, by relating here a *Jewish* Tradition concerning *Moses*, which seems to be a Kind of Parable, illustrating

relating what I have last mentioned. That great Prophet, it is said, was called up by a Voice from Heaven, to the Top of a Mountain; where, in a Conference with the supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some Questions concerning his Administration of the Universe. In the Midst of this divine Colloquy he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mountain there issued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little Boy came to the same Place, and finding a Purse of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up, and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old Man, weary with Age and Travelling; and having quenched his Thirst, sat down to rest himself by the Side of the Spring. The Soldier missing his Purse, returns to search for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in Witness of his Innocence. The Soldier, not believing his Protestation, kills him. *Moses* fell on his Face with Horror and Amazement, when the divine Voice thus prevented his Expostulation. 'Be not surprised, *Moses*, nor ask why the Judge of the whole Earth has suffered this Thing to come to pass: The Child is the Occasion that the Blood of the old Man is spilt, but know, that the old Man whom thou saw'st was the Murderer of that Child's Father.

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THE famous *Gratian*, in his little Book, wherein he lays down Maxims for a Man's advancing himself at Court, advises his Reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the Company of the unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the Baseness of the Precept to an honest Mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their Interest in the World. It is certain a great Part of what we call good or ill Fortune, rises out of right or wrong Measures, and Schemes.

**Schemes of Life.** When I hear a Man complain of his being unfortunate in all his Undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak Man in his Affairs. In Conformity with this Way of Thinking, Cardinal *Richlieu* used to say, that unfortunate and imprudent were but two Words for the same Thing. As the Cardinal himself had a great Share both of Prudence and good Fortune, his famous Antagonist, the Count *d'Olivarez*, was disgraced at the Court of *Madrid*, because it was alledged against him that he had never any Success in his Undertakings. This, says an eminent Author, was *indirectly* accusing him of Imprudence.

*CICERO* recommended *Pompey* to the *Romans* for their General upon three Accounts, as he was a Man of Courage, Conduct, and good Fortune. It was, perhaps, for the Reason above-mentioned, namely, that a Series of good Fortune supposes a prudent Management in the Person whom it befalls, that not only *Sylla* the Dictator, but several of the *Roman* Emperors, as is still to be seen upon their Medals, among their other Titles, gave themselves that of *Felix*, or fortunate. The Heathens indeed seem to have valued a Man more for his good Fortune than for any other Quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong Belief of another World. For how can I conceive a Man crowned with many distinguished Blessings, that has not some extraordinary Fund of Merit and Perfection in him, which lies open to the supreme Eye, tho' perhaps it is not discovered by my Observation? What is the Reason *Homer's* and *Virgil's* Heroes do not form a Resolution, or strike a Blow, without the Conduct and Direction of some Deity? Doubtless, because the Poets esteem'd it the greatest Honour to be favoured by the Gods, and thought the best Way of praising a Man was to recount those Favours which naturally implied an extraordinary Merit in the Person on whom they descended.

THOSE who believe a future State of Rewards and Punishments, act very absurdly, if they form their Opinions



nions of a Man's Merit from his Successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole Circle of our Being was concluded between our Births and Deaths, I should think a Man's good Fortune the Measure and Standard of his real Merit, since Providence would have no Opportunity of rewarding his Virtue and Perfections, but in the present Life. A virtuous Unbeliever, who lies under the Pressure of Misfortunes, has Reason to cry out, as they say *Brutus* did a little before his Death. *O Virtue, I have worshipped thee as a substantial Good, but I find thou art an empty Name.*

BUT to return to our first Point: Tho' Prudence does undoubtedly, in a great Measure, produce our good or ill Fortune in the World, it is certain there are many unforeseen Accidents and Occurrences which very often pervert the finest Schemes that can be laid by human Wisdom. The Race is not always to the swift, nor the Battle to the strong. Nothing less than infinite Wisdom can have an absolute Command over Fortune; the highest Degree of it which Man can possess, is by no Means equal to fortuitous Events, and to such Contingencies as may rise in the Prosecution of our Affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that Prudence, which has always in it a great Mixture of Caution, hinders a Man from being so fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A Person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the Dictates of human Prudence, never meets with those great and unforeseen Successes, which are often the Effect of a sanguine Temper, or a more happy Rashness; and this perhaps may be the Reason, that, according to the common Observation. Fortune, like other Females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

UPON the whole, since Man is so short-sighted a Creature, and the Accidents which may happen to him so various, I cannot but be of Dr *Tillotson's* Opinion in another Case, that were there any Doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite Wisdom and Goodness,

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on whose Direction we might rely in the Conduct of human Life.

It is a great Presumption to ascribe our Successes to our own Management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any Blessing, rather as it is the Bounty of Heaven, than the Acquisition of our own Prudence. I am very well pleased with a Medal which was struck by Queen *Elizabeth*, a little after the Defeat of the invincible Armada, to perpetuate the Memory of that extraordinary Event. It is well known how the King of *Spain*, and others, who were the Enemies of that great Princess, to derogate from her Glory, ascribed the Ruin of their Fleet rather to the Violence of Storms and Tempests, than to the Bravery of the *English*. Queen *Elizabeth*, instead of looking upon this as a Diminution of her Honour, valued herself upon such a signal Favour of Providence, and accordingly, in the Reverse of the Medal above-mentioned, has represented a Fleet beaten by a Tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious Inscription, *Afflavit Deus, & dissipantur. He blew with his Wind, and they were scattered.*

It is remarked of a famous *Grecian* General, whose Name I cannot at present recollect, and who had been a particular Favourite of Fortune, that upon accounting his Victories among his Friends, he added, at the End of several great Actions, *And in this Fortune had no Share.* After which it is observed in History, that he never prospered in any Thing he undertook.

As Arrogance, and a Conceitedness of our own Abilities, are very shocking and offensive to Men of Sense and Virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble Mind, and by several of his Dispensations, seems purposely to shew us, that our own Schemes or Prudence have no Share in our Advancements.

SINCE on this Subject I have already admitted several Quotations which have occurred to my Memory upon writing this Paper, I will conclude it with a little *Persian* Fable. A Drop of Water fell out of a Cloud

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into the Sea, and finding itself lost in such an Immensity of fluid Matter, broke out into the following Reflexion. 'Alas! what an insignificant Creature am I in this prodigious Ocean of Waters; my Existence is of no Concern to the Universe, I am reduced to a Kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the Works of God.' It so happened that an Oyster, which lay in the Neighbourhood of this Drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the Midst of this its humble Soliloquy. The Drop, says the Fable, lay a great While hardening in the Shell, till by Degrees it was ripened into a Pearl, which falling into the Hands of a Diver, after a long Series of Adventures, is at present that famous Pearl which is fixed on the Top of the *Persian* Diadem. L.

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*Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas.*

Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

**I**T is of the last Importance to season the Passions of a Child with Devotion, which seldom dies in a Mind that has received an early Tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the Cares of the World, the Heats of Youth, or the Allurements of Vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as Discretion, Consideration, Age, or Misfortunes have brought the Man to himself. The Fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A State of Temperance, Sobriety, and Justice, without Devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid Condition of Virtue; and is rather to be styled Philosophy than Religion. Devotion opens the Mind to great Conceptions, and fills it with more sublime Ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted Science; and, at the same Time, warms and agitates the Soul more than sensual Pleasure.

It has been observed by some Writers, that Man is more distinguished from the animal World by Devotion



tion than by Reason, as several brute Creatures discover in their Actions something like a faint Glimmering of Reason, though they betray in no single Circumstance of their Behaviour any Thing that bears the least Affinity to Devotion. It is certain, the Propensity of the Mind to religious Worship, the natural Tendency of the Soul to fly to some superior Being for Succour in Dangers and Distresses, the Gratitude to an invisible Superintendent which arises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good Fortune, the Acts of Love and Admiration with which the Thoughts of Men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine Perfections, and the universal Concurrence of all the Nations under Heaven in the great Article of Adoration, plainly shew that Devotion or religious Worship must be the Effect of a Tradition from the first Founder of Mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural Light of Reason, or that it proceeds from an Instinct implanted in the Soul itself. For my Part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent Causes, but which ever of them shall be assigned as the Principle of divine Worship, it manifestly points to a supream Being as the first Author of it.

I MAY take some other Opportunity of considering those particular Forms and Methods of Devotion which are taught us by Christianity; but shall here observe into what Errors even this divine Principle may some Times lead us, when it is not moderated by that right Reason which was given us as the Guide of all our Actions.

THE two great Errors into which a mistaken Devotion may betray us, are Enthusiasm and Superstition.

THERE is not a more melancholy Object than a Man who has his Head turned with religious Enthusiasm. A Person that is crazed, tho' with Pride or Malice, is a Sight very mortifying to human Nature; but when the Distemper arises from any indiscreet Fervors of Devotion, or too intense an Application of the Mind to its mistaken Duties, it deserves our Com-

passion in a more particular Manner. We may however learn this Lesson from it, that since Devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the Mind, unless its Heats are tempered with Caution and Prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our Reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all Parts of Life against the Influence of Passion, Imagination, and Constitution.

DEVOTION, when it does not lie under the Check of Reason, is very apt to degenerate into Enthusiasm. When the Mind finds herself very much enflamed with her Devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up with something divine within her. If she indulges this Thought too far, and humours the growing Passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary Raptures and Ecstasies; and when once she fancies herself under the Influence of a divine Impulse, it is no Wonder if she slights human Ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established Form of Religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior Guide.

As Enthusiasm is a Kind of Excess in Devotion, Superstition is the Excess not only of Devotion, but of Religion in general; according to an old heathen Saying, quoted by *Aulus Gellius*, *Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas*; a Man should be religious, not superstitious; for as the Author tells us, *Nigidius* observed upon this Passage, that the *Latin Words* which terminate in *osus*, generally imply vicious Characters, and the having of any Quality to an Excess.

AN Enthusiast in Religion is like an obstinate Clown, a superstitious Man like an insipid Courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of Madness, Superstition of Folly. Most of the Sects that fall short of the Church of *England*, have in them strong Tinctures of Enthusiasm, as the *Roman Catholic Religion* is one huge over-grown Body of childish and idle Superstitions.

THE *Roman* Catholic Church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this Particular. If an absurd Dress or Behaviour be introduced in the World, it will soon be found out and discarded: On the contrary, a Habit or Ceremony, tho' never so ridiculous, which has taken Sanctuary in the Church, sticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* Bishop, perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a Form in such particular Shoes or Slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a Part of public Devotions were performed with a Miter on his Head, and a Crozier in his Hand: To this a Brother *Vandal*, as wise as the others, adds an antic Dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such Mysteries, till by Degrees the whole Office has degenerated into an empty Show.

THEIR Successors see the Vanity and Inconvenience of these Ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take Possession in the same Manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at *St Peter's*, where, for two Hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different Accoutrements, according to the different Parts he was to act in them.

NOTHING is so glorious in the Eyes of Mankind, and ornamental to human Nature, setting aside the infinite Advantages which arise from it, as a strong steady masculine Piety; but Enthusiasm and Superstition are the Weakness of human Reason, that expose us to the Scorn and Derision of Infidels, and sink us even below the Beasts that perish.

IDOLATRY may be looked upon as another Error, arising from mistaken Devotion; but because Reflexions on that Subject would be of no Use to an *English* Reader, I shall not enlarge upon it. L



—*Quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.* HOR.

**R**ELIGION may be considered under two general Heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise. By those Things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the Knowledge of by the Light of Nature; by the Things which we are to practise, I mean all those Duties to which we are directed by Reason or natural Religion. The first of these I shall distinguish by the Name of Faith, the second by that of Mortality.

IF we look into the more serious Part of Mankind, we find many who lay so great a Stress upon Faith, that they neglect Morality; and many who build so much upon Morality, that they do not pay a due Regard to Faith. The perfect Man should be defective in neither of these Particulars, as will be very evident to those who consider the Benefits which arise from each of them, and which I shall make the Subject of this Day's Paper.

NOTWITHSTANDING this general Division of Christian Duty into Morality and Faith, and that they have both their peculiar Excellencies, the first has the Pre-eminence in several Respects.

*First*, BECAUSE the greatest Part of Morality (as I have stated the Notion of it) is of a fixt eternal Nature, and will endure when Faith shall fail, and be lost in Conviction.

*Secondly*, BECAUSE a Person may be qualified to do greater Good to Mankind, and become more beneficial to the World, by Morality, without Faith, than by Faith without Morality.

*Thirdly*, BECAUSE Morality give a greater Perfection to human Nature, by quieting the Mind, moderating the Passions, and advancing the Happiness of every Man in his private Capacity.

*Fourthly*,

*Fourthly*, BECAUSE the Rule of Mortality is much more certain than that of Faith, all the civilized Nations of the World agreeing in the great Points of Morality, as much as they differ in those of Faith.

*Fifthly*, BECAUSE Infidelity is not of so malignant a Nature as Immorality; or to put the same Reason in another Light, because it is generally owned, there may be Salvation for a virtuous Infidel, (particularly in the Case of invincible Ignorance) but none for a vicious Believer.

*Sixthly*, BECAUSE Faith seems to draw its Principle, if not all its Excellency, from the Influence it has upon Morality; as we shall see more at large, if we consider wherein consists the Excellency of Faith, or the Belief of revealed Religion; and this I think is,

*First*, IN explaining and carrying to greater Heights, several Points of Morality.

*Secondly*, IN furnishing new and stronger Motives to enforce the Practice of Morality.

*Thirdly*, IN giving us more amiable Ideas of the supreme Being, more endearing Notions of one another, and a truer State of ourselves, both in regard to the Grandeur and Vileness of our Natures.

*Fourthly*, BY shewing us the Blackness and Deformity of Vice, which in the Christian System is so very great, that he who is possessed of all Perfection, and the Sovereign Judge of it, is represented by several of our Divines, as hating Sin to the same Degree that he loves the sacred Person who has made the Propitiation of it.

*Fifthly*, IN being the ordinary and prescribed Method of making Morality effectual to Salvation.

I HAVE only touched on these several Heads, which every one who is conversant in Discourses of this Nature will easily enlarge upon in his own Thoughts, and draw Conclusions from them, which may be useful to him in the Conduct of his Life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he cannot miss it, *namely*, That a Man cannot be perfect in his Scheme of  
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Morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian Faith.

BESIDES this, I shall lay down two or three other Maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

*First*, THAT we should be particularly cautious of making any Thing an Article of Faith, which does not contribute to the Confirmation or Improvement of Morality.

*Secondly*, THAT no Article of Faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or subverts the practical Part of Religion, or what I have hitherto called Morality.

*Thirdly*, THAT the greatest Friend of Morality, or natural Religion, cannot possibly apprehend any Danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the Doctrines of our national Church.

THERE is likewise another Maxim, which I think may be drawn from the foregoing Considerations, which is this, that we should in all dubious Points, consider any ill Consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be erroneous, before we give up our Assent to them.

FOR Example, in that disputable Point of persecuting Men for Conscience Sake, besides the imbittering their Minds with Hatred, Indignation, and all the Vehemence of Resentment, and ensnaring them to profess what they do not believe, we cut them off from the Pleasures and Advantages of Society, afflict their Bodies, distress their Fortunes, hurt their Reputations, ruin their Families, make their Lives painful, or put an End to them. Sure when I see such dreadful Consequences rising from a Principle, I would be as fully convinced of the Truth of it, as of a mathematical Demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a Part of my Religion.

IN this Case, the Injury done our Neighbour is plain and evident, the Principle that puts us upon doing it,  
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of a dubious and disputable Nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a Zeal for what a Man thinks the true System of Faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our Religion produce Charity as well as Zeal, it will not be for shewing itself by such cruel Instances. But, to conclude with the Words of an excellent Author, *We have just enough Religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.* C

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IT was the common Boast of the heathen Philosophers, that by the Efficacy of their several Doctrines, they made human Nature resemble the Divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several Means they proposed for this End, it must be owned that the Design was great and glorious. The finest Works of Invention and Imagination are of very little Weight, when put in the Balance with what refines and exalts the rational Mind. *Longinus* excuses *Homer* very handsomely, when he says the Poet made his Gods like Men, that he might make his Men appear like the Gods: But it must be allowed that several of the ancient Philosophers acted as *Cicero* wishes *Homer* had done; they endeavoured rather to make Men like Gods, than Gods like Men.

ACCORDING to this general Maxim in Philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place Men in such a State of Pleasure, or Indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the Happiness of the supream Being to consist in. On the other Hand, the most virtuous Sect of Philosophers have created a chimerical wise Man, whom they made exempt from Passion and Pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him all-sufficient.

THIS last Character, when divested of the Glare of human Philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more, than that a good and wise Man should so arm himself with Patience, as not to yield tamely to the Violence of Passion and Pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his Desires, as to have few Wants; and that he

he should cherish so many Virtues in his Soul, as to have a perpetual Source of Pleasure in himself.

THE Christian Religion requires, that, after having framed the best Idea, we are able, of the divine Nature, it should be our next Care to conform ourselves to it, as far as our Imperfections will permit. I might mention several Passages in the sacred Writing on this Head, to which I might add many Maxims and wise Sayings of moral Authors among the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

I SHALL only instance a remarkable Passage to this Purpose, out of *Julian's Cæsars*. The Emperor having represented all the *Roman* Emperors, with *Alexander* the Great, as passing in Review before the Gods, and striving for the Superiority, lets them all drop, excepting *Alexander*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Augustus Cæsar*, *Trajan*, *Marcus Aurelius*, and *Constantine*. Each of these great Heroes of Antiquity lays in his Claim for the upper Place, and in order to it, sets forth his Actions after the most advantageous Manner. But the Gods, instead of being dazzled with the Luster of their Actions, enquire, by *Mercury*, into the proper Motive and governing Principle that influenced them throughout the whole Series of their Lives and Exploits. *Alexander* tells them, That his Aim was to conquer; *Julius Cæsar*, That his was to gain the highest Post in his Country; *Augustus*, to govern well; *Trajan*, That his was the same as that of *Alexander*, namely, to conquer. The Question, at length, was put to *Marcus Aurelius*, who replied, with great Modesty, That it had always been his Care to imitate the Gods. This Conduct seems to have gained him the most Votes, and best Place in the whole Assembly. *Marcus Aurelius* being afterwards asked to explain himself, declares, That, by imitating the Gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the Use of his Understanding, and of all other Faculties; and, in particular, That it was always his Study to have as few Wants as possible in himself, and to do all the Good he could to others.

AMONG the many Methods by which revealed Religion has advanced Morality, this is one, That it has given

us a more just and perfect Idea of that Being whom every reasonable Creature ought to imitate. The young Man, in a heathen Comedy, might justify his Lewdness by the Example of *Jupiter*; as indeed there was scarce any Crime that might not be countenanced by those Notions of the Deity which prevailed among the common People in the heathen World. Revealed Religion sets forth a proper Object for Imitation, in that Being who is the Pattern, as well as the Source, of all spiritual Perfection.

WHILE we remain in this Life, we are subject to innumerable Temptations, which, if listen'd to, will make us deviate from Reason and Goodness, the only Things wherein we can imitate the supream Being. In the next Life we meet with nothing to excite our Inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my Reader with this Maxim, *viz. Our Happiness in this World proceeds from the Suppression of our Desires, but in the next World from the Gratification of them.*

— *Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,  
Præmia si tollas?*

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IT is usual with polemical Writers to object ill Designs to their Adversaries. This turns their Argument into Satyr, which, instead of shewing an Error in the Understanding, tends only to expose the Morals of those they write against. I shall not act after this Manner with respect to the *Free-thinkers*. Virtue, and the Happiness of Society, are the great Ends which all Men ought to promote, and some of that Sect would be thought to have at Heart above the rest of Mankind. But supposing those who make that Profession to carry on a good Design in the Simplicity of their Hearts, and according to their best Knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, those well-meaning Souls, while they endeavoured to recommend Virtue, have, in Reality, been advancing the Interests of Vice, which, as I take to

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proceed from their Ignorance of human Nature, we may hope, when they become sensible of their Mistake, they will, in Consequence of that beneficent Principle they pretend to act upon, reform their Practice for the future.

THE Sages whom I have in my Eye, speak of Virtue as the most amiable Thing in the World; but at the same Time that they extol her Beauty, they take Care to lessen her Portion. Such innocent Creatures are they, and such great Strangers to the World, that they think this a likely Method to increase the Number of her Admirers.

VIRTUE has in herself the most engaging Charms; and Christianity, as it places her in the strongest Light, and adorned with all her native Attractions, so it kindles a new Fire in the Soul, by adding to them the unutterable Rewards which attend her Votaries in an eternal State. Or if there are Men of a saturnine and heavy Complexion, who are not easily lifted up by Hope, there is the Prospect of everlasting Punishment to agitate their Souls, and frighten them into the Practice of Virtue, and an Aversion from Vice.

WHEREAS your sober *Free-thinkers* tell you, that Virtue indeed is beautiful, and Vice deformed; the former deserves your Love, and the latter your Abhorrence; but then it is for their own Sake, or an Account of the Good and Evil which immediately attend them, and are inseparable from their respective Natures. As for the Immortality of the Soul, or eternal Punishments and Rewards, those are openly ridiculed, or rendered suspicious by the most sly and laboured Artifice.

I WILL not say these Men act treacherously in the Cause of Virtue; but will any one deny, that they act foolishly, who pretend to advance the Interest of it by destroying or weakening the strongest Motives to it, which are accommodated to all Capacities, and fitted to work on all Dispositions, and enforcing those alone which can affect only a generous and exalted Mind?

SURELY *they* must be destitute of Passion themselves, and unacquainted with the Force it hath on the Minds of others,

others, who can imagine that the meer Beauty of Fortitude, Temperance and Justice, is sufficient to sustain the Mind of Man in a severe Course of Self-denial against all the Temptations of present Profit and Sensuality.

IT is my Opinion, the *Free-thinkers* should be treated as a Set of poor ignorant Creatures, that have not Sense to discover the Excellency of Religion ; it being evident those Men are no Witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep Design, who proclaim aloud to the World, that they have less Motives of Honesty than the rest of their Fellow-Subjects ; who have all the Inducements to the Exercise of any Virtue which a *Free-thinker* can possibly have, and besides, the Expectation of never-ending Happiness or Misery, as the Consequence of their Choice.

ARE not Men actuated by their Passions ? And are not Hope and Fear the most powerful of our Passions ? And are there any Objects which can rouse and awaken our Hopes and Fears, like those Prospects that warm and penetrate the Heart of a Christian, but are not regarded by a *Free-thinker*.

IT is not only a clear Point, that a Christian breaks through stronger Engagements, whenever he surrenders himself to commit a criminal Action, and is stung with a sharper Remorse after it, than a *Free-thinker* ; but it should even seem that a Man, who believes no future State, would act a foolish Part in being thoroughly honest. For what Reason is there why such a one should postpone his own private Interest or Pleasure to the doing his Duty ? If a Christian foregoes some present Advantage for the Sake of his Conscience, he acts accountably, because it is with the View of gaining some greater future Good. But he, that having no such View, should yet conscienciously deny himself a present Good in any Incident where he may save Appearances, is altogether as stupid as he that would trust him at such a Juncture.

IT will, perhaps, be said, that Virtue is her own Reward ; that a natural Gratification attends good Actions,

tions, which is alone sufficient to excite Men to the Performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than Virtue, and the Practice of it is the surest Way to solid natural Happiness, even in this Life ; yet Titles, Estates, and fantastical Pleasures, are more ardently sought after by most Men, than the natural Gratifications of a reasonable Mind ; and it cannot be denied, that Virtue and Innocence are not always the readiest Methods to attain that Sort of Happiness. Besides, the Fumes of Passion must be allayed, and Reason must burn brighter than ordinary, to enable Men to see and relish all the native Beauties and Delights of a virtuous Life, And tho' we should grant our *Free-thinkers* to be a Set of refined Spirits, capable only of being enamoured of Virtue, yet what would become of the Bulk of Mankind who have gross Understandings, but lively Senses and strong Passions ? What a Deluge of Lust, and Fraud, and Violence, would in a little Time overflow the whole Nation, if these wise Advocates for Morality were universally hearkened to ? Lastly, Opportunities do sometimes offer, in which a Man may wickedly make his Fortune, or indulge a Pleasure, without Fear of temporal Damage, either in Reputation, Health, or Fortune. In such Cases, what Restraint do they lie under who have no Regards beyond the Grave, the inward Compunctions of a wicked, as well as the Joys of an upright Mind, being grafted on the Sense of another State ?

THE Thought, *That our Existence terminates with this Life*, doth naturally check the Soul in any generous Pursuit, contract her Views, and fix them on temporary and selfish Ends. It dethrones the Reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic Sentiments, and subjects the Mind to the Slavery of every present Passion. The wise Heathens of Antiquity were not ignorant of this ; hence they endeavoured by Fables, and Conjectures, and the Glimmerings of Nature, to possess the Minds of Men with the Belief of a future State, which has been since brought to Light by the Gospel, and is now  
most



most inconsistently decry'd by a few weak Men, who would have us believe that they promote Virtue by turning Religion into Ridicule.

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THERE is a certain Coldness and Indifference in the Phrases of our *European* Languages, when they are compared with the oriental Forms of Speech; and it happens very luckily, that the *Hebrew* Idioms run into the *English* Tongue with a particular Grace and Beauty. Our Language has received innumerable Elegancies and Improvements, from that Infusion of *Hebraisms* which are derived to it out of the poetical Passages in holy Writ. They give a Force and Energy to our Expressions, warm and animate our Language, and convey our Thoughts in more ardent and intense Phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own Tongue. There is something so pathetic in this Kind of Diction, that it often sets the Mind in a Flame, and makes our Hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a Prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite Forms of Speech which are natural to our Tongue, when it is not heightened by that Solemnity of Phrase which may be drawn from the sacred Writings. It has been said by some of the Ancients, that if the Gods were to talk with Men, they would certainly speak in *Plato's* Style; but I think we may say, with Justice, that when Mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a Style as in that of the holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the Beauties of Poetry that are to be met with in the divine Writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* Manners of Speech mix and incorporate with the *English* Language; after having perused the Book of *Psalms*, let him read a literal Translation of *Horace* or *Pindar*. He will find in these two last such an Absurdity and Confusion of Style, with such a comparative Poverty of Imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

SINCE we have therefore such a Treasury of Words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the Airs of Music, I cannot but wonder that Persons of Distinction should give so little Attention and Encouragement to that Kind of Music, which would have its Foundation in Reason, and which would improve our Virtue in Proportion as it raised our Delight. The Passions that are excited by ordinary Compositions, generally flow from such silly and absurd Occasions, that a Man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously ; but the Fear, the Love, the Sorrow, the Indignation that are awakened in the Mind by Hymns and Anthems, make the Heart better, and proceed from such Causes as are altogether reasonable and praise-worthy. Pleasure and Duty go Hand in Hand, and the greater our Satisfaction is, the greater is our Religion.

MUSIC, among those who were styled the chosen People, was a religious Art. The Songs of *Sion*, which we have Reason to believe were in high Repute among the Courts of the eastern Monarchs, were nothing else but Psalms and Pieces of Poetry that adored or celebrated the supream Being. The greatest Conqueror in this holy Nation, after the Manner of the old *Grecian* Lyrics, did not only compose the Words of his divine Odes, but generally set them to Music himself: After which, his Works, tho' they were consecrated to the Tabernacle, became the national Entertainment, as well as the Devotion of his People.

THE first Original of the Drama was a religious Worship, consisting only of a Chorus, which was nothing else but an Hymn to a Deity. As Luxury and Voluptuousness prevailed over Innocence and Religion, this Form of Worship degenerated into Tragedies ; in which, however, the Chorus so far remembered its first Office, as to brand every Thing that was vicious, and recommend every Thing that was laudable ; to intercede with Heaven for the Innocent, and to implore its Vengeance on the Criminal.

*HOMER* and *Hesiod* intimate to us how this Art should be applied, when they represent the Muses as surrounding *Jupiter*, and warbling their Hymns about his Throne. I might shew from innumerable Passages in ancient Writers, not only that vocal and instrumental Music were made Use of in their religious Worship, but that their most favourite Diversions were filled with Songs and Hymns to their respective Deities. Had we frequent Entertainments of this Nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our Passions, give our Thoughts a proper Turn, and cherish those divine Impulses in the Soul, which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and immoderate Pleasures.

MUSIC, when thus applied, raises noble Hints in the Mind of the Hearer, and fills it with great Conceptions. It strengthens Devotion, and advances Praise into Rapture. It lengthens out every Act of Worship, and produces more lasting and permanent Impressions in the Mind, than those which accompany any transient Forms of Words that are uttered in the ordinary Method of religious Worship. O

— *Fungar inani*

*Munere* —

VIRG.

**D**OCTOR *Tillotson*, in his Discourse concerning the Danger of all known Sin, both from the Light of Nature and Revelation, after having given us the Description of the last Day out of holy Writ, has this remarkable Passage.

‘ I appeal to any Man, whether this be not a Representation of Things very proper, and suitable to that great Day, wherein he who made the World shall come to judge it? And whether the Wit of Man ever devised any Thing so awful, and so agreeable to the Majesty of God, and the solemn Judgment of the whole World? The Description which *Virgil* makes of the *Elysian Fields*, and the *Infernal*



‘ *Regions*, how infinitely do they fall short of the Majesty of the holy Scripture, and the Description there made of *Heaven* and *Hell*, and of *the great and terrible Day of the Lord*! So that in Comparison they are childish and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the most regular and most governed Imagination of any Man that ever lived, and observed the greatest Decorum in his Characters and Descriptions. But who can declare *the great Things of God*, but *he to whom God shall reveal them*?

THIS Observation was worthy a most polite Man, and ought to be of Authority with all who are such, so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a Man of a just Taste and Judgment, or advanced it meerly for the Service of his Doctrine as a Clergyman.

I AM very confident whoever reads the Gospels, with an Heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he sits down to *Virgil* or *Homer*, will find no Passage there which is not told with more natural Force than any Episode in either of those Wits, who were the Chief of meer Mankind.

THE last Thing I red was the 24th Chapter of *St Luke*, which gives an Account of the Manner in which our blessed Saviour, after his Resurrection, joined with two Disciples on the Way to *Emmaus*, as an ordinary Traveller, and took the Privilege, as such, to enquire of them what occasioned a Sadness he observed in their Countenances; or, whether it was from any public Cause. Their Wonder that any Man so near *Jerusalem* should be a Stranger to what had passed there; their Acknowledgment to one they met accidentally, that they had believed in this Prophet, and that now, the third Day after his Death, they were in Doubt as to their pleasing Hope, which occasioned the Heaviness he took notice of, are all represented in a Style which Men of Letters call *the great and noble Simplicity*. The Attention of the Disciples, when he expounded the Scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his Leave of them, their Fondness of his Stay, and the Manifestation

tation of the great Guest whom they had entertained while he was at Meat with them, are all Incidents which wonderfully please the Imagination of a Christian Reader ; and give him something of that Touch of Mind which the Brethren felt, when they said one to another, *Did not our Hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the Way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures ?*

I AM very far from pretending to treat these Matters as they deserve ; but I hope those Gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a meer secular Man, impartially considering the Effect which the sacred Writings will have upon the Soul of an intelligent Reader ; and it is some Argument, that a Thing is the immediate Work of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the Labours of Man. When I look upon *Raphael's* Picture of our Saviour appearing to his Disciples after his Resurrection, I cannot but think the just Disposition of that Piece has in it the Force of many Volumes on the Subject : The Evangelists are easily distinguished from the rest, by a passionate Zeal and Love which the Painter has thrown in their Faces ; the huddle Group of those who stand most distant, are admirable Representations of Men abashed with their late Unbelief and Hardness of Heart. And such Endeavours as this of *Raphael*, and of all Men not called to the Altar, are collateral Helps not to be despised by the Ministers of the Gospel.

'TIS with this View that I presume upon Subjects of this Kind ; and Men may take up this Paper, and be caught by an Admonition under the Disguise of a Diversion.

ALL the Arts and Sciences ought to be employed in one Confederacy, against the prevailing Torrent of Vice and Impiety ; and it will be no small Step in the Progress of Religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the best Taste and best Sense a Man can have, who is cold to the *Beauty of Holiness*.

As

As for my Part, when I have happened to attend the Corps of a Friend to his Interment, and have seen a graceful Man at the Entrance of a Church-Yard, who became the Dignity of his Function, and assumed an Authority which is natural to Truth, pronounce, *I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die*: I say, upon such an Occasion, the Retrospect upon past Actions between the deceased, whom I followed, and myself, together with the many little Circumstances that strike upon the Soul, and alternately give Grief and Consolation, have vanished like a Dream; and I have been relieved as by a Voice from Heaven, when the Solemnity has proceeded, and after a long Pause I have heard the Servant of God utter, *I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that he shall stand at the latter Day upon the Earth; and though Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and my Eyes shall behold, and not another*. How have I been raised above this World, and all its Regards, and how well prepared to receive the next Sentence which the holy Man has spoken, *We brought nothing into this World, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord!*

THERE are, I know, Men of heavy Temper without Genius, who can read these Expressions of Scripture, with as much Indifference as they do the rest of these loose Papers: However, I will not despair but to bring Men of Wit into a Love and Admiration of sacred Writings; and, as old as I am, I promise myself to see the Day when it shall be as much the Fashion among Men of Politeness, to admire a Rapture of St Paul, as any fine Expression in Virgil or Horace; and to see a well-dressed young Man produce an Evangelist out of his Pocket, and be no more out of Countenance than if it were a Classic printed by Elzevir.

It



It is a Gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by Men of distinguished Faculties, to praise and adore the Author of their Being with a Spirit suitable to those Faculties, and rouse slower Men by their Words, Actions, and Writings, to a Participation of their Transports and Thanksgivings.

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*Qua ratione queas traducere leniter avum :  
Me te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido ;  
Ne pavor & rerum mediocriter utilium spes.* HOR.

I SHALL in this Paper consider what are the proper Means of strengthening and confirming Faith in the Mind of Man. Those who delight in reading Books of Controversy, which are written on both Sides of the Question in Points of Faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled Habit of it. They are one Day entirely convinced of its important Truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The Doubt which was laid revives again, and shews itself in new Difficulties, and that generally for this Reason, because the Mind, which is perpetually tost in Controversies and Disputes, is apt to forget the Reasons which had once set it at Rest, and to be disquieted with any former Perplexity, when it appears in a new Shape, or is started by a different Hand. As nothing is more laudable than an Enquiry after Truth, so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole Lives, without determining ourselves one Way or other in these Points which are of the last Importance to us. There are indeed many Things from which we may withhold our Assent; but in Cases by which we are to regulate our Lives, it is the greatest Absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that Side which appears the most safe and the most probable.

THE first Rule therefore which I shall lay down, is this, That when by Reading or Discourse we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the Truth of any Article,

ticle, and of the Reasonableness of our Belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it into Question. We may perhaps forget the Arguments which occasioned our Conviction, but we ought to remember the Strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the Conviction which they once produced. This is no more than we do in every common Art or Science, nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the Weakness and Limitation of our intellectual Faculties. It was thus that *Latimer*, one of the glorious Army of Martyrs who introduced the Reformation in *England*, behaved himself in that great Conference which was managed between the most learned among the Protestants and Papists in the Reign of *Queen Mary*. This venerable old Man, knowing how his Abilities were impaired by Age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those Reasons which had directed him in the Choice of his Religion, left his Companions, who were in the full Possession of their Parts and Learning, to baffle and confound their Antagonists by the Force of Reason. As for himself, he only repeated to his Adversaries the Articles in which he firmly believed, and in the Profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this Manner that the Mathematician proceeds upon Propositions which he has once demonstrated; and tho' the Demonstration may have slipped out of his Memory, he builds upon the Truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This Rule is absolutely necessary for weaker Minds, and in some Measure for Men of the greatest Abilities.

BUT to these last I would propose, in the second Place, that they should lay up in their Memories, and always keep by them in a Readiness, those Arguments which appear to them of the greatest Strength, and which cannot be got over by all the Doubts and Cavils of Infidelity.

BUT, in the third Place, there is nothing which strengthens Faith more than Morality. Faith and Morality naturally produce each other. A Man is quickly convinced of the Truth of Religion, who finds

finds it is not against his Interest that it should be true. The Pleasure he receives at present, and the Happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give Credit to it; according to the ordinary Observation, that *we are easy to believe what we wish*. It is very certain, that a Man of sound Reason cannot forbear closing with Religion upon an impartial Examination of it; but, at the same Time, it is as certain, that Faith is kept alive in us, and gathers Strength from Practice more than from Speculation.

THERE is still another Method which is more persuasive than any of the former, and that is an habitual Adoration of the supreme Being, as well in constant Acts of mental Worship, as in outward Forms. The devout Man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity. He has actual Sensations of him; his Experience concurs with his Reason; he sees him more and more in all his Intercourses with him, and even in this Life almost loses his Faith in Conviction.

THE last Method which I shall mention for the giving Life to a Man's Life, is frequent Retirement from the World, accompanied with religious Meditation. When a Man thinks of any Thing in the Darkness of the Night, whatever deep Impressions it may make in his Mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the Day breaks about him. The Light and Noise of the Day, which are perpetually solliciting his Senses, and calling off his Attention, wear out of his Mind the Thoughts that imprinted themselves in it with so much Strength, during the Silence and Darkness of the Night. A Man finds the same Difference, as to himself, in a Crowd and in a Solitude: The Mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that Variety of Objects which press upon her in a great City: She cannot apply herself to the Consideration of those Things which are of the utmost Concern to her. The Cares or Pleasures of the World strike in with every Thought, and a Multitude of vicious Examples give a Kind of Justification



fication to our Folly. In our Retirements every Thing disposes us to be serious. In Courts and Cities we are entertained with the Works of Men ; in the Country with those of God. One is the Province of Art, the other of Nature. Faith and Devotion naturally grow in the Mind of every reasonable Man, who sees the Impressions of divine Power and Wisdom in every Object on which he casts his Eye. The supreme Being has made the best Arguments for his own Existence, in the Formation of the Heavens and the Earth ; and these are Arguments which a Man of Sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the Noise and Hurry of human Affairs. *Aristotle* says, that should a Man live under Ground, and there converse with Works of Art and Mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open Day, and see the several Glories of the Heaven and Earth, he would immediately pronounce them the Works of such a Being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful Strokes of Poetry to this Purpose, in that exalted Strain, *The Heavens declare the Glory of God : And the Firmament sheweth his Handy-work. One Day telleth another : And one Night eertifieth another. There is neither Speech nor Language : But their Voices are heard among them. Their Sound is gone out into all Lands ; And their Words into the Ends of the World.* As such a bold and sublime Manner of Thinking, furnishes very noble Matter for an Ode, the Reader may see it wrought into the following one.

## I.

*The spacious Firmament on high,  
With all the blue etherial Sky,  
And spangled Heav'ns, a shining Frame;  
Their great Original proclaim:  
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day.  
Does his Creator's Pow'r display,  
And publishes to every Land,  
The Work of an Almighty Hand.*

## II.

*Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,  
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale,  
And nightly to the listning Earth  
Repeats the Story of her Birth :  
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,  
And all the Planets in their Turn,  
Confirm the Tidings as they rowl,  
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.*

## III.

*What though, in solemn Silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball !  
What though nor real Voice nor Sound  
Amid their radiant Orbs be found ?  
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious Voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
" The Hand that made us is Divine."*

C.

S I R,

**T**HERE arrived in this Neighbourhood two Days ago, one of your gay Gentlemen of the Town, who being attended at his Entry with a Servant of his own, besides a Countryman he had taken up for a Guide, excited the Curiosity of the Village to learn whence and what he might be. The Countryman (to whom they applied as most easy of Access) knew little more than that the Gentleman came from *London* to travel and see Fashions, and was, as he heard say, a Free-thinker: What Religion that might be, he could not tell; and for his own Part, if they had not told him the Man was a Free-thinker, he should have guessed, by his Way of Talking, he was little better than a Heathen; excepting only that he had been a good Gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in one Day, over and above what they had bargained for.

' I do not look upon the Simplicity of this, and  
 ' several odd Enquiries with which I shall trouble  
 ' you, to be wondered at, much less can I think that  
 ' our Youths of fine Wit, and enlarged Understand-  
 ' ings, have any Reason to laugh. There is no Ne-  
 ' cessity that every Squire in *Great Britain* should know  
 ' what the Word *Free-thinker* stands for; but it were  
 ' much to be wished, that they who valued themselves  
 ' upon that conceited Title, were a little better instruct-  
 ' ed in what it ought to stand for; and that they  
 ' would not persuade themselves a Man is really and  
 ' truly a Free-thinker, in any tolerable Sense, meerly  
 ' by Virtue of his being an Atheist, or an Infidel of  
 ' any other Distinction. It may be doubted, with good  
 ' Reason, whether there ever was in Nature a more  
 ' abject; slavish, and bigotted Generation than the  
 ' Tribe of *Beaux Esprits*, at present so prevailing in this  
 ' Island; their Pretension to be Free-thinkers. is no o-  
 ' ther, than Rakes have to be Free-livers, and Savages  
 ' to be Free-men, that is, they can think whatever  
 ' they have a-mind to, and give themselves up to  
 ' whatever Conceit the Extravagancy of their Inclina-  
 ' tion or their Fancy shall suggest; they can think as  
 ' wildly, as talk and act, and will not endure that  
 ' their Wit should be controuled by such formal Things  
 ' as Decency and common Sense: Deduction, Cohe-  
 ' rence, Consistency, and all the Rules of Reason, they  
 ' accordingly disdain, as too precise and mechanical  
 ' for Men of a liberal Education.

' THIS, as far as I could ever learn from their  
 ' Writings, or my own Observation, is a true Ac-  
 ' count of the *British* Free-thinker. Our Visitant here,  
 ' who gave Occasion to this Paper, has brought with  
 ' him a new System of common Sense, the Particu-  
 ' lars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will  
 ' lose no Opportunity of informing myself, whether it  
 ' contain any Thing worth Mr SPECTATOR's Notice.  
 ' In the mean Time, Sir, I cannot but think it would  
 ' be for the Good of Mankind, if you would take this  
 ' Sub-



Subject into your own Consideration, and convince the hopeful Youth of our Nation, that Licentiousness is not Freedom; or, if such a Paradox will not be understood, that a Prejudice towards Atheism is not Impartiality.

*I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,*

T PHILONOUS.

*Quidquid est illud, quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod  
viget, cœlestis & divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum  
sit necesse est.*

TULL.

I AM diverted from the Account I was giving the Town of my particular Concerns, by casting my Eye upon a Treatise which I could not overlook without an inexcusable Negligence, and Want of Concern for all the civil, as well as religious Interests of Mankind. This Piece has for its Title, *A Discourse of Free-thinking, occasioned by the Rise and Growth of a Sect called Free-thinkers*. The Author very methodically enters upon his Argument, and says, *By Free-thinking I mean the Use of the Understanding in endeavouring to find out the Meaning of any Proposition whatsoever, in considering the Nature of the Evidence for or against, and in judging of it according to the seeming Force or Weakness of the Evidence*. As soon as he has delivered this Definition, from which one would expect he did not design to shew a particular Inclination for or against any Thing before he had considered it, he gives up all Title to the Character of a *Free-thinker*, with the most apparent Prejudice against a Body of Men, whom of all other a good Man would be most careful not to violate, I mean Men in holy Orders. Persons who have devoted themselves to the Service of God, are venerable to all who fear him; and it is a certain Characteristic of a dissolute and ungoverned Mind, to rail or speak disrespectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in so great a Crowd of Men, some will intrude, who are of Tempers very un-

becoming their Function; but because Ambition and Avarice are sometimes lodged in that Bosom, which ought to be the Dwelling of Sanctity and Devotion, Must this unreasonable Author vilify the whole Order? He has not taken the least Care to disguise his being an Enemy to the Persons against whom he writes, nor any where granted that the Institution of religious Men to serve at the Altar, and instruct such who are not as wise as himself, is at all necessary or desirable; but proceeds, without the least Apology, to undermine their Credit, and frustrate their Labours: Whatever Clergymen, in Disputes against each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in such a Manner as to affect Religion itself, by wresting Concessions to its Disadvantage from its own Teachers. If this be true, as sure any Man that reads the Discourse must allow it is, and if Religion is the strongest Tye of human Society, in what Manner are we to treat this our common Enemy, who promotes the Growth of such a Sect as he calls *Free-thinkers*? He that should burn a House, and justify the Action by asserting he is a free Agent, would be more excusable than this Author, in uttering what he has from the Right of a *Free-thinker*: But they are a Set of dry, joyless, dull Fellows, who want Capacities and Talents to make a Figure amongst Mankind upon benevolent and generous Principles, that think to surmount their own natural Meanness, by laying Offences in the Way of such as make it their Endeavour to excel upon the received Maxims and honest Arts of Life. If it were possible to laugh at so melancholy an Affair as what hazards Salvation, it would be no unpleasant Enquiry, to ask what Satisfaction they reap, what extraordinary Gratification of Sense, or what delicious Libertinism this Sect of *Free-thinkers* enjoy, after getting loose of the Laws which confine the Passions of other Men? Would it not be a Matter of Mirth to find, after all, that the Heads of this growing Sect are sober Wretches, who prate whole Evenings over Coffee, and have not themselves Fire e-

nough

nough to be any further Debauchees, than merely in Principle? These Sages of Iniquity, are, it seems, themselves only speculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young Men of the Age are kept safe from Reflexion by dabbling in their Rhapsodies, without tasting the Pleasures for which their Doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy Mortals, only to gratify a dry Pride of Heart, give up the Interests of another World, without enlarging their Gratifications in this ; but it is certain, that there are a Sort of Men that can puzzle Truth, but cannot enjoy the Satisfaction of it. This same *Free-thinker* is a Creature unacquainted with the Emotions which possess great Minds when they are turned for Religion, and it is apparent that he is untouched with any such Sensation as the Rapture of Devotion. Whatever one of these Scorners may think, they certainly want Parts to be devout ; and a Sense of Piety towards Heaven, as well as the Sense of any Thing else, is lively and warm in Proportion to the Faculties of the Head and Heart. This Gentleman may be assured he has not a Taste for what he pretends to decry, and the poor Man is certainly more a Blockhead than an Atheist. I must repeat, that he wants Capacity to relish what true Piety is ; and he is as capable of writing an heroic Poem, as making a fervent Prayer. When Men are thus low and narrow in their Apprehensions of Things, and at the same Time vain, they are naturally led to think every Thing they do not understand, not to be understood. Their Contradiction to what is urged by others, is a necessary Consequence of their Incapacity to receive it. The atheistical Fellows who appeared the last Age did not serve the Devil for nought ; but revell'd in Excesses suitable to their Principles, while in these unhappy Days Mischief is done for Mischief's Sake. These *Free-thinkers*, who lead the Lives of recluse Students, for no other Purpose but to disturb the Sentiments of other Men, put me in Mind of the monstrous Recreation of those late wild Youths, who,



without Provocation, had a Wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When such Writers as this, who have no Spirit but that of Malice, pretend to inform the Age, *Mobocks* and *Cut-throats* may well set up for Wits, and Men of Pleasure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I should produce some Instances of the ill Intention of this *Free-thinker*, to support the Treatment I here give him. In his 52<sup>d</sup> Page, he says,

‘ 2<sup>dly</sup>. THE Priests throughout the World differ about Scriptures, and the Authority of Scriptures. ‘ The *Bramins* have a Book of Scripture called the *Shaster*. The *Persees* have their *Zundavastaw*. The *Bonzes* of *China* have Books written by the *Disciples* of *Fo*, whom they call the *God and Saviour of the World*, who was born to teach the Way of Salvation, and to give Satisfaction for all Men’s Sins. The *Talapoins* of *Siam* have a Book of Scripture written by *Sommonocodom*, who, the *Siamese* say, was born of a Virgin, and was the God expected by the Universe. The *Dervises* have their *Alcoran*.”

I BELIEVE there is no one will dispute the Author’s great Impartiality in setting down the Accounts of these different Religions. And I think it is pretty evident, he delivers the Matter with an Air, that betrays the History of one born of a Virgin, has as much Authority with him from *St Sommonocodom* as from *St Matthew*. Thus he treats Revelation. Then, as to Philosophy, he tells you, Page 136. *Cicero produces this as an Instance of aprobable Opinion, that they who study Philosophy, do not believe there are any Gods*; and then, from Consideration of various Notions, he affirms *Tully* concludes, *That there can be nothing after Death*.

As to what he misrepresents of *Tully*, the short Sentence on the Head of this Paper is enough to oppose: But who can have Patience to reflect upon the Assemblage of Impostures, among which our Author places the Religion of his Country? As for my Part, I cannot

not see any possible Interpretation to give this Work, but a Design to subvert and ridicule the Authority of Scripture. The Peace and Tranquility of the Nation, and Regards even above those, are so much concerned in this Matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient Sorrow for the Offender, or Indignation against him. But if ever Man deserved to be denied the common Benefits of Air and Water, it is the Author of a *Discourse of Free-thinking*.

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— *Mentisque capacious alta.* OVID.

AS I was, the other Day, taking a solitary Walk in St Paul's, I indulged my Thoughts in the Pursuit of a certain Analogy between the Fabric, and the *Christian Church* in the largest Sense. The divine Order and Oeconomy of the one, seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic Architecture of the other. And as the one consists of a great Variety of Parts united in the same regular Design, according to the truest Art, and most exact Proportion; so the other contains a decent Subordination of Members, various sacred Institutions, sublime Doctrines, and solid Precepts of Morality digested into the same Design, and with an admirable Concurrence tending to one View, the Happiness and Exaltation of human Nature.

IN the Midst of my Contemplation, I beheld a Fly upon one of the Pillars, and it straitway came into my Head, that this same Fly was a *Free-thinker*. For it required some Comprehension in the Eye of the Spectator, to take in at one View the various Parts of the Building, in order to observe their Symmetry and Design. But to the Fly, whose Prospect was confined to a little Part of one of the Stones of a single Pillar, the joint Beauty of the Whole, or the distinct Use of its Parts, were inconspicuous, and nothing could appear but small Inequalities in the Surface of the hewn Stone, which

which in the View of that Insect seemed so many deformed Rocks and Precipices.

THE Thoughts of a *Free-thinker* are employed on certain minute Particularities of Religion, the Difficulty of a single Text, or the Unaccountableness of some Step of Providence or Point of Doctrine, to his narrow Faculties, without comprehending the Scope and Design of Christianity, the Perfection to which it raiseth human Nature, the Light it hath shed abroad in the World, and the close Connexion it hath as well with the Good of public Societies, as with that of particular Persons.

THIS raised in me some Reflexions on that Frame or Disposition which is called *Largeness of Mind*, its Necessity towards forming a true Judgment of Things, and where the Soul is not incurably stunted by Nature, what are the likeliest Methods to give it Enlargement.

IT is evident, that Philosophy doth open and enlarge the Mind, by the general Views to which Men are habituated in that Study, and by the Contemplation of more numerous and distant Objects, than fall within the Sphere of Mankind in the ordinary Pursuits of Life. Hence it comes to pass, that Philosophers judge of most Things very differently from the Vulgar. Some Instances of this may be seen in the *Theatetus* of *Plato*, where *Socrates* makes the following Remarks, among others of the like Nature.

‘ WHEN a Philosopher hears Ten thousand Acres mentioned as a great Estate, he looks upon it as an inconsiderable Spot, having been used to contemplate the whole Globe of Earth. Or when he beholds a Man elated with the Nobility of his Race, because he can reckon a Series of seven rich Ancestors, the Philosopher thinks him a stupid ignorant Fellow, whose Mind cannot reach to a general View of human Nature, which would shew him that we have all innumerable Ancestors, among whom are Crowds of Rich and Poor, Kings and Slaves, *Greeks* and *Barbarians*.’ Thus far *Socrates*, who was accounted wiser



wiser than the rest of the Heathens, for Notions which approach the nearest to Christianity.

As all Parts and Branches of Philosophy, or speculative Knowledge, are useful in that Respect, Astronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow Spirit. In that Science there are good Reasons assigned to prove the Sun an hundred thousand Times bigger than our Earth; and the Distance of the Stars so prodigious, that a Cannon-Bullet continuing in its ordinary rapid Motion, would not arrive from hence at the nearest of them, in the Space of an Hundred and fifty thousand Years. These Ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the Mind. There is something in the Immensity of this Distance, that shocks and overwhelms the Imagination; it is too big for the Grasp of a human Intellect; Estates, Provinces, and Kingdoms, vanish at its Presence. It were to be wished a certain Prince, who hath encouraged the Study of it in his Subjects, had been himself a Proficient in Astronomy. This might have shewed him how mean an Ambition that was, which terminated in a small Part of what is itself but a Point, in Respect of that Part of the Universe which lies within our View.

BUT the *Christian Religion* ennobleth and enlargeth the Mind beyond any other Profession or Science whatsoever. Upon that Scheme, while the Earth, and the transient Enjoyments of this Life, shrink in the narrowest Dimensions, and are accounted as the *Dust of a Balance, the Drop of a Bucket, yea less than nothing*, the intellectual World opens wider to our View: The Perfections of the Deity, the Nature and Excellence of Virtue, the Dignity of the human Soul, are displayed in the largest Characters. The Mind of Man seems to adapt itself to the different Nature of its Objects; it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low Things, and feels a proportionable Enlargement arising from the Contemplation of these great and sublime Ideas.

THE Greatness of Things is comparative; and this does not only hold, in Respect of Extension, but likewise in Respect of Dignity, Duration, and all Kinds of Perfection. Astronomy opens the Mind, and alters our Judgment, with Regard to the Magnitude of extended Beings; but Christianity produceth an universal Greatness of Soul. Philosophy encreaseth our Views in every Respect, but Christianity extends them to a Degree beyond the Light of Nature.

How mean must the most exalted Potentate upon Earth appear to that Eye which takes in innumerable Orders of blessed Spirits, differing in Glory and Perfection? How little must the Amusements of Sense, and the ordinary Occupations of mortal Men, seem to one who is engaged in so noble a Pursuit, as the Assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper Employment of every Christian?

AND the Improvement which grows from habituating the Mind to the comprehensive Views of Religion, must not be thought wholly to regard the Understanding. Nothing is of greater Force to subdue the inordinate Motions of the Heart, and to regulate the Will. Whether a Man be actuated by his Passions or his Reason, these are first wrought upon by some Object, which stirs the Soul in Proportion to its apparent Dimensions. Hence irreligious Men, whose short Prospects are filled with Earth, and Sense, and mortal Life, are invited by these mean Ideas, to Actions proportionably little and low. But a Mind, whose Views are enlightened and extended by Religion, is animated to nobler Pursuits, by more sublime and remote Objects.

THERE is not an Instance of Weakness in the *Free-thinkers*, that raises my Indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Christians, as Men of narrow Understandings, and to pass themselves upon the World for Persons of superior Sense, and more enlarged Views. But I leave it to any impartial Man to judge which hath the nobler Sentiments, which the greater Views; the whose Notions are stinted to a few miserable Inlets  
of

of Sense, or he whose Sentiments are raised above the common Taste, by the Anticipation of those Delights which will satiate the Soul, when the whole Capacity of her Nature is branched out into new Faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this short Span of Duration, or he whose Aims are co-extended with the endless Length of Eternity? He who derives his Spirit from the Elements, or he who thinks it was inspired by the Almighty?

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S I R,

‘ SINCE you have not refused to insert Matters of a  
 ‘ theological Nature in those excellent Papers, with  
 ‘ which you daily both instruct and divert us, I earnest-  
 ‘ ly desire you to print the following Paper. The No-  
 ‘ tions therein advanced are, for ought I know, new to  
 ‘ the *English* Reader, and if they are true, will afford  
 ‘ Room for many useful Inferences.

‘ No Man that reads the Evangelists, but must ob-  
 ‘ serve, that our blessed Saviour does, upon every Oc-  
 ‘ casion, bend all his Force and Zeal to rebuke and cor-  
 ‘ rect the Hypocrisy of the *Pharisees*. Upon that Sub-  
 ‘ ject he shews a Warmth which one meets with in no  
 ‘ other Part of his Sermons. They were so enraged at  
 ‘ this public Detection of their secret Villanies, by  
 ‘ one who saw through all their Disguises, that they  
 ‘ joined in the Prosecution of him, which was so vigo-  
 ‘ rous, that *Pilate* at last consented to his Death. The  
 ‘ Frequency and Vehemence of these Reprehensions of  
 ‘ our Lord, have made the Word *Pharisee* to be looked  
 ‘ upon as odious among Christians, and to mean only  
 ‘ one who lays the utmost Stress upon the outward, ce-  
 ‘ remonial, and ritual Part of his Religion, without  
 ‘ having such an inward Sense of it, as would lead him  
 ‘ to a general and sincere Observance of those Duties  
 ‘ which can only arise from the Heart, and which can-  
 ‘ not be supposed to spring from a Desire of Applause  
 ‘ or Profit.

‘ THIS



‘ THIS is plain from the History of the Life and Actions of our Lord, in the four Evangelists. One of them, *St Luke*, continued his History down in a second Part, which we commonly call the *Acts of the Apostles*. Now, it is observable, that in this second Part, in which he gives a particular Account of what the Apostles did and suffered at *Jerusalem* upon their first entering upon their Commission, and also of what *St Paul* did after he was consecrated to the Apostleship till his Journey to *Rome*, we find not only no Opposition to Christianity from the *Pharisees*, but several signal Occasions in which they assisted its first Teachers, when the Christian Church was in its infant State. The true, zealous and hearty Persecutors of Christianity at that Time were the *Sadducees*, whom we may truly call the *Free-thinkers* among the *Jews*. They believed neither Resurrection, nor Angel, nor Spirit, *i. e.* in plain *English*, they were *Deists* at least, if not *Atheists*. They could outwardly comply with, and conform to the Establishment in Church and State, and they pretended forsooth to belong only to a particular Sect, and because there was nothing in the Law of *Moses* which in so many Words asserted a Resurrection, they appeared to adhere to that in a particular Manner beyond any other Part of the *Old Testament*. These Men therefore justly dreaded the spreading of Christianity after the Ascension of our Lord, because it was wholly founded upon his Resurrection.

‘ ACCORDINGLY therefore when *Peter* and *John* had cured the lame Man at the beautiful Gate of the Temple, and had thereby raised a wonderful Expectation of themselves among the People, the Priests and *Sadducees*, *Acts* iv. clapt them up, and sent them away for the first Time with a severe Reprimand. Quickly after, when the Deaths of *Ananias* and *Saphira*, and the many Miracles wrought after those severe Instances of the apostolical Power, had alarmed the Priests, who looked upon the Temple Worship, and consequently their Bread, to be struck at, these Priests,

‘ and

‘ and all they that were with them, who were of the  
 ‘ Sect of the *Sadducees* imprisoned the Apostles, in-  
 ‘ tending to examine them in the great Council the next  
 ‘ Day. Where, when the Council met, and the Priests  
 ‘ and *Sadducees* proposed to proceed with great Rigor  
 ‘ against them, we find that *Gamaliel*, a very eminent  
 ‘ *Pharisee*, St *Paul*’s Master, a Man of great Authori-  
 ‘ ty among the People, many of whose Determinations  
 ‘ we have still preserved in the Body of the *Jewish* Tra-  
 ‘ ditions, commonly called the *Talmud*, opposed their  
 ‘ Heat, and told them, for ought they knew, the A-  
 ‘ postles might be acted by the Spirit of God, and that  
 ‘ in such a Case it would be in vain to oppose them, since  
 ‘ if they did so; they would only fight against God,  
 ‘ whom they could not overcome. *Gamaliel* was so  
 ‘ considerable a Man amongst his own Sect, that we  
 ‘ may reasonably believe he spoke the Sense of his Party  
 ‘ as well as his own. St *Stephen*’s Martyrdom came  
 ‘ on presently after, in which we do not find the *Pha-  
 ‘ risees*, as such, had any Hand; it is probable that he  
 ‘ was prosecuted by those who before had imprisoned  
 ‘ *Peter* and *John*. One Novice indeed of that Sect was  
 ‘ so zealous, that he kept the Cloaths of those that ston-  
 ‘ ed him. This Novice, whose Zeal went beyond all  
 ‘ Bounds, was the great St *Paul*, who was peculiarly  
 ‘ honored with a Call from Heaven, by which he was  
 ‘ converted, and he was afterwards, by God himself,  
 ‘ appointed to be the Apostle of the *Gentiles*. Besides  
 ‘ him, and him too reclaimed in so glorious a Manner,  
 ‘ we find no one *Pharisee* either named or hinted at by  
 ‘ St *Luke*, as an Opposer to Christianity in those earli-  
 ‘ est Days. What others might do we know not. But  
 ‘ we find the *Sadducees* pursuing St *Paul* even to Death,  
 ‘ at his coming to *Jerusalem*, in the xxi. of the *Acts*. He  
 ‘ then, upon all Occasions, owned himself to be a *Pha-  
 ‘ risee*. In the 22d Chapter, he told the People, that  
 ‘ he had been bred at the Feet of *Gamaliel*, after the  
 ‘ strictest Manner, in the Law of his Fathers. In the  
 ‘ 23d Chapter he told the Council, that he was a *Pha-  
 ‘ risee*,

' *risee*, the Son of a *Pharisee*, and that he was accused  
 ' for asserting the Hope and Resurrection of the Dead,  
 ' which was their Darling Doctrine. Hereupon the  
 ' *Pharisees* stood by him, and tho' they did not own our  
 ' Saviour to be the *Messiah*, yet they would not deny but  
 ' some Angel or Spirit might have spoken to him, and  
 ' then if they opposed him, they should fight against  
 ' God. This was the very Argument *Gamaliel* had  
 ' used before. The Resurrection of our Lord, which  
 ' they saw so strenuously asserted by the Apostles, whose  
 ' Miracles they also saw and owned, (*Acts* iv. 16.) seems  
 ' to have struck them; and many of them were con-  
 ' verted (*Acts* xv. 5.) even without a Miracle, and the  
 ' rest stood still, and made no Opposition.

' WE see here what the Part was which the *Phari-*  
 ' *sees* acted in this important Conjunction. Of the *Sad-*  
 ' *ducees*, we meet not with one in the whole apostolic  
 ' History that was converted. We hear of no Miracles  
 ' wrought to convince any of them, tho' there was an  
 ' eminent one wrought to reclaim a *Pharisee*. St *Paul*  
 ' we see, after his Conversion, always gloried in his  
 ' having been bred a *Pharisee*. He did so to the People  
 ' of *Jerusalem*, to the great Council, to King *Agrippa*,  
 ' and to the *Philippians*. So that from hence we may  
 ' justly infer, that it was not their Institution, which  
 ' was in itself laudable, which our blessed Saviour found  
 ' Fault with; but it was their Hypocrisy, their Cove-  
 ' tousness, their Oppression, their overvaluing them-  
 ' selves upon their Zeal for the ceremonial Law, and  
 ' their adding to that Yoke, by their Traditions, all  
 ' which were not properly Essentials of their Insti-  
 ' tution, that our Lord blamed.

' BUT I must not run on. What I would observe,  
 ' Sir, is, that Atheism is more dreadful, and would be  
 ' more grievous to human Society, if it were invested  
 ' with sufficient Power, than Religion under any Shape,  
 ' where its Professors do at the Bottom believe what  
 ' they profess. I despair not of a Papist's Conversion,  
 ' tho' I would not willingly lie at a Zealot Papist's Mer-  
 ' cy,



cy, (and no Protestant would, if he knew what Popery is) tho' he truly believes in our Saviour. But the *Free-thinker*, who scarcely believes there is a God, and certainly disbelieves Revelation, is a very terrible Animal. He will talk of *natural Rights*, and the just Freedoms of Mankind, no longer than 'till he himself gets into Power; and by the Instance before us, we have small Grounds to hope for his Salvation, or that God will ever vouchsafe him sufficient Grace to reclaim him from Errors, which have been so immediately levelled against himself.

If these Notions be true, as I verily believe they are, I thought they might be worth publishing at this Time, for which Reason they are sent in this Manner to you, by

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

M. N.

THE *Time present* seldom affords sufficient Employment to the Mind of Man. Objects of Pain or Pleasure, Love or Admiration, do not ly thick enough together in Life, to keep the Soul in constant Action, and supply an immediate Exercise to its Faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this Defect, that the Mind may not want Business, but always have Materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain Powers, that can recal what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

THAT wonderful Faculty which we call the Memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those Repositories in several Animals, that are filled with Stores of their former Food, on which they may ruminate when their present Pasture fails.

As the Memory relieves the Mind in her vacant Moments, and prevents any Chasms of Thought, by Ideas

of what is *past*, we have other Faculties that agitate and employ her upon what *is to come*. These are the Passions of Hope and Fear.

By these two Passions we reach forward into Futurity, and bring up to our present Thoughts Objects that ly hid in the remotest Depths of Time. We suffer Misery, and enjoy Happiness, before they are in Being; we can set the Sun or Stars forward, or lose Sight of them, by wandering into those retired Parts of Eternity, when the Heavens and Earth shall be no more.

By the Way, Who can imagine that the Existence of a Creature is to be circumscribed by Time, whose Thoughts are not? But I shall, in this Paper, confine myself to that particular Passion which goes by the Name of Hope.

OUR actual Enjoyments are so few and transient, that Man would be a very miserable Being, were he not endowed with this Passion, which gives him a Taste of those good Things that may possibly come into his Possession. *We should hope for every Thing that is good*, says the old Poet Linus, *because there is nothing which may not be hoped for; and nothing but what the Gods are able to give us*. Hope quickens all the still Parts of Life, and keeps the Mind awake in her most remis and indolent Hours. It gives habitual Serenity and good Humour. It is a Kind of vital Heat in the Soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes Pain easy, and Labour pleasant.

BESIDE these several Advantages which rise from *Hope*, there is another, which is none of the least, and that is, its great Efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a Value on present Enjoyments. The Saying of *Cesar* is very well known. When he had given away all his Estate in Gratuities among his Friends, one of them asked, what he had left for himself? To which that great Man replied, *Hope*. His natural Magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his Thoughts upon something more valuable that he had in View. I question  
not

not but every Reader will draw a Moral from this Story, and apply it to himself without my Direction.

THE old Story of *Pandora's Box* (which many of the learned believe was formed among the Heathens, upon the Tradition of the Fall of Man) shews us how deplorable a State they thought the present Life without Hope. To set forth the utmost Condition of Misery, they tell us, that our Fore-father, according to the Pagan Theology, had a great Vessel presented him by *Pandora*: Upon his lifting up of the Lid of it, says the Fable, there flew out all the Calamities and Distempers incident to Men, from which, till that Time, they had been altogether exempt. *Hope*, who had been inclosed in the Cup with so much bad Company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the Lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I SHALL make but two Reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no Kind of Life is so happy as that which is full of Hope, especially when the Hope is well grounded, and when the Object of it is of an exalted Kind, and in its Nature proper to make the Person happy who enjoys it. This Proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present Enjoyments of the most happy Man, and how insufficient to give him an entire Satisfaction and Acquiescence in them.

My next Observation is this, That a religious Life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded Hope, and such an one as is fixed on Objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This Hope in a religious Man, is much more sure and certain than the Hope of any temporal Blessing, as it is strengthened not only by Reason, but by Faith. It has, at the same Time, its Eye perpetually fixed on that State, which implies, in the very Notion of it, the most full and the most complete Happiness.

I HAVE before shewn how the Influence of Hope in general sweetens Life, and makes our present Condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious Hope has:



still greater Advantages. It does not only bear up the Mind under her Sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the Instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate End of all her Hope.

RELIGIOUS Hope has likewise this Advantage above any other Kind of Hope, that it is able to revive the *dying Man*, and to fill his Mind not only with secret Comfort and Refreshment, but sometimes with Rapture and Transport. He triumphs in his Agonies, whilst the Soul springs forward with Delight to the great Object which she has always had in View, and leaves the Body with an Expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful Resurrection.

I SHALL conclude this Essay with those emphatical Expressions of a lively Hope, which the Psalmist made Use of in the Midst of those Dangers and Adversities which surrounded him ; for the following Passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic Sense. *I have set the Lord always before me : Because he is at my right Hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my Heart is glad, and my Glory rejoiceth : My Flesh also shall rest in Hope. For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see Corruption. Thou wilt shew me the Path of Life ; in thy Presence is Fullness of Joy, at thy right Hand there are Pleasures for evermore.* C

To the S P E C T A T O R.

S I R,

‘ IT has been usual to remind Persons of Rank, on  
 ‘ great Occasions in Life, of their Race and Quali-  
 ‘ ty, and to what Expectations they were born ; that,  
 ‘ by considering what is worthy of them, they may be  
 ‘ withdrawn from mean Pursuits, and encouraged to  
 ‘ laudable Undertakings. This is turning Nobility in-  
 ‘ to a Principle of Virtue, and maketh it productive of  
 ‘ Me-

‘ Merit, as it is understood to have been originally a  
 ‘ Reward of it.

‘ IT is for the like Reason, I imagine, that you have  
 ‘ in some of your Speculations asserted to your Readers  
 ‘ the *Dignity of human Nature*. But you cannot be in-  
 ‘ sensible that this is a controverted Doctrine. There  
 ‘ are Authors who consider human Nature in a very dif-  
 ‘ ferent View ; and Books of Maxims have been writ-  
 ‘ ten to shew the *Falsity of all human Virtues*. The Re-  
 ‘ flexions which are made on this Subject usually take  
 ‘ some Tincture from the Tempers and Characters of  
 ‘ them that make them. Politicians can resolve the  
 ‘ most shining Actions among Men, into Artifice and  
 ‘ Design ; others, who are soured by Discontent, Re-  
 ‘ pulses, or ill Usage, are apt to mistake their Spleen  
 ‘ for Philosophy : Men of profligate Lives, and such  
 ‘ as find themselves incapable of rising to any Distinc-  
 ‘ tion among their Fellow-Creatures, are for pulling  
 ‘ down all Appearances of Merit, which seem to up-  
 ‘ braid them ; and Satyrists describe nothing but Deform-  
 ‘ ity. From all these Hands we have such Draughts  
 ‘ of Mankind as are represented in those burlesk Pic-  
 ‘ tures, which the *Italians* call *Caracaturas* ; where  
 ‘ the Art consists in preserving amidst distorted Pro-  
 ‘ portions, and aggravated Features, some distinguish-  
 ‘ ing Likeness of the Person, but in such a Manner as  
 ‘ to transform the most agreeable Beauty into the most  
 ‘ odious Monster.

‘ IT is very disingenuous to level the best of Mankind  
 ‘ with the worst, and for the Faults of Particulars to  
 ‘ degrade the whole Species. Such Methods tend not  
 ‘ only to remove a Man’s good Opinion of others, but  
 ‘ to destroy that Reverence for himself, which is a great  
 ‘ Guard of Innocence, and a Spring of Virtue.

‘ IT is true indeed, that there are surprising Mix-  
 ‘ tures of Beauty and Deformity, of Wisdom and Folly,  
 ‘ Virtue and Vice, in the human Make ; such a Dispa-  
 ‘ rity is found among Numbers of the same Kind, and  
 ‘ every Individual, in some Instances, or at some Times,

‘ is

‘ is so unequal to himself, that *Man* seems to be the  
 ‘ most wavering and inconsistent Being in the whole  
 ‘ Creation. So that the Question in Morality, con-  
 ‘ cerning the Dignity of our Nature, may at first Sight  
 ‘ appear like some difficult Questions in natural Phi-  
 ‘ losophy, in which the Arguments on both Sides seem  
 ‘ to be of equal Strength. But, as I begin with con-  
 ‘ sidering this Point, as it relates to Action, I shall  
 ‘ here borrow an admirable Reflection from Monsieur  
 ‘ *Pascal*, which I think sets it in its proper Light.

‘ *It is of dangerous Consequence, says he, to represent*  
 ‘ *to Man how near he is to the Level of Beasts, without*  
 ‘ *showing him, at the same Time, his Greatness. It is*  
 ‘ *likewise dangerous to let him see his Greatness, without*  
 ‘ *his Meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him*  
 ‘ *ignorant of either ; but very beneficial that he should*  
 ‘ *be made sensible of both.* Whatever Imperfections we  
 ‘ may have in our Nature, it is the Business of Reli-  
 ‘ gion and Virtue to rectify them, as far as is consistent  
 ‘ with our present State. In the mean Time, it is no  
 ‘ small Encouragement to generous Minds, to consider  
 ‘ that we shall put them all off with our Mortality.  
 ‘ That sublime Manner of Salutation with which the  
 ‘ *Jews* approached their Kings,

‘ O King, *live for ever !*

‘ may be addressed to the lowest and most despised  
 ‘ Mortal amongst us, under all the Infirmities and Dis-  
 ‘ tresses with which we see him surrounded. And who-  
 ‘ ever believes the *Immortality of the Soul*, will not need  
 ‘ a better Argument for the Dignity of his Na-  
 ‘ ture, nor a stronger Incitement to Actions suitable  
 ‘ to it.

‘ I am naturally led by this Reflexion, to a Subject  
 ‘ I have already touched upon in a former Letter, and  
 ‘ cannot without Pleasure call to Mind the Thoughts  
 ‘ of *Cicero* to this Purpose, in the Close of his Book  
 ‘ concerning *old Age*. Every one who is acquainted  
 ‘ with.



' with his Writings, will remember that the elder *Cato*  
 ' is introduced in that Discourse as the Speaker, and  
 ' *Scipio* and *Lelius*, as his Auditors. This venerable  
 ' Person is represented looking forward as it were from  
 ' the Verge of extreme old Age, into a future State,  
 ' and rising into a Contemplation on the unperishable  
 ' Part of his Nature, and its Existence after Death. I  
 ' shall collect Part of his Discourse. And as you have  
 ' formerly offered some Arguments for the Soul's Im-  
 ' mortality, agreeable both to Reason and the Christi-  
 ' an Doctrine, I believe your Readers will not be dis-  
 ' pleased to see how the same great Truth shines in the  
 ' Pomp of *Roman* Eloquence.

' THIS, says *Cato*, is my firm Persuasion, that since  
 ' the human Soul exerts itself with so great Activity,  
 ' since it has such a Remembrance of the Past, such a  
 ' Concern for the Future, since it is enriched with so  
 ' many Arts, Sciences, and Discoveries, it is impossible  
 ' but the Being which contains all these must be im-  
 ' mortal,

' THE elder *Cyrus*, just before his Death, is repre-  
 ' sented by *XENOPHON* speaking after this Manner.  
 ' Think not, my dearest Children, that when I depart from  
 ' you, I shall be no more, but remember, that my Soul,  
 ' even while I lived among you, was invisible to you; yet  
 ' by my Actions you were sensible it existed in this Body.  
 ' Believe it therefore existing still, though it be still unseen.  
 ' How quickly would the Honors of illustrious Men perish  
 ' after Death, if their Souls performed nothing to preserve  
 ' their Fame? For my own Part, I could never think that  
 ' the Soul while in a mortal Body lives, but when de-  
 ' parted out of it, dies; or that its Consciousness is lost  
 ' when it is discharged out of an unconscious Habitation.  
 ' But when it is freed from all corporeal Alliance, then it  
 ' truly exists. Further, since the human Frame is broken  
 ' by Death, tell us what become of its Parts? It is visible  
 ' whether the Materials of other Beings are translated,  
 ' namely, to the Source from whence they had their Birth.

The

' *The Soul alone, neither present, nor departed, is the Object of our Eyes.*

' *THUS Cyrus.* But to proceed. No one shall persuade me, *Scipio*, that your worthy Father, or your Grandfathers, *Paulus* and *Africanus*, or *Africanus* his Father, or Uncle, or many other excellent Men whom I need not name, performed so many Actions to be remembered by Posterity, without being sensible that Futurity was their Right. And if I may be allowed an old Man's Privilege, to speak of myself, do you think I would have endured the Fatigue of so many wearisome Days and Nights, both at Home and Abroad, if I imagined that the same Boundary which is set to my Life must terminate my Glory? Were it not more desirable to have worn out my Days in Ease and Tranquility, free from Labour, and without Emulation? But I know not how, my Soul has always raised itself, and looked forward on Futurity, in this View and Expectation, that when it shall depart out of Life, it shall then live for ever; and if this were not true, that the Mind is immortal, the Souls of the most worthy would not, above all others, have the strongest Impulse to Glory.

' *WHAT* besides this is the Cause that the wisest Men die with the greatest Equanimity, the Ignorant with the greatest Concern? Does it not seem that those Minds which have the most extensive Views, foresee they are removing to a happier Condition, which those of a narrower Sight do not perceive? I, for my Part, am transported with the Hope of seeing your Ancestors, whom I have honored and loved, and am earnestly desirous of meeting not only those excellent Persons whom I have known, but those too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I myself have written; nor would I be detained from so pleasing a Journey. O happy Day, when I shall escape from this Croud, this Heap of Pollution, and be admitted to that divine Assembly of exalted Spirits! When I shall go not only to those great Persons I have

- ' named,

‘ named, but to my *Cato*, my Son, than whom a better  
 ‘ Man was never born, and whose funeral Rites I  
 ‘ myself performed, whereas he ought rather to have  
 ‘ attended mine. Yet has not his Soul deserted me,  
 ‘ but seeming to cast back a Look on me, is gone be-  
 ‘ fore to those Habitations to which it was sensible I  
 ‘ should follow him. And though I might appear to  
 ‘ have born my Loss with Courage, I was not unaf-  
 ‘ fected with it, but I comforted myself in the Assur-  
 ‘ ance, that it would not be long before we should  
 ‘ meet again, and be divorced no more.

*I am, S I R, &c.*

— *Nec morti esse locum* —

Virg.

A Lewd young Fellow seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable Condition if there is not another World. True, Son*, said the Hermit; *But what is thy Condition if there is?* Man is a Creature designed for two different States of Being, or rather for two different Lives. His first Life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The Question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two Lives it is our chief Interest to make ourselves happy? Or, in other Words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the Pleasures and Gratifications of a Life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost Length of a very inconsiderable Duration; or to secure to ourselves the Pleasures of a Life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every Man, upon the first Hearing of this Question, knows very well which Side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in Theory, it is plain, that in Practice we adhere to the wrong Side of the Question. We make Provisions for this Life, as tho’ it were never to have an End. And for the other Life, as tho’ it were never to have a Beginning.

SHOULD



SHOULD a Spirit of superior Rank, who is a Stranger to human Nature, accidentally alight upon the Earth, and take a Survey of its Inhabitants, What would his Notions of us be ? Would he not think that we are a Species of Beings made for quite different Ends and Purposes than what we really are ? Must not he imagine, that we were placed in this World to get Riches and Honor ? Would not he think that it was our Duty to toil after Wealth, and Station, and Title ? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden Poverty by Threats of eternal Punishment, and enjoined to pursue our Pleasures under Pain of Damnation ? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a Scheme of Duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an Imagination, he must conclude, that we are a Species of the most obedient Creatures in the Universe ; that we are constant to our Duty ; and that we keep a steady Eye on the End for which we were sent hither.

BUT how great would be his Astonishment, when he learnt that we were Beings not designed to exist in this World above threescore and ten Years ? And that the greatest Part of that busy Species fall short even of that Age ? How would he be lost in Horror and Admiration, when he should know that this Set of Creatures, who lay out all their Endeavours for this Life, which scarce deserves the Name of Existence, when, I say, he should know that this Set of Creatures are to exist to all Eternity in another Life, for which they make no Preparations ? Nothing can be a greater Disgrace to Reason, than that Men, who are persuaded of these two different States of Being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a Life of Threescore and Ten Years, and neglecting to make Provision for that, which after many Myriads of Years will be still new, and still beginning ; especially when we consider that our Endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honorable, or whatever else we place our Happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful ; whereas if we

constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other Life, we are sure that our Endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our Hope.

THE following Question is started by one of the Schoolmen. Supposing the whole Body of the Earth were a great Ball or Mass of the finest Sand, and that a single Grain or Particle of this Sand should be annihilated every thousand Years? Supposing then that you had it in your Choice to be happy all the While this prodigious Mass of Sand was consuming by this slow Method, till there was not a Grain of it left, on Condition you were to be miserable for ever after? Or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on Condition you would be miserable till the whole Mass of Sand were thus annihilated at the Rate of one Sand in a thousand Years, Which of these two Cases would you make your Choice?

It must be confessed in this Case, so many Thousands of Years are to the Imagination as a Kind of Eternity, tho' in Reality do not bear so great a Proportion to that Duration which is to follow them, as an Unite does to the greatest Number which you can put together in Figures, or as one of those Sands to the supposed Heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any Manner of Hesitation, which would be the better Part in this Choice. However, as I have before intimated, our Reason might in such Cases be overset by the Imagination, as to dispose some Persons to sink under the Consideration of the great Length of the first Part of this Duration, and of the great Distance of that second Duration which is to succeed it. The Mind, I say, might give itself up to that Happiness which is at Hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the Choice we actually have before us, is this, Whether we will chuse to be happy for the Space only of Threescore and ten, nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten Years, I might say of only a Day or an Hour, and miserable to all Eternity, or, on the contrary, mi

able for his short Term of Years, and happy for a whole Eternity, What Words are sufficient to express that Folly and Want of Consideration which in such a Case makes a wrong Choice?

I HERE put the Case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a Course of Virtue makes us miserable in this Life: But if we suppose, (as it generally happens) that Virtue would make us more happy even in this Life, than a contrary Course of Vice, How can we sufficiently admire the Stupidity or Madness of those Persons who are capable of making so absurd a Choice?

EVERY wise Man therefore will consider this Life only as it may conduce to the Happiness of the other, and chearfully sacrifice the Pleasures of a few Years to those of an Eternity.

*Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.* HOR.

Mr SPECTATOR,

THERE are none of your Speculations which please me more than those upon Infinitude and Eternity. You have already considered that Part of Eternity which is past, and I wish you would give us your Thoughts upon that which is to come.

Your Readers will perhaps receive greater Pleasure from this View of Eternity than the former, since we have every one of us a Concern in that which is to come: Whereas a Speculation on that which is past, is rather curious than useful.

BESIDES, we can easily conceive it possible for successive Duration never to have an End; tho', as you have justly observed, that Eternity which never had a Beginning is altogether incomprehensible, that is, we can conceive an eternal Duration which *may be*, tho' we cannot an eternal Duration which *both been*; or,

if



‘ if I may use the philosophical Terms, we may apprehend a *potential* though not an *actual* Eternity.

‘ THIS Notion of a future Eternity, which is natural to the Mind of Man, is an unanswerable Argument that he is a Being designed for it, especially, if we consider that he is capable of being virtuous or vicious here, that he hath Faculties improvable to all Eternity, and, by a proper or wrong Employment of them, may be happy or miserable throughout that infinite Duration. Our Idea indeed of this Eternity is not of an adequate or fixed Nature, but is perpetually growing and enlarging itself toward the Object, which is too big for human Comprehension. As we are now in the Beginnings of Existence, so shall we always appear to ourselves as if we were forever entering upon it. After a Million or Two of Centuries, some considerable Things, already past, may slip out of our Memory, which, if it be not strengthened in a wonderful Manner, may possibly forget that ever there was a Sun or Planets. And yet, notwithstanding the long Race that we shall then have run, we shall still imagine ourselves just starting from the Goal, and find no Proportion between that Space which we know had a Beginning, and what we are sure will never have an End.’

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*Sentio te sedem hominum ac domum contemplarique si tibi parva (ut est) ita videtur, hæc cœlestia semper spectato; illa humana contemnito.*

Cicero Somn. Scip.

THE following Essay comes from the ingenious Author of the Letter upon *Novelty*, printed in a late *Spectator*: The Notions are drawn from the *Platonic* Way of Thinking, but as they contribute to raise the Mind, and may inspire noble Sentiments of our own future Grandeur and Happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the Public.

**I**F the Universe be the Creature of an intelligent Mind, this Mind could have no immediate Regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make Trial of his Omnipotence, to be informed what Effects were within its Reach: The World as existing in his eternal Idea, was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into Being; and in the immense Abyss of his Essence are contained far brighter Scenes than will be ever set forth to View; it being impossible, that the great Author of Nature should bound his own Power, by giving Existence to a System of Creatures so perfect, that he cannot improve upon it by any other Exertions of his Almighty Will. Between finite and infinite there is an unmeasured Interval, not to be filled up in endless Ages; for which Reason, the most excellent of all God's Works, must be equally short of what his Power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same Ease.

THIS Thought hath made some imagine, (what, it must be confest, is not impossible) that the unfathom'd Space is ever teeming with new Births, the younger still inheriting a greater Perfection than the elder. But, as this doth not fall within my present View, I shall content myself with taking Notice, that the Consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the ideal Worlds in the divine Understanding yield a Prospect incomparably more ample, various and delightful, than any created World can do: And that therefore, as it is not to be supposed, that God should make a World merely of inanimate Matter, however diversified; or inhabited only by Creatures of no higher an Order than Brutes; so the End for which he designed his reasonable Offspring is the Contemplation of his Works, the Enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy, having, to this Purpose, endowed them with correspondent Faculties and Desires. He can have no greater Pleasure from a bare Review of his Works, than from the Survey of his own Ideas, but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the Satisfaction derived to Beings capable of

of it, and for whose Entertainment he hath erected this immense Theater. Is not this more than an Intimation of our Immortality? Man, who when considered as on his Probation for a happy Existence hereafter, is the most remarkable Instance of divine Wisdom; if we cut him off from all Relation to Eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable Composition in the whole Creation: He hath Capacities to lodge a much greater Variety of Knowledge than he will be ever Master of, and an unsatisfied Curiosity to tread the secret Paths of Nature and Providence: But, with this, his Organs, in their present Structure, are rather fitted to serve the Necessities of a vile Body, than to minister to his Understanding; and from the little Spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering Guesses concerning the innumerable Worlds of Light that encompass him, which, tho' in themselves of a prodigious Bigness, do but just glimmer in the remote Spaces of the Heavens; and, when, with a great deal of Time and Pains, he hath laboured a little Way up the steep Ascent of Truth, and beholds with Pity the groveling Multitude beneath, in a Moment his Foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the Grave.

THINKING on this, I am obliged to believe, in Justice to the Creator of the World, that there is another State when Man shall be better situated for Contemplation, or rather have it in his Power to remove from Object to Object, and from World to World; and be accommodated with Senses, and other Helps, for making the quickest and most amazing Discoveries. How doth such a Genius as Sir *Isaac Newton*, from amidst the Darkness that involves human Understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another Species! The vast Machine we inhabit lies open to him, he seems not unacquainted with the general Laws that govern it; and while with the Transport of a Philosopher he beholds and admires the glorious Work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational Homage to his Maker. But alas! How narrow is the



Prospect even of such a Mind? And how obscure to the Compass that is taken in by the Ken of an Angel, or of a Soul but newly escaped from its Imprisonment in the Body! For my Part, I freely indulge my Soul in the Confidence of its future Grandeur; it pleases me to think that I who know so small a Portion of the Works of the Creator, and with slow and painful Steps creep up and down on the Surface of this Globe, shall ere long shoot away with the Swiftneſs of Imagination, trace out the hidden Springs of Nature's Operations, be able to keep Pace with the heavenly Bodies in the Rapidity of their Career, be a Spectator of the long Chain of Events in the natural and moral Worlds, viſit the ſeveral Apartments of the Creation, know how they are furniſhed, and how inhabited, comprehend the Order, and meaſure the Magnitudes and Diſtances of thoſe Orbs, which to us ſeem diſpoſed without any regular Deſign, and ſet all in the ſame Circle; obſerve the Dependence of the Parts of each System, and (if our Minds are big enough to graſp the Theory) of the ſeveral Systems upon one another, from whence reſults the Harmony of the Univerſe. In Eternity a great deal may be done of this Kind. I find it of Uſe to cheriſh this generous Ambition; for beſides the ſecret Reſreſhment it diffuſes through my Soul, it engages me in an Endeavour to improve my Faculties, as well as to exerciſe them conformably to the Rank I now hold among reaſonable Beings, and the Hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted Station.

THE other, and that the ultimate End of Man, is the Enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a Wiſh. Dim at beſt are the Conceptions we have of the ſupream Being, who, as it were, keeps his Creatures in Suſpence, neither diſcovering nor hiding himſelf; by which Means the Libertine hath a Handle to diſpute his Exiſtence, while the moſt are content to ſpeak him fair, but in their Hearts prefer every trifling Satisfaction to the Favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good Man for the Singularity of his Choice. Will there not

a Time come, when the Free-thinker shall see his impious Schemes overturned, and be made a Convert to the Truths he hates; when deluded Mortals shall be convinced of the Folly of their Pursuits, and the few wise who followed the Guidance of Heaven, and scorning the Blandishments of Sense, and the sordid Bribery of the World, aspired to a celestial Abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost Wish in the Vision of the Creator? Here the Mind heaves a Thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient Glances of his Presence: When, in the Instant, it thinks itself to have the fastest Hold, the Object eludes its Expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the Ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect Way of conversing with heavenly Beings. Are not Spirits capable of mutual Intelligence, unless immersed in Bodies, or by their Intervention? Must superior Natures depend on inferior for the main Privilege of sociable Beings, that of conversing with them, and knowing each other? What would they have done, had Matter never been created? I suppose, not have lived in eternal Solitude. As incorporeal Substances are of a nobler Order, so, be sure, their Manner of Intercourse is answerably more expedite and intimate. This Method of Communication, we call intellectual Vision, as somewhat analogous to the Sense of Seeing, which is the Medium of our Acquaintance with this visible World. And in some such Way can God make himself the Object of immediate Intuition to the Blessed; and as he can, 'tis not improbable that he will, always condescending in the Circumstances of doing it, to the Weakness and Proportion of finite Minds. His Works but faintly reflect the Image of his Perfections, 'tis a second-hand Knowledge: To have a just Idea of him, it may be necessary that we see him as he is. But what is that? 'Tis something that never entered into the Heart of Man to conceive; yet, what we can easily conceive, will be a Fountain of unspeakable, of everlasting Rapture. All created Glories will fade and die away in his Presence. Perhaps it will be  
my

my Happiness to compare the World with the fair Exemplar of it in the divine Mind; perhaps to view the original Plan of those wise Designs that have been executing in a long Succession of Ages. Thus employed in finding out his Works, and contemplating their Author! How shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my Body swallowed up in the Immensity of Matter, my Mind in the Infinity of his Perfections.

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*Multa putans, sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.. VIRG..*

**I**N Compassion to those gloomy Mortals, who by their Unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling those Impressions of Joy and Hope, which the Celebration of the late glorious *Easter* Festival naturally leaves on the Mind of a Christian, I shall, in this Paper, endeavour to evince that there are Grounds to expect a future State, without supposing in the Reader any Faith at all, not even the Belief of a Deity. Let the most stedfast Unbeliever open his Eyes, and take a Survey of the sensible World, and then say if there be not a Connexion, an Adjustment, an exact and constant Order discoverable in all the Parts of it. Whatever be the Cause, the Thing itself is evident to all our Faculties. Look into the animal System, the Passions, Senses, and locomotive Powers, Is not the like Contrivance and Propriety observable in these too? Are they not fitted to certain Ends? And are they not by Nature directed to proper Objects?

Is it possible then that the smallest Bodies should, by a Management superior to the Wit of Man, be disposed in the most excellent Manner agreeable to their respective Natures, and yet the Spirits or Souls of Men be neglected, or managed by such Rules as fall short of Man's Understanding? Shall every other Passion be rightly placed by Nature? And shall that Appetite of Immortality, natural to all Mankind, be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the industrious Appli-  
cation



eration of the inferior animal Powers, in the meanest Vocations, be answered by the Ends we propose? And shall not the generous Efforts of a virtuous Mind be rewarded? In a Word, Shall the corporeal World be all Order and Harmony, the intellectual Discord and Confusion? He who is Bigot enough to believe these Things, must bid adieu to that natural Rule, of *Reasoning from Analogy*; must run counter to that Maxim of common Sense, *That Men ought to form their Judgments of Things unexperienced from what they have experienced.*

If any Thing looks like a Recompence of calamitous Virtue on this Side the Grave, it is either an Assurance that thereby we obtain the Favour and Protection of Heaven, and shall, whatever befalls us in this, in another Life meet with a just Return; or else that Applause and Reputation which is thought to attend virtuous Actions. The former of these, our *Free-thinkers*, out of their singular Wisdom and Benevolence to Mankind, endeavour to erase from the Minds of Men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this Life, where so many ill Actions are reputable, and so many good Actions disesteemed or misinterpreted; where subtile Hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging Light, and modest Virtue lies concealed; where the Heart and the Soul are hid from the Eyes of Men, and the Eyes of Men are dimmed and vitiated. *Plato's* Sense in relation to this Point is contained in his *Gorgias*, where he introduces *Socrates* speaking after this Manner.

‘ It was in the Reign of *Saturn* provided by a Law,  
 ‘ which the Gods have since continued down to this  
 ‘ Time, That they who had lived virtuously and pious-  
 ‘ ly upon Earth, should after Death enjoy a Life full of  
 ‘ Happiness, in certain Islands appointed for the Habi-  
 ‘ tation of the Blessed: But that such as had lived wick-  
 ‘ edly, should go into the Receptacle of damned Souls,  
 ‘ named *Tartarus*, there to suffer the Punishments they  
 ‘ deserved. But in all the Reign of *Saturn*, and in the  
 ‘ Beginning of the Reign of *Jove*, living Judges were  
 ‘ appointed, by whom each Person was judged in his  
 ‘ Lifetime

' Lifetime in the same Day on which he was to die. The  
 ' Consequence of which was, that they often passed  
 ' wrong Judgments. *Pluto*, therefore, who presided in  
 ' *Tartarus*, and the Guardians of the blessed Islands, find-  
 ' ing that, on the other Side, many unfit Persons were  
 ' sent to their respective Dominions, complained to *Jove*,  
 ' who promised to redress the Evil. He added, the  
 ' Reason of these unjust Proceedings are, that Men are  
 ' judged in the Body. Hence many conceal the Blem-  
 ' ishes and Imperfections of their Minds, by Beauty,  
 ' Birth and Riches; not to mention, that, at the Time  
 ' of Trial, there are Crouds of Witnesses to attest their  
 ' having lived well. These Things mislead the Judges,  
 ' who being themselves also of the Number of the living,  
 ' are surrounded each with his own Body, as with a  
 ' Veil thrown over his Mind. For the future, therefore,  
 ' it is my Intention, that Men do not come on their  
 ' Trial till after Death, when they shall appear before  
 ' the Judge, disrobed of all their corporeal Ornaments.  
 ' The Judge himself too shall be a pure unveiled Spirit,  
 ' beholding the very Soul, the naked Soul of the Party  
 ' before him. With this View I have already constitut-  
 ' ed my Sons, *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, Judges, who  
 ' are Natives of *Asia*, and *Æacus*, a Native of *Europe*.  
 ' These, after Death, shall hold their Court in a cer-  
 ' tain Meadow, from which there are two Roads,  
 ' leading the one to *Tartarus*, the other to the Islands  
 ' of the Blessed.'

FROM this, as from numberless other Passages of  
 his Writings, may be seen *Plato's* Opinion of a future  
 State. A Thing therefore in Regard to us so com-  
 fortable, in itself so just and excellent, a Thing so a-  
 greeable to the Analogy of Nature, and so universally  
 credited by all Orders and Ranks of Men, of all Na-  
 tions and Ages, What is it that should move a few Men  
 to reject? Surely there must be something of Prejudice  
 in the Case. I appeal to the secret Thoughts of a  
*Free-thinker*, if he does not argue within himself after  
 this Manner: The Senses and Faculties I enjoy at pre-  
 sent,

sent, are visibly designed to repair or preserve the Body from the Injuries it is liable to in its present Circumstances. But in an eternal Estate, where no Decays are to be repaired, no outward Injuries to be fenced against, where there are no Flesh and Bones, Nerves, or Blood-vessels, there will certainly be none of the Senses; and that there should be a State of Life without the Senses, is inconceivable.

BUT as this Manner of Reasoning proceeds from a Poverty of Imagination, and Narrowness of Soul in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy those Defects and open their Views, by laying before them a Case, which, being naturally possible, may perhaps reconcile them to the Belief of what is supernaturally revealed.

LET us suppose a Person blind and deaf from his Birth, who, being grown to Man's Estate, is by the dead Palsy, or some other Cause, deprived of his Feeling, Tasting, and Smelling; and, at the same Time, has the Impediment of his Hearing removed, and the Film taken from his Eyes: What the five Senses are to us, that the Touch, Taste and Smell were to him. And any other Ways of Perception of a more refined and extensive Nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one Day be adapted to perceive those Things which *Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it entered into the Heart of Man to conceive*. And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the Loss of these three Senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new Inlets of Perception, as in a modern *Free-thinker*, to imagine there can be no State of Life and Perception without the Senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same Person's Eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great Variety of the most gay and pleasing Objects, and his Ears with a melodious Concert of vocal and instrumental Music: Behold him amazed, ravished, transported, and you have some distant Representation, some faint and glimmering Idea of the ecstatic State of the Soul in that Article in which  
 she



she emerges from this Sepulchre of Flesh into Life and Immortality.

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*Ignæ est ollis vigor, & cœlestis origo  
Seminibus* —————

VIRG.

THE same Faculty of Reason and Understanding, which placeth us above the brute Part of the Creation, doth also subject our Minds to greater and more manifold Disquiets than Creatures of an inferior Rank are sensible of. It is by this that we anticipate future Disasters, and oft create to ourselves real Pain from imaginary Evils, as well as multiply the Pangs arising from those which cannot be avoided.

It behoves us therefore to make the best Use of that sublime Talent, which, so long as it continues the Instrument of Passion, will serve only to make us more miserable, in Proportion as we are more excellent than other Beings.

It is the Privilege of a thinking Being to withdraw from the Object that sollicit its Senses, and turn his Thoughts inward on himself. For my own Part, I often mitigate the Pain arising from the little Misfortunes and Disappointments that chequer human Life by this Introversion of my Faculties, wherein I regard my own Soul as the Image of her Creator, and receive great Consolation from beholding those Perfections which testify her divine Original, and lead me into some Knowledge of her everlasting Architype.

BUT there is not any Property or Circumstance of my Being that I contemplate with more Joy, than my Immortality. I can easily overlook any present momentary Sorrow, when I reflect that it is in my Power to be happy a thousand Years hence. If it were not for this Thought, I had rather be an Oyster than a Man, the most stupid and senseless of Animals, than a reasonable Mind tortured with an extreme innate Desire of that Perfection which it despairs to obtain.

IT

IT is with great Pleasure that I behold Instinct, Reason and Faith concurring to attest this comfortable Truth. It is revealed from Heaven, it is discovered by Philosophers, and the ignorant unenlightened Part of Mankind have a natural Propensity to believe it. It is an agreeable Entertainment to reflect on the various Shapes under which this Doctrine has appeared in the World. The *Pythagorean* Transmigration, the sensual Habitations of the *Mahometan*, and the shady Realms of *Pluto*, do all agree in the main Points, the Continuation of our Existence, and the Distribution of Rewards and Punishments, proportioned to the Merits or Demerits of Men in this Life.

BUT in all these Schemes there is something gross and improbable, that shocks a reasonable and speculative Mind. Whereas nothing can be more rational and sublime than the Christian Idea of a future State. *Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it entred into the Heart of Man to conceive the Things which God hath prepared for those that love him.* The above-mentioned Schemes are narrow Transcripts of our present State: But in this indefinite Description there is something ineffably great and noble. The Mind of Man must be raised to a higher Pitch, not only to partake the Enjoyments of the Christian Paradise, but even to be able to frame any Notion of them.

NEVERTHELESS, in order to gratify our Imagination, and by Way of Condescension to our low Way of Thinking, the Ideas of Light, Glory, a Crown, &c. are made Use of to adumbrate that which we cannot directly understand. *The Lamb which is in the Midst of the Throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living Fountains of Waters; and God shall wipe away all Tears from their Eyes. And there shall be no more Death, neither Sorrow, nor Crying, neither shall there be any more Pain; for the former Things are passed away, and behold all Things are new. There shall be no Night there, and they need no Candle, neither Light of the Sun: For the Lord God giveth them Light, and shall*  
N  
make

*make them drink of the River of his Pleasures: And they shall reign for ever and ever. They shall receive a Crown of Glory which fadeth not away.*

THESE are chearing Reflexions: And I have often wondered that Men could be found so dull and phlegmatic, as to prefer the Thought of Annihilation before them; or so ill-natured, as to endeavour to persuade Mankind to the Disbelief of what is so pleasing and profitable even in the Prospect; or so blind, as not to see that there is a Deity, and if there be, that this Scheme of Things flows from his Attributes, and evidently corresponds with the other Parts of his Creation.

I KNOW not how to account for this absurd Turn of Thought, except it proceed from a Want of other Employment, joined with an Affectation of Singularity. I shall therefore inform our modern *Free-thinkers* of two Points, whereof they seem to be ignorant. The first is, That it is not the being singular, but being singular for something, that argues either extraordinary Endowments of Nature, or benevolent Intentions to Mankind, which draws the Admiration and Esteem of the World. A Mistake in this Point naturally arises from that Confusion of Thought which I do not remember to have seen so great Instances of in any Writers, as in certain modern *Free-thinkers*.

THE other Point is, That there are innumerable Objects within the Reach of a human Mind, and each of these Objects may be viewed in innumerable Lights and Positions, and the Relations arising between them are innumerable. There is, therefore, an Infinity of Things whereon to employ their Thoughts, if not with Advantage to the World, at least with Amusement to themselves, and without Offence or Prejudice to other People. If they proceed to exert their Talent of *Free-thinking* in this Way, they may be innocently dull, and no one take any Notice of it. But to see Men, without either Wit or Argument, pretend to run down divine and human Laws, and treat their Fellow-Subjects



Subjects with Contempt, for professing a Belief of those Points on which the present as well as the future Interest of Mankind depends, is not to be endured. For my own Part, I shall omit no Endeavours to render their Persons as despicable, and their Practices as odious in the Eye of the World as they deserve.

— *Afflata est numine quando*  
*Jam propiore Dei* —

VIRG.

THE following Letter comes to me from that excellent Man in holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once, as one of that Society who assist me in my Speculations. It is a *Thought in Sickness*, and of a very serious Nature, for which Reason I give it a Place in the Paper of this Day.

S I R,

THE Indisposition which has so long hung upon me, is at last grown to such a Head, that it must quickly make an End of me, or of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad State of Health, there are none of your Works which I read with greater Pleasure than your *Saturday's* Papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any Hints for that Day's Entertainment. Were I able to dress up several Thoughts of a serious Nature, which have made great Impressions on my Mind during a long Fit of Sickness, they might not be an improper Entertainment for that Occasion.

AMONG all the Reflexions which usually rise in the Mind of a sick Man, who has Time and Inclination to consider his approaching End, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before Him who made him. When a Man considers, that as soon as the vital Union is dissolved, he shall see that supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a Distance, and only in his

\* Works; or, to speak more philosophically, when  
 \* by some Faculty in the Soul he shall apprehend the  
 \* divine Being, and be more sensible of his Presence,  
 \* than we are now of the Presence of any Object  
 \* which the Eye beholds, a Man must be lost in Care-  
 \* lessness and Stupidity, who is not alarmed at such a  
 \* Thought. Dr *Sherlock*, in his excellent Treatise up-  
 \* on Death, has represented in very strong and lively  
 \* Colours, the State of the Soul in its first Separation  
 \* from the Body, with regard to that invisible World  
 \* which every where surrounds us, tho' we are not able  
 \* to discover it through this grosser World of Matter,  
 \* which is accommodated to our Senses in this Life.  
 \* His Words are as follow:

\* *That Death, which is our leaving this World, is no-*  
 \* *thing else but our putting off these Bodies, teaches us,*  
 \* *that it is only our Union to these Bodies, which inter-*  
 \* *cepts the Sight of the other World: The other World*  
 \* *is not at such a Distance from us, as we may imagine;*  
 \* *the Throne of God indeed is at a great Remove from*  
 \* *this Earth, above the third Heavens, where he displays*  
 \* *his Glory to those blessed Spirits which encompass his*  
 \* *Throne; but as soon as we step out of these Bodies, we*  
 \* *step into the ether World, which is not so properly ano-*  
 \* *ther World, (for there is the same Heaven and Earth*  
 \* *still) as a new State of Life, To live in these Bodies*  
 \* *is to live in this World; to live out of them is to re-*  
 \* *move into the next: For while our Souls are confined*  
 \* *to these Bodies, and can look only through these mate-*  
 \* *rial Casements, nothing but what is material can affect*  
 \* *us; nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can re-*  
 \* *flect Light, and convey the Shapes and Colours of Things*  
 \* *with it to the Eye: So that though, within this visible*  
 \* *World, there be a more glorious Scene of Things than*  
 \* *what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it;*  
 \* *for this Veil of Flesh parts the visible and invisible*  
 \* *World: But when we put off these Bodies, there are new*  
 \* *and surprising Wonders present themselves to our Views;*  
 \* *when these material Spectacles are taken off, the Soul,*  
 \* *with*

' with its own naked Eyes, sees what was invisible before :  
 ' and then we are in the other World, when we can see it,  
 ' and converse with it : Thus St Paul tells us, That when  
 ' we are at Home in the Body, we are absent from the  
 ' Lord ; but when we are absent from the Body we  
 ' are present with the Lord, 2 Cor. v. 6, 8. And me-  
 ' thinks this is enough to cure us of our Fondness for these  
 ' Bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to  
 ' a Prison, and to look through a Grate all our Lives,  
 ' which gives us but a very narrow Prospect, and that  
 ' none of the best neither, than to be set at Liberty to view  
 ' all the Glories of the World. What would we give now  
 ' for the least Glimpse of that invisible World, which  
 ' the first Step we take out of these Bodies will present  
 ' us with ? There are such Things, as Eye hath not seen  
 ' nor Ear heard, neither hath it entered into the Heart  
 ' of Man to conceive : Death opens our Eyes, enlarges  
 ' our Prospect, presents us with a new and most glorious  
 ' World, which we can never see while we are shut up in  
 ' Flesh ; which should make us as willing to part with  
 ' this Veil, as to take the Film off our Eyes which hinders  
 ' our Sight.

' As a thinking Man cannot but be very much af-  
 ' fected with the Idea of his appearing in the Presence  
 ' of that Being whom none can see and live, he must  
 ' be much more affected when he considers that this  
 ' Being whom he appears before, will examine all the  
 ' Actions of his past Life, and reward or punish him  
 ' accordingly. I must confess, that I think, there is  
 ' no Scheme of Religion, besides that of Christianity,  
 ' which can possibly support the most virtuous Person  
 ' under this Thought. Let a Man's Innocence be what  
 ' it will, let his Virtues rise to the highest Pitch of  
 ' Perfection attainable in this Life, there will be still  
 ' in him so many secret Sins, so many human Frail-  
 ' ties, so many Offences of Ignorance, Passion, and  
 ' Prejudice, so many unguarded Words and Thoughts,  
 ' and, in short, so many Defects in his best Actions,  
 ' that, without the Advantages of such an Expi-



tion and Atonement, as Christianity hath revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to stand in his Sight. Our holy Religion suggests to us the only Means whereby our Guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect Obedience accepted.

It is this Series of Thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following Hymn, which I have composed during this my Sickness.

## I.

*WHEN rising from the Bed of Death,  
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,  
I see my Maker, Face to Face,  
O how shall I appear !*

## II.

*If yet, while Pardon may be found,  
And Mercy may be sought,  
My Heart with inward Horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the Thought.*

## III.

*When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In Majesty severe,  
And sit in Judgment on my Soul,  
O how shall I appear !*

## IV.

*But thou hast told the troubled Mind,  
Who does her Sins lament,  
The timely Tribute of her Tears,  
Shall endless Wo prevent.*

## V.

*Then see the Sorrows of my Heart,  
Ere yet it be too late ;  
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,  
To give those Sorrows Weight.*

## IV.

*For never shall my Soul despair  
Her Pardon to procure,  
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd  
To make her Pardon sure.*

—*Animaque capaces*  
*Mortis*—

THE Prospect of Death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our Eyes, it would imbitter all the Sweets of Life. The gracious Author of our Being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing Sensations and Reflexions, and meet with as many Amusements and Solitudes, as divert our Thoughts from dwelling upon an Evil, which by Reason of its seeming Distance makes but languid Impressions upon the Mind. But how distant soever the Time of our Death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some Portion of our Life to consider the End of it ; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated Times to meditate upon the final Period of our Existence here. The Principle of Self-love, as we are Men, will make us enquire, What is like to come of us after our Dissolution ? And our Conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the Good or Evil of our Actions here, we shall be translated to the Mansions of eternal Bliss or Misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it Madness to be unprepared against the black Moment ; but when we reflect that perhaps that black Moment may be To-night, how watchful ought we to be !

I WAS wonderfully affected with a Discourse I had lately with a Clergyman of my Acquaintance upon this Head, which was to this Effect. ‘ The Consideration, *said the good Man*, that my Being is precarious, moved me many Years ago to make a Resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest Satisfaction that a mortal Man can enjoy. Every Night before I address myself in private to my Creator, I lay my Hand upon my Heart, and ask myself, Whether, if God should require my Soul of me this Night, I could hope for Mercy from him ? The bitter Agonies I underwent, in this my first Acquaintance

‘ance

'ance with myself, were so far from throwing me into  
 'Despair of that Mercy which is over all God's Works,  
 'that they rather proved Motives to a greater Circum-  
 'spection in my future Conduct. The oftner I exer-  
 'cised myself in Meditations of this Kind, the less was  
 'my Anxiety; and by making the Thoughts of Death  
 'familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking,  
 'is become the sweetest of my Enjoyments. These  
 'Contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not  
 'sullen; nay, they are so far from having sour'd my  
 'Temper, that as I have a Mind perfectly compos'd,  
 'and a secret Spring of Joy in my Heart, so my Con-  
 'versation is pleasant, and my Countenance serene. I  
 'taste all the innocent Satisfactions of Life pure and  
 'and sincere. I have no Share of Pleasures that leave a  
 'Sting behind them, nor am I cheated with that Kind  
 'of Mirth, *in the Midst of which there is Heaviness.*

*Quisque suos patimur manes—*

VIRG.

Mr IRONSIDE,

T H E following Letter was really written by  
 a young Gentleman in a languishing Illness,  
 which both himself and those who attended him,  
 thought it impossible for him to outlive. If you think  
 such an Image of the State of a Man's Mind in that  
 Circumstance be worth publishing, it is at your Service,  
 and take it as follows.

Dear Sir,

Y O U formerly observed to me, that nothing made  
 a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, than  
 the Disparity we often find in him sick and well.  
 Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution is perpetually  
 exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of  
 his Mind, or of his Body, in their Turns. I have  
 had frequent Opportunities of late to consider myself  
 in these different Views, and hope I have received some  
 Ad-



' Advantage by it. If what Mr *Waller* says be true,  
' that

*The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lies in new Light, thro' Chinks that Time has made.*

' Then surely Sicknefs, contributing no lefs than old  
' Age to the shaking down this Scaffolding of the Bo-  
' dy, may discover the inclosed Structure more plainly.  
' Sicknefs is a Sort of early old Age ; it teaches us a  
' Diffidence in our earthly State, and inspires us with  
' the Thoughts of a future, better than a Thousand  
' Volumes of Philosophers and Divines. It gives so  
' warning a Concussion to those Props of our Vanity,  
' our Strength and Youth, that we think of fortifying  
' ourfelves within, when there is fo little Dependence  
' on our Out-works. Youth, at the very best, is but a  
' Betrayer of human Life in a gentler and smoother  
' Manner than Age : 'Tis like a Stream that nourishes  
' a Plant upon its Bank, and caufes it to flourish and  
' blossom to the Sight, but at the fame Time is under-  
' mining it at the Root in fecret. My Youth has dealt  
' more fairly and openly with me ; it has afforded fe-  
' veral Prospects of my Danger, and gives me an Ad-  
' vantage not very common to young Men, that the At-  
' tractions of the World have not dazled me very  
' much, and I began, where moft People end, with a  
' full Conviction of the Emptinefs of all Sorts of Am-  
' bition, and the unsatisfactory Nature of all human  
' Pleafures.

' WHEN a smart Fit of Sicknefs tells me this scurvy  
' Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am  
' e'en as unconcerned as was that honeft *Hibernian*,  
' who (being in Bed in the great Storm fome Years a-  
' go, and told the Houfe would tumble over his Head)  
' made Answer, *What care I for the Houfe ? I am only a*  
' *Lodger*. I fancy it is the beft Time to die when one  
' is in the beft Humour ; and fo exceffively weak as I  
' now am, I may fay with Confcience, that I am not at

' all uneasy at the Thought, that many Men, whom I  
 ' never had any Esteem for, are likely to enjoy this  
 ' World after me. When I reflect what an inconsider-  
 ' able little Atom every single Man is, with respect to  
 ' the whole Creation, methinks it is a Shame to be con-  
 ' cerned at the Removal of such a trivial Animal as I  
 ' am. The Morning after my *Exit*, the Sun will arise  
 ' as bright as ever, the Flowers smell as sweet, the  
 ' Plants spring as green, the World will proceed in  
 ' its old Course, People will laugh as heartily, and  
 ' marry as fast as they were used to do. *The Memory*  
 ' of Man (as it is elegantly exprest in the Wisdom of  
 ' Solomon) *passeth away as the Remembrance of a Guest*  
 ' *that tarrieth but one Day.* There are Reasons enough,  
 ' in the fourth Chapter of the same Book, to make any  
 ' young Man contented with the Prospect of Death.  
 ' *For honourable Age is not that which standeth in Length of*  
 ' *Time, nor is measured by Number of Years. But Wisdom*  
 ' *is the gray Hair to Men, and an unspotted Life is old Age.*  
 ' He was taken away speedily, lest that *Wickedness should*  
 ' *alter his Understanding, or Deceit beguile his Soul.*

I am, Yours.

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**I** Will confess my Unrighteousness unto the Lord, and be-  
 wail my Infirmities before him, *Psal. xxxii.* For  
 every trivial Accident casts me down, and I am often  
 overwhelmed with Sorrow, upon Occasions which  
 my calmer Thoughts abundantly convince me, deserve  
 rather my Contempt, than my serious Concern. Some-  
 times I see and condemn my own Folly, and mighty  
 Resolutions I make, how bravely I will behave myself  
 for the Time to come; and yet, upon the next Assault  
 of some slight Misfortune, this imaginary Hero is beat-  
 en from his Post, and cannot stand the Shock of a very  
 common Difficulty. The poorest and most despicable  
 Things are, I find, capable of becoming great and dan-  
 gerous Temptations; and I, who at a Distance defy  
 them,

them, yet, when brought to the Trial, see, by sad Experience, upon how slippery Ground I stand.

THIS is indeed the wretched Condition of thy poor unstable Servant : But, Lord, do thou, in much Compassion, look upon my Frailty, for thou knowest it more perfectly than I myself can. Stretch forth thy Hand, and draw me out of these deep Waters, and out of this Mire of Sin and Weakness, that I sink not in my Corruption, *Psal. lxiv.* I cannot easily express the melancholy Reflexions, the Shame and Confusion, the Indignation and sad Perplexity of Heart, which the Consciousness of my own Inability to resist Temptations, and the Inconstancy of my best and most vigorous Purposes, create ; and tho' my Will be not always vanquished, nor do I (blessed be God) yield to every wicked Suggestion, yet the repeated Assaults of the Enemy disturb my Quiet, and I am weary of a Life which consists of perpetual Hazard, and painful Conflicts with myself. The Wretchedness of my Condition is but too manifest ! I need no other Argument to prove it, than that easy Access evil Thoughts find to my Breast ; which, in Despight of all my watchful Care, and most manly Struggles, are much sooner insinuated and received, than either driven out again, or prevented from entering.

Look down, then, thou Almighty Rock of *Israel*, and Lover of Souls, and interpose thy Power and Protection ; give seasonable Succour, and happy Success to my too fruitless Endeavours. Arm and guard me with Strength from above, and suffer not the old Man, the corrupt Inclinations of my Flesh, which refuse to be entirely subdued and brought to Reason, to usurp the Dominion over my better Part. For this obstinate Rebel renews its Insurrections daily, and bids me Battle ; calls me to Combats and hazardous Engagements, which must never, never end in perfect Peace and Safety, so long as this miserable State of Mortality endures. Most miserable indeed, since every Action and Accident of my Life involve me in fresh Dangers ; since every Step



I take is upon Snares and Precipices ; since every Time and Place is thick beset with Troubles and Toils, with Treachery and Temptation, and a numerous Host of Enemies ready to devour and swallow me up. For fatal uninterrupted Successions of Trials every Moment renew their Attacks ; and when I have happily vanquished many, and fondly promise myself a Truce, as many more immediately draw down upon me, and make fiercer and more furious Attempts upon some other Quarter, which I hoped had been sufficiently covered from their Approaches.

AND can a Life, subject to such Surprizes and Hazards, embittered with so many Troubles and severe Trials, incumbered with so much Frailty and Corruption, be valued, and mightily coveted ? Nay, Can that deserve the very Name of Life, which naturally breeds Plagues and Diseases, and exposes us to such Variety of Deaths ? Yet stupid Man hugs, and embraces, and esteems it his only Happiness ; expects Ease in the Midst of Distraction ; pursues Joys in a Valley of Tears, and vainly sets up for the boasted Perfection of Pleasure, in a Condition of inevitable Misery, and lingering certain Pain. Sometimes indeed the tender Sense of some Affliction cuts us to the quick, and, in our melancholy Moods, we give the World hard Words ; call it *deceitful, treacherous, and vain* ; but even they who rail at it most liberally, and profess to hate and despise it, cannot be prevailed with to be content to leave it. The Flesh, and its Affections, have still a powerful Influence, and spur Men on to the Pursuit and Love of those very Enjoyments, which Reason and their own Experience have taught them, cannot be worth their Pains, nor in any Degree answer their deluded Expectations. For we must observe, that our Love and Hatred of this World proceed from very different Causes and Principles, *The Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eye, and the Pride of Life*, 1 John ii. 16. engage our Affections ; and these are ever present, and ever vehement with us. The Enormities, and Griefs, and Pains we feel, provoke our  
 Hatred

Hatred and Contempt, and represent Life a Burden and Misery ; and these have their Intervals, and work upon us feebly, and by Fits. The former too strike in with Inclination, and are assisted by Nature ; the latter have no Influence upon us, but what their own Weight gives ; all their Impressions are forcible and violent, heavy and painful, and such as we submit to, only because we cannot help it.

THUS Sense and sinful Pleasure get within us, and, which is very lamentable, debauch our Reason. The present Ticklings of the Body cheat the Mind, and vitiate our Palates to that Degree, that, being prepossessed with a false Taste of worldly Sweetness, we have no Relish for that delicious Entertainment, with which God and Religion feed and feast the pure and heavenly-minded Soul. For, O ! these happy Men, who have learnt to despise and abandon earthly Things, and consecrated themselves entirely to God, by Mortification, Self-denial, and a steady Course of severe Virtue ; these exalted Spirits know and feel the Truth of God and his Promises ; they find unspeakable Charms and sensible Delights in the voluntary Refusal of those Toys and Baits which cannot be had with Satisfaction, nor coveted with Safety. They see and despise, and pity the Folly of abused Mankind ; discover the lurking Frauds of the Tempter ; and that the imagined Happiness and boasted Pleasures of sensual and earthly Men, are only Snares and Dangers, Vanity and Cheat.

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LET not, my Son, *says Christ*, thy Labours or Sufferings for me and thy Duty, or any other Sort of Hardship or Tribulation in this World, so far damp thy Courage, but that my Promise still should be a sure Anchor-hold of Hope ; and this Reflexion ever minister Comfort, that I am able to recompence thee not only beyond what is reasonable to expect, but even impossible for thee to wish or imagine. Thy Toils will not continue very long, nor will thy Pain and Trouble always tor-

ment thee. Wait but a little longer, and look forward, and see how glorious a Prospect opens itself. How swiftly the End of all my Sufferings approaches; and how suddenly Sorrow and Tumult vanish away. Even Time itself is not of everlasting Continuance; but that which is bounded within so very narrow a Space as this short Span of Life, cannot, in any fair Computation, be counted long or great. Proceed then in thy Duty with Vigour and undaunted Resolution; ply thy Work hard in my Vineyard, and fill the Station I have appointed thee to; thy Wages are certain and valuable, for I myself will *be thy exceeding great Reward.*

PERSIST in writing, in reading, in singing my Praises, in lamenting thy own Sins, in silent Meditation, in devout Prayer, in Fortitude and Patience. For the Things prepared for them that love God, are richly worth these and greater Conflicts; all thou must do, all thou can'st suffer, are in no Degree worthy to be compared with them. The Day is coming, and fixed in my unalterable Decree, adorned with the Triumphs of Joy and Peace; that mighty Revolution, when these alternate Successions of Day and Night shall cease, and everlasting uninterrupted Light shall shine for ever, There shall be Luster infinite, Satisfaction unbroken, unconceivable, Rest eternal, and above the Power of any future Danger. There shall be then no Place left for that melancholy Wish, *O that thou wouldst deliver me from the Body of this Death,* Rom. vii. no Occasion for that Complaint, *Wo is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have my Habitation in this barren Wilderness,* Psalm cxx. For even *the last Enemy* shall be subdued, *and Death itself destroyed,* 1 Cor. xv. Salvation then and Life shall reign for ever: Sorrow and Anguish, Sighs and Tears shall flee away; a Crown of Rejoicing put upon every Head, and thou shalt be happy in the sweet Society of Saints and Angels, the Spirits of just Men made perfect, and the Assembly of the first-born, Heb. xii.

Oh!



OH! could'st thou now but see the Heavens open, and with the Ken of mortal Eye behold the bright and everlasting Crowns of my Chosen; were thy Heart large enough to admit a just Idea of their Trophies and Glories, whom once the World despised, and thought not worthy to live upon the Earth; thou then would'st gladly embrace their Sufferings and Reproaches, abandon all thy vain Desires of worldly Greatness, and disdain the perishing Pleasures of the present Life, Humility and Patience would then appear in all their native Beauties; and even Affliction and Ignominy display such Charms, as must attract thy Love, and make thee esteem the Reproaches of Christ greater Treasures and Gain, than all the Majesty and Honor, and most celebrated Reputation, that a mortal State is capable of.

ATTEND then seriously to these important Truths. For they, if considered and believed in good Earnest, will stop thy Mouth, and effectually silence all thy Complaints. For sure the Sufferings of a Moment cannot be thought too dear a Price for eternal Happiness in Exchange. Surely the Kingdom of God is no trifling Concern. And when the losing or attaining this lies before thee, nothing can be too much to prevent that Loss; nothing a hard Bargain for that infinite Advantage. Grovel then upon the Earth no longer, but stand erect, and lift thy Eyes and Heart to Heaven. See there the blessed Effects, the mighty Success, of all these sharp Conflicts, which my Saints, while in the Body, underwent; the End of all their Trials and Adversities, their painful Severities and pious Labours. These mortified afflicted Men, once reputed *the Filth of the World, and the Offscouring of all Things*, 1 Cor. iv. the common Mark of Insolence and Malice, are now in perfect Joy; their Sorrows swallowed up in transporting Bliss and Comfort; their Dangers changed into secure Peace; their Labors into Ease and sweet Repose; their Persecutions and wrongful Accusations before the Bar of Men, into

O 2

Thrones

Thrones of Glory, where they sit and judge the World, and live, and rejoice, and reign with me for ever.

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O Blessed Mansions of the heavenly City ! O bright and glorious Day of eternal Light and Bliss ! A Day that never declines ; a Sun that never sets, nor is obscured by any succeeding Night ; but a State always chearful, always fixed, and secured from Change and Sorrow, from Danger and Decay. How do I pant and thirst after that happy Hour, when this blessed Morning shall dawn and shed its Beams, and with a wond'rous Luster put an End to all the Darkness and Miseries of Mortality ? It does indeed already shine in the Hearts and Hopes of these good Men, whose Conversation is even now in Heaven : But even theirs is but a distant Prospect, and such as, while they sojourn here, presents Things only in a Glass. The Citizens and Inhabitants of these blessed Regions see it with their naked Eye : They feel and enjoy its Sweetness, and are all enlightened with its Rays ; while the distressed Sons of *Eve* endure and groan under their Exile, and cannot but lament the Bitterness of this imperfect gloomy Day, which Men on Earth call Evil. A Day but short, and, which is worse, dismal and uncomfortable. For, who can worthily express the Pains, the Perplexities of Body and Soul, which are the necessary, the inseparable Incumbrances of Man's present Condition ? A Condition wherein he is polluted with so many Sins, entangled in so many Difficulties, beset with so many Misfortunes, oppressed with so many Fears, distracted with so many Cares, disturbed and diverted from his main Concern by so many Impertinencies, deluded with so many Vanities, confounded with so many Errors, wasted and worn out with so much Labour and Trouble ; assaulted by Temptations, emasculated by Pleasures, and tormented with great Variety of Necessities and Wants ?

O ! what

O! when will there be an End of this so complicated Misery? When may I hope to be enlarged and released from this Bondage of Sin? When shall my Thoughts and Desires center, and be for ever fixed in Thee, my God, alone? When may I hope to attain true Joy in Thee, without any Allay of bodily Suffering, without any Distraction of Mind! When shall I rest in firm untroubled Peace? Peace from Accidents and Temptations without, Peace from Guilt and Misguiding, from the Solicitations of Lust, and the Violence of Passion within? When shall I see my Jesus Face to Face, and contemplate the Beauties of his Kingdom and glorious Godhead? When will my dearest Saviour be my All in All, and receive me to those blefsful Habitations prepared for them that love him, and that are loved by him, before the Foundation of the World.

BEHOLD! I am here desolate and poor, a Stranger and alone in an Enemy's Country; where Wars rage and never cease, and terrible Distresses come thick and strong upon me every Day and Hour. Be thou my Comfort in this exiled and desolate Condition! Assuage my Pain, and incline thy Favour to thy Servant, whose parched and languishing Soul *gaspeth unto thee as a thirsty Land*, Psal. cxliii. Thou only art able to do this: For what the mistaken World calls Comforts, are but so many fresh Additions to my Burden. I long most earnestly to enjoy, but cannot yet attain my Wish. Fain would I grasp and cling to heavenly Things, but am detained and fastened down to Earth, by Vanities below, and unmortified Affections. My Mind labours to get above these, but even, when the Spirit is willing, I find the Flesh extremely weak, and my sensual prevails over my better and heavenly Inclinations.

THUS am I, wretched Man, involved in a perpetual War, and live in Contradiction to myself; my own Hindrance and Torment, moving different Ways, and pursuing different Ends and Prospects, at one and



the same Time. How great is my Concern and Conflict, when I set my Mind to meditate and pray, and in the Midst of this Exercise am interrupted by a Clutter of worldly and carnal Imaginations crowding in upon me? *Go not far from me, O my God, neither cast away thy Servant in Displeasure.* Scatter these dark and gloomy Clouds, which intercept my Vision of thee, by the Brightness of thy Lightning. Thunder upon them from Heaven, *cast out thine Arrows and discomfit them,* Psal. cxliv. Recollect my broken and scattered Thoughts; help me to forget the Things of this World, to reject, and despise, and effectually drive away all sinful Imaginations. Assist me, thou substantial Truth, and root me fast, that no Blast of Vanity may shake and unsettle my Heart. Diffuse thy heavenly Sweetness through my Soul, and chase away all nauseous, unfavoury, and impure Affections, for these cannot stand before thee.

PARTICULARLY, dearest Lord, I implore thy Compassion upon my Infirmities; and in thy Mercy impute not to me my many wandering Thoughts in Prayer. For there, I must confess, my Distractions are great and frequent; and I am often least of all in that Place where I stand or kneel: Thus, while my Body is before thy Footstool, my Mind is carried away I know not whither. And this is a very melancholy Reflexion, such as gives me Occasion to suspect, and deeply bewail myself. Since where my Thoughts are, there properly and indeed am I; and where my Thoughts frequent and delight to dwell, there without Doubt is the Object of my Affection and Concern; and that which either natural Disposition or long Custom renders most delightful, that to be sure is most familiar, and comes continually uppermost. All this I gather from that Observation, which thou, eternal Truth, hast left us, that *where our Treasure is, there will our Hearts be also,* Matth. vi.

THIS then is the Rule by which I try and sound the Bent of my Heart; if I love Heaven, the Thoughts  
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of it will be frequent and pleasant to me : But if I love the World, the Effect of this will be, that I shall feel Excess of Joy in prosperous Events, and be as immoderate in my Grief for those that are otherwise. If I love the Flesh, wanton and carnal Imaginations will often return upon me, and be entertained with Satisfaction ; but if I love the Spirit, then shall I find in spiritual Objects a grateful Relish, and dwell upon them with true Delight. For this my own Senses and Experience assure me, that what I love most, I am best pleased to be entertained with, greediest to hear, and forwardest to talk of, most careful to remember, and to preserve deep and lasting Impressions of upon my Mind. And therefore, though I cannot attain to it so fully as I wish and strive, yet I can plainly perceive, and do truly value and admire the Happiness of them who can abandon all, and stick to thee alone ; that commit a holy Violence upon their natural Inclinations, crucify the Flesh, and with a pure bright Zeal, and a clear Conscience, can offer holy fervent Prayers, a spiritual and unblemish'd Sacrifice : Where all without are forbidden Entrance, and all within is composed. These Men, so firmly intent upon thee and their Devotions, are fit to praise thee with those Angels, whose refined Excellencies they so happily aspire after, and to whose blessed Society thou wilt one Day exalt and admit them.

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**N**ATURE has implanted in us two very strong Desires, Hunger for the Preservation of the Individual, and Lust for the Support of the Species ; or, to speak more intelligibly, the former to continue our own Persons, and the latter to introduce others into the World. According as Men behave themselves with regard to these Appetites, they are above or below the Beasts of the Field, which are incited by them without Choice or Reflexion. But reasonable Creatures correct these Incentives, and improve them into elegant Motives

tives of Friendship and Society. It is chiefly from this homely Foundation, that we are under the Necessity of seeking for the agreeable Companion, and the honourable Mistress. By this Cultivation of Art and Reason, our Wants are made Pleasures, and the Gratification of our Desires, under proper Restrictions, a Work no Way below our noblest Faculties. The wisest Man may maintain his Character, and yet consider in what Manner he shall best entertain his Friend, or divert his Mistress: Nay, it is so far from being a Derogation to him, that he can in no other Instances shew so true a Taste of his Life, or his Fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned Appetites, as it is elevated into Love, I shall have abundant Occasion to discourse of before I have provided for the numberless Croud of Damsels I have proposed to take Care of. The Subject therefore of the present Paper, shall be that Part of Society which owes its Beginning to the common Necessity of Hunger. When this is considered as the Support of our Being, we may take in, under the same Head, Thirst also; otherwise, when we are pursuing the Glutton, the Drunkard may make his Escape. The true Choice of our Diet, and our Companions at it, seems to consist in that which contributes most to Cheerfulness and Refreshment: And these certainly are best consulted by Simplicity in the Food, and Sincerity in the Company. By this Rule are, in the first Place, excluded from Pretence to Happiness, all Meals of State and Ceremony, which are performed in dumb Shew, and greedy Sullenness. At the Boards of the Great, they say, you shall have a Number attending with as good Habits and Countenances as the Guests, which only Circumstance must destroy the whole Pleasure of the Repast: For if such Attendants are introduced for the Dignity of their Appearance, modest Minds are shocked by considering them as Spectators, or else look upon them as Equals, for whose Servitude they are in a Kind of Suffering. It may be here added, that the sumptuous Side-board to an ingenious Eye, has often more the Air of an Altar than



a Table. The next absurd Way of enjoying ourselves at Meals, is, where the Bottle is plied without being called for, where Humour takes Place of Appetite, and the good Company are too dull or too merry to know any Enjoyment in their Senses.

Tho' this Part of Time is absolutely necessary to sustain Life, it must also be considered, that Life itself is to the endless Being of Man, but what a Meal is to this Life, not valuable for itself, but for the Purposes of it. If there be any Truth in this, the Expence of many Hours this Way is somewhat unaccountable; and placing much Thought either in too great Sumptuousness and Elegance in this Matter, or wallowing in Noise and Riot at it, are both, tho' not equally, unaccountable. I have often considered these different People with very great Attention, and always speak of them with the Distinction of the Eaters, and the Swallowers. The Eaters sacrifice all their Senses and Understanding to this Appetite: The Swallowers hurry themselves out of both, without pleasing this or any other Appetite at all. The latter are improved Brutes, the former degenerated Men. I have sometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living Men, Persons in an intermediate State of Humanity, under the Appellation of Dozers. The Dozers are a Sect, who, instead of keeping their Appetites in Subjection, live in Subjection to them; nay, they are so truly Slaves to them, that they keep at too great a Distance ever to come into their Presence. Within my own Acquaintance, I know those that I dare say have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no less utter Strangers to Thirst and Weariness, who are beholden to Sauces for their Food, and to their Food for their Weariness.

I HAVE often wondered, considering the excellent and choice Spirits that we have among our Divines, that they do not think of putting vicious Habits into a more contemptible and unlovely Figure than they do at present. So many Men of Wit and Spirit as there are in sacred Orders, have it in their Power to make the Fashion

on of their Side. The Leaders in human Society are more effectually prevailed upon this Way than can easily be imagined. I have more than one in my Thoughts at this Time capable of doing this against all the Oppositions of the most Witty, as well as the most Voluptuous. There may possibly be more acceptable Subjects, but sure there are none more useful. It is visible, that tho' Mens Fortunes, Circumstances, and Pleasures, give them Prepossessions too strong to regard any Mention either of Punishments or Rewards, they will listen to what makes them inconsiderable or mean in the Imaginations of others, and by Degrees in their own.

IT is certain such Topics are to be touched upon in the Light we mean, only by Men of the most consummate Prudence, as well as excellent Wit: For these Discourses are to be made, if made to run into Example, before such as have their Thoughts more intent upon the Propriety than the Reason of the Discourse. What indeed leads me into this Way of Thinking is, That the last Thing I read was a Sermon of the learned Dr *South* upon the *Ways of Pleasantry*: This admirable Discourse was made at Court, where the Preacher was too wise a Man not to believe the greatest Argument, in that Place, against the Pleasures then in Vogue, must be, that they lost greater Pleasures by prosecuting the Course they were in. The charming Discourse has in it whatever Wit and Wisdom can put together. This Gentleman has a Talent of making all his Faculties bear to the great End of his hallowed Profession. Happy Genius! He is the better Man for being a Wit. The best Way to praise this Author, is to quote him; and I think I may defy any Man to say a greater Thing of him, or his Ability, than that there are no Paragraphs in the whole Discourse I speak of, below these which follow.

AFTER having recommended the Satisfaction of the Mind, and the Pleasure of Conscience, he proceeds:

*A*N ennobling Property of it is, That it is such a Pleasure as never satiates nor wearies ; for it properly affects the Spirit, and a Spirit feels no Weariness, as being privileged from the Causes of it. But can the Epicure say so of any of the Pleasures that he so much dotes upon ? Do they not expire while they satisfy, and after a few Minutes Refreshment determine in Loathing and Unquietness ? How short is the Interval between a Pleasure and a Burden ? How undiscernible the Transition from one to the other ? Pleasure dwells no longer upon the Appetite than the Necessities of Nature, which are quickly and easily provided for ; and then all that follows is a Load and an Oppression. Every Morsel to a satisfied Hunger, is only a new Labour to a tired Digestion. Every Draught to him that has quenched his Thirst, is but a further quenching of Nature, and a Provision for Rheum and Diseases, a drowning of the Quickness and Activity of the Spirits.

*H*E that prolongs his Meals, and sacrifices his Time, as well as his other Conveniencies, to his Luxury, How quickly does he outsit his Pleasure ? And then, How is all the following Time bestowed upon Ceremony and Surfeit ? Till at length, after a long Fatigue of eating, and drinking, and babling, he concludes the great Work of Dining genteely, and so makes a Shift to rise from Table, that he may ly down upon his Bed ; where after he has slept himself into some Use of himself, by much ado he staggers to his Table again, and there acts over the same brutish Scene : So that he passes his whole Life in a dozed Condition, between sleeping and waking, with a Kind of Drowsiness and Confusion upon his Senses, which what Pleasure it can be, is hard to conceive. All that is of it dwells upon the Tip of his Tongue, and within the Compass of his Palate. A worthy Prize for a Man to purchase with the Loss of his Time, his Reason, and himself !



**I**F there were no other Consequence of it, but barely that human Creatures on *Sunday*, assemble themselves before their Creator, without Regard to their usual Employments, their Minds at Leisure from the Cares of this Life, and their Bodies adorned with the best Attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this meer outward Celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from Men, even that were a laudable Distinction, and a Purpose worthy the human Nature. But when there is added to it the sublime Pleasure of Devotion, our Being is exalted above itself; and he who spends a seventh Day in the Contemplation of the next Life, will not easily fall into the Corruptions of this in the other Six. They who never admit Thoughts of this Kind into their Imaginations, lose higher and sweeter Satisfaction than can be raised by any other Entertainment. The most illiterate Man, who is touched with Devotion, and uses frequent Exercises of it, contracts a certain Greatness of Mind, mingled with a noble Simplicity, that raises him above those of the same Condition; and there is an indelible Mark of Goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the Fervours of a pious Mind will naturally contract such an Earnestness and Attention towards a better Being, as will make the ordinary Passages of Life go off with a becoming Indifference. By this a Man in the lowest Condition will not appear mean, or in the most splendid Fortune insolent.

As to all the Intricacies and Vicissitudes under which Men are ordinarily entangled with the utmost Sorrow and Passion, one who is devoted to Heaven, when he falls into such Difficulties, is led by a Clue through a Labyrinth. As to this World, he does not pretend to Skill in the Mazes of it, but fixes his Thoughts upon one Certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, What can be a more sure Consolation than to have an Hope in Death? When Men  
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are arrived at thinking of their very Dissolution with Pleasure, How few Things are there that can be terrible to them? Certainly nothing can be dreadful to such Spirits, but what would make Death terrible to them, Falshood towards Man, or Impiety towards Heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the Gratifications of innocent Pleasures are doubled, even with Reflexions upon their Imperfection. The Disappointments which naturally attend the great Promises we make ourselves in expected Enjoyments, strike no Damp upon such Men, but only quicken their Hopes of soon knowing Joys, which are too pure to admit of Allay or Satiety.

It is thought among the politer Sort of Mankind an Imperfection to want a Relish of any of those Things which refine our Lives. This is the Foundation of the Acceptance which Eloquence, Music and Poetry make in the World; and I know not why Devotion, considered merely as an Exaltation of our Happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible the very Enquiry would lead Men into such Thoughts and Gratifications as they did not expect to meet with in this Place. Many a good Acquaintance has been lost from a general Prepossession in his Disfavour, and a severe Aspect has often hid under it a very agreeable Companion.

THERE are no distinguishing Qualities among Men, to which there are not false Pretenders; but tho' none is more pretended to than that of Devotion, there are, perhaps, fewer successful Impostors in this Kind than any other. There is something so natively great and good in a Person that is truly devout, that an awkward Man may as well pretend to be genteel, as an Hypocrite to be pious. The Constraint in Words and Actions are equally visible in both Cases, and any Thing set up in their Room does but remove the Endeavours the further off their Pretensions, But however the Sense of true Piety is abated, there is no other Motive of Action that can carry us through all the Vicissitudes

of Life with Alacrity and Resolution. But Piety, like Philosophy, when it is superficial, does but make Men appear the worse for it; and a Principle that is but half received, does but distract, instead of guiding our Behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal Conduct of *Lotius*, I see many Things that run directly counter to his Interest; therefore I cannot attribute his Labours for the public Good to Ambition. When I consider his Disregard to his Fortune, I cannot esteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his Neglect of himself, and his Zeal for others? I have long suspected him to be a *little pious*: But no Man ever hid his Vice with greater Caution than he does his Virtue. It was the Praise of a great *Roman*, That he had rather be, than appear, good. But such is the Weakness of *Lotius*, that I dare say, he had rather be esteemed irreligious than devout. By I know not what Impatience of Railery he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a Believer. A hundred little Devices are made Use of to hide a Time of private Devotion; and he will allow you any Suspicion of his being ill employed, so you do not tax him with being well. But alas! How mean is such a Behaviour? To boast of Virtue is a most ridiculous Way of disappointing the Merit of it, but not so pitiful as that of being ashamed of it. How unhappy is the Wretch who makes the most absolute and independent Motive of Action the Cause of Perplexity and Inconstancy? How much another Figure does *Calicola* make with all who know him? His great and superior Mind, frequently exalted by the Raptures of heavenly Meditation, is to all his Friends of the same Use as if an Angel were to appear at the Decision of their Disputes. They very well understand he is as much disinterested and unbiassed as such a Being. He considers all Applications made to him, as those Addresses will affect his own Application to Heaven. All his Determinations are delivered with a beautiful Humility; and he pronounces his Decisions with the Air of one who is more frequently a Supplicant than a Judge.

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THUS humble, and thus great, is the Man who is moved by Piety, and exalted by Devotion. But behold this recommended by the masterly Hand of a great Divine I have heretofore made bold with.

*IT is such a Pleasure as can never cloy or overwork the Mind; a Delight that grows and improves under Thought and Reflexion; and while it exercises, does also endear itself to the Mind. All Pleasures that affect the Body must needs weary, because they transport; and all Transportation is a Violence; and no Violence can be lasting, but determines upon the falling of the Spirits, which are not able to keep up that Height of Motion that the Pleasure of the Senses raises them to. And therefore how inevitably does an immoderate Laughter end in a Sigh, which is only Nature's recovering itself after a Force done to it: But the religious Pleasure of a well-disposed Mind moves gently, and therefore constantly. It does not affect by Rapture and Ecstasy, but is like the Pleasure of Health, greater and stronger than those that call up the Senses with grosser and more affecting Impressions. No Man's Body is as strong as his Appetites; but Heaven has corrected the Boundlessness of his voluptuous Desires, by stinting his Strengths, and contracting his Capacities.—The Pleasure of the religious Man is an easy and a portable Pleasure, such an one as he carries about in his Bosom, without alarming either the Eye or the Envy of the World. A Man putting all his Pleasures into this one, is like a Traveller putting all his Goods into one Jewel; the Value is the same, and the Convenience greater.*

*Omnibus invidias, Zoile, nemo tibi.*

MARTIAL.

**I**T is the Business of Reason and Philosophy to sooth and allay the Passions of the Mind, or turn them to a vigorous Prosecution of what is dictated by the Understanding. In order to this good End, I would keep a watchful Eye upon the growing Inclinations of Youth,

and be particularly careful to prevent their indulging themselves in such Sentiments as may imbitter their more advanced Age. I have now under Cure a young Gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all Men living the most miserably envious. I desired the Circumstances of his Distemper; upon which, with a Sigh that would have moved the most inhuman Breast, 'Mr *Bickerstaff*, said he, I am Nephew to a Gentleman of a very great Estate, to whose Favour I have a Cousin that has equal Pretensions with myself. This Kinsman of mine is a young Man of the highest Merit imaginable, and has a Mind so tender, and so generous, that I can observe he returns my Envy with Pity. He makes me, upon all Occasions, the most obliging Condescensions: And I cannot but take Notice of the Concern he is in to see my Life blasted with this racking Passion, tho' it is against himself. In the Presence of my Uncle, when I am in the Room, he never speaks so well as he is capable of, but always lowers his Talents and Accomplishments out of Regard to me. What I beg of you, dear Sir, is to instruct me how to love him, as I know he does me: And I beseech you, if possible, to set my Heart right, that it may no longer be tormented where it should be pleased, or hate a Man whom I cannot but approve.'

THE Patient gave me this Account with such Candour and Openness, that I conceived immediate Hopes of his Cure, because in Diseases of the Mind, the Person affected is half recovered when he is sensible of his Distemper. Sir, said I, the Acknowledgment of your Kinsman's Merit is a very hopeful Symptom; for it is the Nature of Persons afflicted with this Evil, when they are incurable, to pretend a Contempt of the Person envied, if they are taxed with that Weakness. A Man who is really envious, will not allow he is so; but upon such an Accusation is tormented with the Reflexion, that to envy a Man, is to allow him your Superior. But in your Case, when you examine the Bottom of your Heart, I am apt to think it is Avarice, which you mistake

take for Envy. Were it not that you have both Expectations from the same Man, you would look upon your Cousin's Accomplishments with Pleasure. You that now consider him as an Obstacle to your Interest, would then behold him as an Ornament to your Family. I observed my Patient upon this Occasion recover himself in some Measure; and he owned to me, that he hoped it was as I imagined; for that in all Places but where he was his Rival, he had Pleasure in his Company. This was the first Discourse we had upon this Malady; and I do not doubt, but, after two or three more, I shall by just Degrees soften his Envy into Emulation.

SUCH an Envy as I have here described, may possibly creep into an ingenuous Mind; but the Envy which makes a Man uneasy to himself and others, is a certain Distortion and Perverseness of Temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleased with any Thing without him, that has either Beauty or Perfection in it. I look upon it as a Distemper in the Mind, (which I know no Moralist that has described in this Light) when a Man cannot discern any Thing which another is Master of that is agreeable. For which Reason, I look upon the good natured Man to be endowed with a certain discerning Faculty which the Envious are altogether deprived of. Shallow Wits, superficial Critics, and conceited Fops, are with me so many blind Men in respect of Excellencies. They can behold nothing but Faults and Blemishes, and indeed see nothing that is worth seeing. Shew them a Poem, it is Stuff; a Picture, it is Daubing. They find nothing in Architecture that is not irregular, or in Music that is not out of Tune. These Men should consider, that it is their Envy which deforms every Thing, and that the Ugliness is not in the Object, but in the Eye. And as for nobler Minds, whose Merits are either not discovered, or are misrepresented by the envious Part of Mankind, they should rather consider their Defamers with Pity than Indignation. A Man cannot have an Idea of Perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself.



Mr *Locke* tells us, That upon asking a blind Man, what he thought Scarlet was? He answer'd, That he believed it was like the Sound of a Trumpet. He was forced to form his Conceptions of Ideas which he had not, by those which he had. In the same Manner, ask an envious Man, What he thinks of Virtue? He will call it Design: What of Good-nature? And he will term it Dulness. The Difference is, That as the Person before mentioned was born blind, your envious Men have contracted the Distemper themselves, and are troubled with a Sort of an acquired Blindness. Thus the Devil in *Milton*, tho' made an Angel of Light, could see nothing to please him even in Paradise, and hated our first Parents, tho' in their State of Innocence.

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*The Advantage of learning the liberal Arts and Sciences  
for the Improvement of the Understanding.*

**T**O have a just Idea of the Benefits arising from the training of Youth in the Knowledge of Languages, Arts, History, Rhetoric, Philosophy, and such other Sciences as are suitable to their Years, and to learn how far such Studies may contribute to the Glory of a Kingdom, we need only take a View of the Difference which Learning makes, not only amongst private Men, but amongst Nations.

THE *Athenians* possessed but a small Territory in *Greece*, But of how large Extent was their Reputation? By carrying the Sciences to Perfection they accomplished their own Glory. The same School sent abroad excellent Men of all Kinds, great Orators, famous Commanders, wise Legislators, and able Politicians. This fruitful Spring diffused the like Advantages upon all the politer Arts, tho' seemingly independent of it, such as Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. 'Twas hence they received their Improvement, their Grandeur and Perfection; and as if they had been derived from  
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the same Root, and nourished with the same Sap; they flourished all at the same Time.

*ROME*, which has raised herself to be Mistress of the World by her Victories, became the Subject of Wonder and Imitation to it by the excellent Performances she produced in almost all Kinds of Arts and Sciences, and thereby gained a new Kind of Superiority over the People she had subjected to her Yoke, which was far more pleasing than what had been obtained by Arms and Conquests.

*AFRICK*, which was once so productive of great and learned Men, thro' the Neglect of Literature, is grown absolutely unfruitful, and even fallen into that Barbarity, of which it bears the Name, without having produced one single Person in the Course of so many Ages, who has distinguished himself by any Talent, or called to mind the Merit of his Ancestors, or caused it to be remembered by others. *Egypt* in particular deserves this Character, which has been considered as the original Source, from whence all the Sciences have flowed.

THE Reverse has happened among the People of the West and North. They were long looked on as rude and barbarous, as having discovered no Taste for Performances of Ingenuity and Wit. But as soon as Learning took Place among them, they sent abroad considerable Proficients in all Kinds of Literature, and of every Profession, who in Point of Solidity, Understanding, Depth, and Sublimity, have equalled whatever other Nations have at any Time produced.

WE daily observe, that in Proportion as the Sciences make their Progress through different Countries, they transform the Inhabitants into new Creatures; and by inspiring them with gentler Inclinations and Manners, and supplying them with better Forms of Administration, and more humane Laws, they raise them from the Obscurity, wherein they had drooped before, and engage them to throw off their natural Roughness. Thus they become an evident Proof, that Men are very near the  
same

same in all Parts of the World, that all Difference of Honour is owing to the Sciences, and that according as they are cultivated or neglected, Nations rise or fall, emerge out of Darknefs, or sink down again into it; and that their Fate in a Manner depends upon them.

BUT, without Recourse to History, let us only cast our Eyes upon what ordinarily passes in Nature. From thence we may learn, what an infinite Difference Culture will make between two Pieces of Ground, which are otherwise very much alike. The one, if left to itself, remains rough, and wild, and covered over with Weeds and Thorns. The other, loaden with all Sorts of Grain and Fruits, and set off with an agreeable Variety of Flowers, collects into a narrow Compass whatever can contribute to Curiosity, Health, or Delight, and by the Tiller's Care becomes a pleasing Abstract of all the Beauties of different Seasons and Countries. And thus it is with the Mind, which always repays us with Usury, the Care we take to cultivate it. That's the Soil, which every Man, who knows how nobly he is descended, and for what great Ends designed, is obliged to manage to Advantage; a Soil, that's rich and fruitful, capable of immortal Productions, and alone deserving of all his Care.

IN Reality the Mind is nourished and strengthened by the sublime Truths which are supplied by Study. It encreases and grows up, as I may say, with the great Men, whose Performances are the Objects of its Attention, in the same Manner as we usually fall into the Practices and Opinions of those with whom we converse. It strives by a noble Emulation to attain to their Glory, and is encouraged to hope for it from the Success which they have met with. Forgetful of its own Weakness, it makes noble Efforts to soar with them above its ordinary Pitch. Unfurnished in a sufficient Stock in itself, and confined within narrow Bounds, it has some Times little Room for Invention, and its Forces are easily exhausted. But Study makes up its Defects, and supplies from Abroad what is wanting at Home.



**Home.** It enlarges the Limits of the Understanding, by foreign Assistance; extends its Views, multiplies its Ideas, and renders them more various, distinct, and lively; by Study we are taught to discern Truths under different Appearances, we discover the Copiousness of Principles, and are enabled to draw from them the remotest Consequences.

WE come into the World surrounded with a Cloud of Ignorance, which is encreased by the false Prejudices of a bad Education. By Study the former is dispersed, and the latter corrected. It gives Proportion and Exactness to our Thoughts and Reasonings; instructs us how to range in due Order whatever we have to speak or write; and presents us with the brightest Sages of Antiquity as Patterns for our Conduct, whom in this Sense we may well call with *Seneca*, the Masters and Teachers of Mankind. By laying before us their Judgment and Discretion, we are made to walk with Safety under the Direction of such chosen Guides, who, after having stood the Test of so many Ages and People, and survived the Downfall of so many Empires, have deserved by a common Voice to be esteemed the sovereign Judges of good Taste for all future Times, and the most finished Patterns of the highest Perfection in Literature.

BUT the Usefulness of Study is not confined to what we call Science, it renders us also more fit for Business and Employments.

*Paulus Æmilius*, who put an End to the Empire of the *Macedonians*, knew perfectly well how to form a great Man. *Plutarch* takes Notice of the particular Care he took of the Education of his Children. He was not satisfied with making them learn their own Tongue by Rule, as the Manner then was, but he also caused them to be taught *Greek*. He provided them with Masters of all Kinds, of Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic, besides the Persons employed to instruct them in the Art of War; and as often as possibly he could, be assisted himself in all their Exercises. When  
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he had conquered *Perseus*, he disdained to cast his Eyes upon the immense Riches which were found in his Treasury; and only permitted his Sons, who, as the Historian says, were fond of Learning, to carry off the Books of that King's Library.

THE Cares of a Father so knowing and diligent were attended with Success. He had the Advantage of giving *Rome* a second *Scipio Africanus*, the Conqueror of *Carthage* and *Numantia*, who was no less famous for his wonderful Taste of Learning and all the Sciences, than for his Skill in War. This great Man had always attending upon him, both at Home and Abroad, the Historian *Polybius*, and *Panætius* the Philosopher, whom he honoured with particular Marks of his Friendship. 'No one, says an Historian of *Scipio*, could fill up the vacant Hours of Business to more Advantage than he. Divided betwixt War and Peace, he was constantly employed in exposing his Body to Dangers, or improving his Mind by Study.' There is Reason to believe, 'tis of him that *Cicero* says, he had always the Works of *Xenophon* in his Hands; for I question whether that Character does so well agree with the elder *Scipio*.

*Lucullus* found also great Assistance from the reading of good Authors, and the Study of History. Upon his Appearance at the Head of an Army, he astonished all around him by his surprising Capacity. He set out from *Rome*, says *Cicero*, without having seen a Campaign, and arrived in *Asia* a finished Officer. His excellent Genius, improved by the Study of the liberal Sciences, served him instead of Experience, which one would have thought almost impossible.

*Brutus* passed Part of his Nights in learning the Art of War from the Relations of the Engagements of the most celebrated Commanders, and thought the Time well spent which he employed in reading the Historians, and especially *Polybius*, whose Works he was found to be intent upon but a little before the famous Battle of *Pharsalia*.

'Tis

'TIS easy to imagine, that the particular Care *the Romans* took to improve the Minds of their Youth in the latter Times of the Republic, must naturally give an additional Merit and Luster to the great Qualifications they were possessed of before, by enabling them equally to excel in the Field and at the Bar, and to discharge with like Success the Employments of the Sword and Gown.

GENERALS themselves some Times, through Want of Application to Learning, lessen the Glory of their Victories, by dry, faint, and lifeless Relations; and their Pen but ill supports the Atchievements of their Sword. How different is this from *Cesar*, *Polybius*, *Xenophon*, and *Thucydides*, who by their lively Descriptions carry the Reader into the Field of Battle, lay before him the Reason of the Disposition of their Troops, and the Choice of their Ground; point out to him the first Onsets and Progress of the Battle, the Inconveniencies intervening, and the Remedies applied; the Inclinations of the Victory to this or that Side, and their several Causes; and by these different Degrees lead him as it were by the Hand to the Event?

THE same may be said of Negotiations, Magistracies, Offices of civil Jurisdiction, Commissions; in a Word, of all the Employments, which oblige us either to speak in Public or in Private, to write, or give an Account of our Administration, to manage others, gain them over, or persuade them. And what Employment is there, where almost all these Things are not necessary?

NOTHING is more useful than to hear Persons, who have been Abroad in the World, and taught by a long Course of Experience and serious Reflexions, bitterly complaining of the Neglect of their Education, and their not being brought up to a Taste of Learning, whose Use and Value they begin too late to be acquainted with. They own that this Defect has kept them out of great Employments, or left them unequal to those



those they have filled, or made them sink under their Weight.

WHEN upon certain great Occasions, and in Places of Distinction, we see a young Magistrate, improved by Learning, draw upon himself the Applause of the Public, What Father would not rejoice to have such a Son, and what Son of any tolerable Understanding would not be pleased with such Success? All then agree to express their Sense of the Advantages of Learning, and all perceive how capable it is of raising a Man to a Degree of Superiority above his Age, and often above his Birth too.

BUT tho' this Study was of no other Use, than the acquiring an Habit of Labour, the making it less troublesome, the procuring a Steadiness of Mind, and conquering our Aversions to Application and a sedentary Life, or whatever else seems to lay a Restraint upon us, it would still be of very great Advantage. In Reality it draws us off from Idleness, Play, and Debauchery, and usefully fills up the vacant Hours which hang so heavy on many People's Hands, and renders that Leisure very agreeable, which without the Assistance of Literature is a Kind of Death, and in a Manner the Grave of a Man, whilst he is alive. It enables us to pass a right Judgment upon other Men's Labours, to enter into Society with Men of Understanding, to keep the best Company, to have a Share in the Discourses of the most Learned, to furnish out Matter for Conversation, without which we must be silent, to render it more agreeable by intermixing Facts with Reflexions, and setting off the one by the other.

'Tis true indeed, that frequently we have nothing to do either with the *Greek* or *Roman* History, Philosophy, or Mathematics, in our common Conversation, Business, or even the public Discourses we have to make. But then, the Study of these Sciences, if well digested, gives a regular Way of Thinking, adds a Solidity and Exactness, and a Grace too, which the Learned do easily perceive.

BUT

BUT it is Time to pass to the next Advantage to be drawn from Study, and the second Object which Masters should have in View in the Instruction of Youth; and this is the Conduct of their Manners, so as to make them honest Men.

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*The Care of forming the Manners.*

IF there were no other Views in Instruction than the making a Man learned; if it was confined to his being skilful, eloquent, and fit for Business; and if, in improving the Understanding, it neglected to direct the Heart; it would by no Means come up to what might reasonably be expected, nor would it lead us to one of the principal Ends for which we came into the World. How little soever we examine the Nature of Man, his Inclinations, and his End, 'tis easy to discern, that he is not made only for himself, but for Society. Providence has appointed him a Station; he is the Member of a Body, whose Advantage he must strive to procure; and as in a Concert of Music, he must qualify himself to perform his Part, that the Harmony may be perfect.

BUT amongst the infinite Variety of Occupations which entertain and engage Mankind, the Employments which the State is most concerned to see well filled, are such as require the brightest Talents, and the most advanced Degrees of Knowledge. Other Arts and Professions may be neglected to a certain Point, and the State be not remarkably the worse for it. But the Case is otherwise with Employments which require Wisdom and Conduct, as they give the Movement to the whole Body of the State, and, having a greater Share of Authority, more directly influence the Success of the Government, and the Happiness of the Public.

Now it is Virtue alone which enables a Man to discharge the Offices of the State with Credit. It is the

good Disposition of the Heart, that distinguish him from the rest of Mankind, and, by constituting his real Merit, make him also a fit Instrument for procuring the Well-being of the Society. It is Virtue which gives him the Taste of true and solid Glory, inspires him with Love for his Country, and Motives to serve it well, which teaches him to prefer always the public Good to his own private Interest, to think nothing necessary but his Duty, nothing valuable but Uprightness and Equity, nothing comfortable but the Testimony of his own Conscience, and the Approbation of good Men, nor any Thing shameful but what is vicious. It is Virtue which makes him disinterested, and secures his Liberty; which raises him above Flattery, Reproach, Menaces, and Misfortunes; which prevents his giving Way to Injustice, however mighty and formidable it may be; and which habituates him in all his Proceedings to have a View to the lasting and incorruptible Judgment of Posterity, and never to prefer before it the faint Glimmerings of a false Glory, which will vanish like Smoke at the End of his Days.

THESE then are the Ends which good Masters purpose in the Education of Youth. They set but a small Value upon the Sciences, unless they conduct to Virtue. They look upon an immense Erudition as inconsiderable, if attended with Probity. It is the honest Man they prefer to the Learned; and by laying before their Scholars the most beautiful Passages of Antiquity, they strive less to enlarge their Capacity than to make them virtuous, good Children, good Fathers, good Friends, and good Citizens.

WITHOUT this, in Reality, of what great Significance would their Studies be, which, according to the Expression of *Seneca*, might serve indeed to feed their Ostentation, but would prove incapable of correcting their Faults? *Ex studiorum liberalium vana ostentatione, & nihil sanantibus literis.* Would they be useful in removing their Prejudices, or governing their Passions? Would they make them more courageous, just or liberal?



liberal? *Cujus ista errores minuent? Cujus cupiditates prement? Quem fortiozem, quem justiozem, quem liberaliozem facient?*

HE borrowed this solid Notion from *Plato's* Philosophy, who, in several Parts of his Writings, lays down this great Principle, That the End of the Education and Instruction of Youth, as of the Government of People, is to make them better; and that whoever departs from this Rule, how meritorious soever he may otherwise appear to be, in Reality does not deserve either the Esteem or Approbation of the Public. This Judgment that great Philosopher gave of one of the most illustrious Citizens of *Athens*, who had long governed the Republic with a prodigious Reputation: who had filled the Town with Temples, Theaters, Statues, and public Buildings, beautified it with most famous Monuments, and set it off with Ornaments of Gold; who had drawn thither whatever was curious in Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, and had fixed in his Works the Model and Rule of Taste for all Posterity. But, says *Plato*, can they name one single Man, Citizen or Foreigner, bond or free, beginning with his own Children, whom *Pericles* made wiser or better by all his Care? He very judiciously observes, that his Conduct, on the contrary, had caused the *Athenians* to degenerate from the Virtues of their Ancestors, and had rendred them idle, effeminate, Bablers, Busy-bodies, fond of extravagant Expences, and Admirers of Vanity and Superfluity. From whence he concludes, that it was wrong to cry up so exceedingly his Administration, since he deserved no more than a Groom, who undertaking the Care of a very fine Horse, had taught him only to stumble and kick, to be hard-mouthed, skittish, and vicious.

'Tis easy to apply this Principle to the Study of Literature and the Sciences. ~~It teaches us not to neglect~~ them, but to draw all the Advantages from them that may be expected; to look upon them not as our End, but as Means to conduct us to it. Virtue is not their immediate Object, but they prepare us for it, and bear the same

Relation to it, as the first Rudiments of Grammar bear to the Arts and Sciences, that is, they are very useful Instruments, if we know how to make a good Use of them.

Now the Use we ought to make of them, is, by a proper Application of the Maxims, Examples, and remarkable Stories to be met with in the reading of Authors, to inspire young Persons with the Love of Virtue, and Detestation of Vice.

EVER since the Fall, there is discernible in the Heart of Man, an unhappy Disposition to Ill, which will soon eradicate in Children the few good Inclinations that are left them, unless Parents and Masters be continually upon their Guard to encourage and strengthen those faint, but precious, Remains of our first Innocence, and pluck up, with indefatigable Care, the Thorns and Briers which are continually shooting up in so bad a Soil.

THIS natural Inclination to Ill, takes frequently a deeper Root in young People from every Thing about them. How few Parents are there, who are sufficiently cautious and circumspect of what they do in Presence of their Children, or who are willing to restrain themselves from all Discourse which may instil false Notions into them? Have they not continually the Commendations of such Persons in their Ears, as have got great Estates, have large Attendance, good Tables, fine Houses, and sumptuous Furniture? And does not all this amount to a public Approbation, and a Voice far more dangerous than that of the *Syrens* in the Fable, which, after all, was heard no farther than the Neighbourhood of the Rock they dwelt in; whereas this reaches to every Town, and almost into every House. Nothing is said before Children without Effect. One Word of Esteem or Admiration of Riches fallen from the Father, is enough to create a Passion for them in the Son, which shall grow up with his Years, and perhaps be never extinguished.

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To all these deluding Enchantments it is therefore necessary that we oppose a Voice, which shall make itself heard amidst the confused Cries of dangerous Opinions, and disperse all these false Prejudices. Youth have Need (if I may use the Expression) of a faithful and constant Monitor, an Advocate who shall plead with them the Cause of Truth, Honesty, and right Reason, who shall point out to them the Mistakes that prevail in most of the Discourses and Conversations of Mankind, and lay before them certain Rules whereby to discern them.

BUT who must this Monitor be? The Master who has the Care of their Education. And shall he make set Lessons on Purpose to instruct them upon this Head? At the very Name of Lessons they take the Alarm, keep themselves upon their Guard, and shut their Ears to all he can say, as tho' he were laying Traps to ensnare them.

WE must therefore give them Masters who can ly under no Suspicion or Distrust. To heal or preserve them from the Contagion of the present Age, we must carry them back into other Countries and Times, and oppose the Opinions and Examples of the great Men of Antiquity whom the Authors they have in their Hands speak of, to the false Principles and ill Examples, which carry away the greatest Part of Mankind. They will readily give Ear to Lectures that are made by a *Camillus*, a *Scipio*, or a *Cyrus*; and such Instructions concealed, and in a Manner disguised, under the Name of Stories, shall make a deeper Impression upon them, as they seem less design'd, and thrown before them by pure Chance.

THE Taste of real Glory, and real Greatness, is more and more lost amongst us every Day. New-raised Families, intoxicated with their sudden Increase of Fortune, and whose extravagant Expences are insufficient to exhaust the immense Treasures they have heaped up, lead us to look upon nothing as truly great and valuable but Wealth, and that in Abundance; so that not only Poverty, but a moderate Income, is considered as an in-



supportable Shame, and all Merit and Honour are made to consist in the Magnificence of Buildings, Furniture, Equipage, and Tables.

How different from this bad State are the Instances we meet with in ancient History? We there see Dictators and Consuls brought from the Plough. How low in Appearance? Yet those Hands, grown hard by labouring in the Field, supported the tottering State, and saved the Commonwealth. Far from taking Pains to grow rich, they refused the Gold that was offered them, and found it more agreeable to command over those who had it, than to possess it themselves. Many of their greatest Men, as *Aristides* among the *Greeks*, who had the Management of the public Treasures of *Greece*, for several Years; *Valerius Publicola*, *Menenius Agrippa*, and many others among the *Romans*, did not leave wherewithal to bury them when they died; in such Honor was Poverty among them, and so despised were Riches. We see a venerable old Man, distinguished by several Triumphs, feeding in a Chimney-corner upon the Garden-stuff his own Hands had planted and gathered. They had no great Skill in setting our Entertainments but in Return they knew how to conquer their Enemies in War, and to govern their Citizens in Peace. Magnificent in their public Buildings, and declared Enemies of Luxury in private Persons, they contented themselves with moderate Houses, which they adorned with the Spoils of their Enemies, and not of their Countrymen.

*AUGUSTUS*, who had raised the *Roman* Empire to an higher Pitch of Grandeur than ever it had arrived at before, and who, upon Sight, of the pompous Buildings he made in *Rome*, could vain-gloriously, but truly boast, that he should have a City all Marble, which he had found all Brick: This *Augustus*, during a long Reign of more than forty Years, departed not one Tittle from the ancient Simplicity of his Ancestors. His Palaces, whether in Town or Country, were exceeding plain; and his constant Furniture was such, as  
the

the Luxury of private Persons would soon after have been ashamed of. He lay always in the same Apartment, without changing it, as others did, according to the Seasons; and his Cloaths were seldom any other, than such as the Empress *Livia*, or his Sister *Octavia*, had spun for him.

PASSAGES of this Nature make an Impression upon young People, and indeed upon every one beside. They lead us to the Reflexions which *Seneca* says he made upon seeing very ordinary Baths in the Country-house of *Scipio Africanus*, whereas in his Time they had carried the Magnificence of them to an almost incredible Excess. 'Tis a great Pleasure, says he, to me to compare *Scipio's* Manners with ours. That great Man, the Terror of *Carthage*, and Honour of *Rome*, after manuring his Field with his own Hands, could wash himself in an obscure Corner, lie under a small Roof, and be content to have his Rooms floored with a sorry Pavement. But who now could be satisfied to live as he did? There is no Man but looks upon himself as poor and sordid, if his Riches and Magnificence do not extend themselves even to his Baths.

How glorious is it, says he at another Time, to see a Man who had passed thro' the Command of Armies, the Government of Provinces, the Honours of a Triumph, and the most honourable Office of Magistracy in *Rome*; and, what is still greater, to see *Cato* upon a single Horse, without any other Attendance, and his Baggage behind him? Can any Lecture in Philosophy be more useful than such Reflexions.

How weighty are those admirable Words of the same *Scipio* we have been speaking of, when he tells *Massinissa*, that Continnence is the Virtue he most valued himself upon, and that young Men have less to fear from an Army of Enemies, than from the Pleasures which surround them on all Sides; and that whoever was able to lay a Restraint upon his Inclinations, and subject them to Reason, had gained a more glorious Victory, than they had lately obtained over *Syphax*.

Non

*Non est, non (mihi crede) tantum ab hostibus armatis  
 etati nostræ periculum, quantum ab circumfufis undique  
 voluptatibus. Qui eas sua temperantia frænavit ac do-  
 muit, nã multo majus decus majoremque victoriam sibi  
 peperit, quam nos Syphace victo habemus.*

HE had a Right to talk thus after the Example of Wisdom he had given some Years before, with Reference to a young and beautiful Princess, who was brought him among the Prisoners of War. Upon Information that she was promised in Marriage to a young Nobleman of the Country, he caused her to be guarded with as much Care and Caution, as tho' she were in her Mother's House. And as soon as her Lover was come up, he gave her back into his Hands, with a Discourse full of that Greatness and noble Roman Spirit, which is now scarce any where to be met with but in Books; and, to complete the glorious Action, he added to the Princess's Portion the Ransom which her Father and Mother had brought to redeem their Daughter. This Instance is the more extraordinary, as *Scipio* was then young, under no matrimonial Tye, and flushed with Conquest. And this Piece of Generosity gained him the Inclinations of all *Spain*; they looked upon him as a Deity come down from Heaven in human Shape; and thus he easily made himself Master over them, and more by his Kindness and Generosity, than the Force of his Arms. Struck with Admiration and Astonishment, they caused this Action to be engraved upon a Silver Buckler, and presented it to *Scipio*; a Present far more valuable and glorious than all Treasures and Triumphs whatsoever.

By Instances like these, young People are taught to have a Sense of what is excellent, to have a Taste for Virtue, and to place their Esteem and Admiration only upon real Merit; they learn hence to pass a right Judgment upon Mankind, not from what they outwardly appeared to be, but from what they really are; to overcome popular Prejudices, and not be led away by  
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the empty Shew of glittering Actions, which often have no real Greatness or Solidity at the Bottom.

THEY learn hence to prefer Acts of Bounty and Liberality to such as more frequently carry away the Eyes and Admiration of Mankind. And thus they will no less esteem the second *Scipio Africanus* for giving up all his Estate to his elder Brother, upon being adopted into a wealthy Family, than for his Conquest of *Carthage* and *Numantia*.

THEY may here find it insinuated, that a Service generously paid to a Friend in Distress, has the Advantage of the most glorious Victories. 'Tis the beautiful Reflexion of *Cicero* in one of his Orations. The Passage is extremely eloquent, and deserves to have the whole Art of it discovered, and all its Beauties pointed out to the young Readers; but they should certainly be taught to dwell upon the excellent Principle that closes it. *Cicero* lays open, on the one Side, the military Virtues of *Cesar*, which he displays in their fullest Light, by representing him not only as Superior to his Enemies, but as Conqueror of the Seasons; on the other he describes the generous Protection he granted to an old Friend, who was fallen into Disgrace, and reduced to Want thro' an unforeseen Misfortune; and upon weighing these different Qualities in the Balance of Truth, he pronounces in Favour of the latter. ' This, says he, was an  
' Action truly great and worthy our Admiration. Let  
' People pass what Censure they please upon my Judge-  
' ment, but, in my Opinion, *Cesar's* Regard for the  
' Misfortunes of an old Friend, when raised to so high  
' a Station, and possessed of so large a Fortune, ought  
' to be preferred to all his other Virtues.'

I SHALL conclude these Remarks with a Passage in History very proper to instruct young Gentlemen. *Eurypides* the *Lacedemonian*, Generalissimo of the *Greek Allies* on Board the Fleet which was sent against the *Persians*, not bearing that *Themistocles*, the Chief of the *Athenians*, who was but a Youth, should so stiffly oppose his Opinion, lifted up his Cane in a Passion, and threatn-  
ed.

ed to strike him. What would our young Officers have done upon such an Occasion? *Themistocles*, without any Concern, *strike, and welcome*, says he, *if you will but hear me*. *Eurypides*, surprized at his Coolness, did indeed hear him, and, following the Advice of the young *Athenian*, gave Battle in the Streights of *Salamis*, and obtained that famous Victory which saved *Greece*, and acquired *Themistocles* immortal Glory.

AN understanding Master knows how to make an Advantage of such an Occasion, and will not fail to observe to his Scholars, that neither amongst *Greeks* or *Romans*, those Conquerors of so many Nations, and who certainly were very good Judges of a Point of Honour, and thoroughly understood wherein true Glory consisted, was there so much as one single Instance of a private Duel in the Course of so many Ages. This barbarous Custom of cutting one another's Throats, and expiating a pretended Injury in the Blood of one's dearest Friends; this barbarous Custom, I say, which now a-days is called Nobleness and Greatness of Soul, was unknown to those famous Conquerors. 'They reserved, says *Sallust*, their Hatred and Resentment for their Enemies, and contended only for Glory and Virtue with their own Countrymen.' *Furgia, discordias, simultates cum hostibus exercebant: Civis cum civibus de virtute pugnabant.*

'Tis justly observed, that nothing is more apt to inspire Sentiments of Virtue, and to divert from Vice, than the Conversation of Men of Worth, as it makes an Impression by Degrees, and sinks deep into the Heart. The seeing and hearing them often, will serve instead of Precepts, and their very Presence, tho' they say nothing, shall speak and instruct. And this Advantage is chiefly to be drawn from the reading of Authors. It forms a Kind of Relation betwixt us and the greatest Men of Antiquity. We converse with them; we travel with them; we live with them; we hear them discourse, and are Witnesses of their Actions; we enter insensibly into their Principles and Opinions; and we derive from them

them that noble Greatness of Soul, that Disinterestedness, that Hatred of Injustice, and that Love for the public Good, which make so bright a Figure in every Part of their Lives.

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*The Study of Religion.*

**Q**UINTILIAN, in the excellent Treatise of Rhetoric he has left us, lays it down as a Rule in forming a perfect Orator, that none but a good Man can be so; and consequently he looks upon it as a necessary Qualification, that he should not only be able to speak well, but withal be possessed of all the moral Virtues.

THE Precautions he takes for the Education of a Person designed for so noble an Employment are astonishing. He extends his Care to the Cradle, and well knowing how deep the first Impressions generally are, especially towards ill, he requires that in the Choice of all around him, Nurses, Servants, and Children of the same Age, a principal Regard should be paid to good Morals.

HE looks upon the blind Indolence of Parents towards their Children, and their Neglect to preserve in them the valuable Treasure of Modesty, as the Original of all Disorders; and inveighs severely against that indulgent Education, which is called indeed kind and tender, but serves only to enervate at once both the Body and Mind. He particularly recommends the throwing all ill Discourse and bad Examples at a Distance, lest Children should be infected with them, before they are sensible of their Danger, and the Habit of Vice become a second Nature in them.

HE advises carefully to restrain the first Sallies of the Passions, and to make every Thing subservient to the instilling of Morality; that the Copies set them by their Writing-Masters should contain some useful Sentences or Maxims for the Conduct of Life; and  
that



that they should also be taught the Sayings of great Men, by Way of Diversion.

BUT in the Choice of a Preceptor or a Tutor he is extremely rigid. The most virtuous Man is scarce enough for him, and the most exact Discipline too little. *Et præceptorem eligere sanctissimum quemque (cujus rei præcipua prudentibus cura est) & disciplinam quæ maxime severa fuerit, licet.* And the Reason he gives for it is admirable. It is, says he, that the Wisdom of the Master may preserve their Innocence in their tender Years, and when afterwards they shall become less easy to be governed, his Gravity, by commanding their Respect, may retain them in their Duty. *Ut & teneriores annos ab injuria sanctitas docentis custodiat, & ferociore à licentia gravitas deterreat.*

ONE of the most beautiful and most noted Passages in *Quintilian*, is where he handles the famous Question, Which is most profitable, a private or a public Education? He determines in Favour of the latter, and gives several Reasons for it, which appear to be very convincing. But he declares from the Beginning, that if public Schools were at all prejudicial to Morality, how useful soever they might be for Instruction in the Sciences, there could be no Dispute, but Virtue was infinitely preferable to Eloquence.

WHEN he comes to speak of Reading, he says, it should be managed with Precaution, lest young People, in an Age that is susceptible of deep Impressions, should learn not only what is unelegant, but vicious and dishonest. With this View he absolutely forbids the reading of any Thing lewd or licentious; he allows of Comedies only at a Time when the Morals are secure; and recommends the Choice not of Authors alone, but of Passages to be picked out of their Works. 'For my Part, says he, I own there are certain Places in *Horace*, which I would not explain.' *Horatium in quibusdam nolim interpretari.*

BESIDES the Precepts and Examples of Virtue which Reading will furnish, he thinks it expedient, that the

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Preceptor should every Day artfully introduce into his Explication, some Maxim, or Principle, that may be of Use in the Conduct of Life; *Plurimis ei honesto ac bono sit sermo*; as what is delivered by the Master's Tongue, whom good Scholars never fail both to love and reverence, makes a much greater Impression than what is barely read. *Quintilian* explains himself thus in his Directions how to correct Compositions, but the Observation holds still stronger with respect to Morals.

Now, can this Point be carried to a greater Degree of Exactness? Or does it seem possible for Christian Masters to go beyond it?

THUS, after they have laboured to instil Principles of Honesty and Probity into Youth, there is something still more essential and important left behind, which is to make them Christians.

THE first Qualities are valuable in themselves, but Piety is in a Manner the Soul of them, and infinitely raises their Worth. And tho' this afterwards, through the Violence of Passions, should chance to be neglected, 'tis an Advantage to have the moral Virtues remain; and it would be very happy, if Persons in Place, and appointed to preside over others, would always keep up to a *Roman* Probity. For which Reason we cannot be too diligent in planting this good Seed in the Minds of young Persons, and pressing these Principles upon them.

BUT Religion should be the Thing we aim at by all Pains, and the End of all our Instructions. Tho' it be not constantly in our Mouths, it should be always in our Minds, and never out of Sight.

THE Principles drawn from the reading of Scripture will be of Use, as M. *Nicole*, an ingenious Writer of the present Age, has well observed, to correct Abundance of Things which occur in the Works of profane Authors, 'and have been inserted there by the Spirit of the Devil, with a View to deceive Mankind by a false Entertainment, which renders Vice agreeable to us, from its being represented with a Turn of Wit.'

By this Light we may be able to discover in the Heathen Writings, both those valuable Sparks of Truth, which diffuse a Brightness around them in Relation to the Being of a God, and the Worship that is due to him, and the gross Errors which Superstition has blended with them. For nothing but divine Revelation can serve us for a Guide to conduct us safely through such a Mixture of Light and Darkness. And without it, what have the People most esteemed for their Understanding and Knowledge been, but a blind and senseless Generation, a foolish People, without Wisdom? 'Tis the Idea the Scripture gives us of them in several Places. The *Greeks* and *Romans* were civilized Nations, polite, and abounding with Persons well-skilled in Arts and Sciences. They had their Orators, Philosophers, and Statesmen; and several among them were Lawgivers, Interpreters of Laws, and Ministers of Justice. And yet amongst so many Persons, who seemed to have Understanding in the Eyes of Men, God could discover none but Fools and Children. *Dominus de cœlo prospexit super filios hominum, ut videat si est intelligens—Non est usque ad unum.*

Ask the Sages of these Nations what it is they adore; what is it they hope for from the Worship they pay to their Deities; what they are themselves, or what they hereafter shall be; what is the Source and Rule of Duties; what the Origin of the Magistrate's Authority; and what the End of Republicks: You will be surprised to see what very Infants they are with Reference to these important Questions, differing little from Bees and Ants, who live in Commonwealths, and observe certain Laws, without knowing what it is they do.

THEY have discovered indeed some faint Glimmerings of the Consequences of original Sin, but without being able to point out the Spring and Principle of it. The miseries of a Man coming into the World cannot possibly be described in more lively Colors, than *Pliny* has done it in the beautiful Preface to his seventh Book. He represents the proud Animal, destined (as he says)



to command over the Universe, as bereaved of all Power to help himself, covered over with Tears, and full of Grief, lying in a Cradle bound Hand and Foot, the unhappy Scorn of Nature, who seems to have used him as a Stepmother rather than a Parent, entering upon a sorrowful Life of Punishment, without any other Offence than that of being born. *Jacet manibus pedibusque devinctus, flens, animal cæteris imperaturum, & a suppliciis vitam auspicatur, unam tantum ob culpam, quia natum est.* All the Conclusion *Pliny* draws from this Condition is, That 'tis astonishing Man should be proud, who took his Rise from so low a Beginning. *Heu dementiam ab iis initiis existimantium ad superbiam se genitos !*

*CICERO*, in a Book we have lost, except some few valuable Fragments preserved by *St Augustine*, had before *Pliny* drawn a resembling Description of the State of Man, except that he there adds certain Particulars which more directly express the Consequences of original Sin, as pointing out the natural Corruption of the Soul, and the base and servile Subjection of Mankind to all Sorts of Passions, and their unhappy Inclination to Irregularity and Vice; and yet so as that some few Rays of Light and unextinguished Sparks of Reason may still be discerned in them. *In libro tertio de republica Tullius hominem dicit, non ut a matre, sed ut a noverca natura editum in vitam, corpore nudo, fragili, & infirmo; animo autem anxio ad molestias, humili ad timores, molli ad labores, prono ad libidines, in quo tamen inesset tanquam obrutus quidem divinus ignis ingenii & mentis.*

*XENOPHON*, in his *Cyropædia*, speaks of a young Nobleman of *Media*, who having yielded to a Temptation he had no Distrust of, so confident was he of his own Strength, confesses his Weakness to *Cyrus*, and tells him he found he had two Souls; that one of them, which inclined him to do well, had always the the Superiority in his Prince's Presence; but that the other, which led him to do ill, generally got the better, when

he was away. Can there be a more just Description of Concupiscence?

THE Philosophers themselves were sensible of this Difficulty, and fell not far short of the Christian Belief, as St *Augustine* observes, by looking upon the Errors and Miseries which human Life abounds with, as the Effect of divine Justice, which thus punished us for certain Faults committed in another Life, that were not less real, tho' to us unknown.

THE suprising Intermixture we perceive in ourselves, of Baseness and Grandeur, of Weakness and Strength, of Love for Truth, and Credulity towards Error, of Desires of Happiness, and Subjection to Misery, which is the State of fallen Man since *Adam*, was a Riddle they could not explain. They experienced all these different Dispositions in themselves, without knowing the Cause from whence they arose, as St *Augustine* observes of *Cicero*, *Rem vidit, causam nescivit*. And how could they possibly know it, who were entirely ignorant of the holy Scriptures, which alone are able to resolve these Difficulties, by laying before us the Fall of the first Man, and the Effects of original Sin?

BUT when the Principles Revelation teaches us, upon this Subject, are once laid down, then the profane Writers, by a slight Alteration of their Expressions and Opinions, may be changed to Christians, as St *Augustine* remarks, and become very serviceable to us in the Matter of Religion.

To make Youth sensible likewise of the inestimable Happiness they enjoy from being born within the Bosom of the Christian Religion, it may not be unserviceable to lay before them, with what Contempt the most Illustrious among the Heathen Writers have treated Christianity in its Birth, tho' even then it broke out with a most transcendent Brightness. I shall here mention only two or three Passages.

*TACITUS*, speaking of the burning of *Rome*, which was believed by all the World to have been set on Fire by *Nero*, says, ' That the Emperor endeavoured to stifle  
' that

\* that general Belief, by throwing the Cause and Odium  
 \* of the Fire upon the People called Christians, whom  
 \* he ordered to be tormented with most cruel Punish-  
 \* ments. These, says he, were an infamous Set of Men,  
 \* abhorred by all Mankind, as guilty of the most de-  
 \* testable Crimes. They derived their Name, continues  
 \* the Historian, from one Christ, whom *Pontius Pilate*  
 \* the Governor of *Judea*, had put to Death under the  
 \* Reign of *Tiberius*. This pernicious Sect, after having  
 \* been suppressed for some Time, sprung up again not  
 \* only in *Judea*, which was the Place of its Birth, but  
 \* also at *Rome*, which is in a Manner the Sink of all the  
 \* Filth in the World.' He then adds, they were not  
 so properly convicted of the Crime they were accused  
 of, as of the Hatred of all Mankind. *Haud perinde in*  
*crimine incendii, quam odio humani generis convicti sunt.*  
*Suetonius*, speaking of the same burning of *Rome*, gives  
 us a like Idea of Christianity, which he treats as a  
 novel Superstition mixed with Magic. *Afflicti suppli-*  
*ciis christiani, genus hominum superstitionis novæ ac ma-*  
*leficæ.*

THERE is Cause to believe, that the Passage of *Quin-*  
*tilian* concerning the Author of the Jewish Superstition,  
 who drew after him a Multitude of Followers, pernicious  
 to all other People, is to be understood of Jesus Christ,  
 and not of Moses; as in the Beginning of Christianity  
 it was very usual to confound the Christians with the  
 Jews. We might justly be surpris'd, that a Man of  
*Quintilian's* Character, who appears upon all other Oc-  
 casions to have wrote with so much Candor and Mo-  
 deration; and who had the good Fortune to live in a  
 Family abounding with Christians of Reputation, and  
 fruitful in Martyrs, should pass such a Judgment upon  
 Christianity, if we did not know, that Faith is not the  
 Fruit of Reason and a good Understanding, but the free  
 Gift of the divine Mercy. A Writer, who was capable  
 of carrying his Flattery to such an Excess as to acknow-  
 ledge an Emperor like *Domitian* for a God, was a fit  
 Person to blaspheme Jesus Christ and his Religion.



THE Epistle of *Pliny* the younger, to the Emperor *Trajan*, concerning the Christians, is very famous. We there see an Adherence to Christianity treated as Infatuation, Obstinacy, and Folly, and, under that vain Pretext, punished as the most enormous of all Crimes whatsoever. *Pliny* is doubtful in this Case, whether Repentance may deserve Pardon, or whether it be useless to cease to be a Christian, when a Man has once been so; whether the Name alone was to be punished in them, or the Crimes affixed to it. ‘Those whom I have examined, says he, declared their whole Fault to have been, that on a certain Day they met together before Sun-rise, to sing Praises alternately to Christ as God; that they engaged themselves, by Oath, to do no Wickedness, not to steal or commit Adultery; to keep their Word inviolably, and give back whatever they were intrusted with, if re-demanded; that, after this, the Meeting broke up, and they assembled again to take a Repast in common, in which there was nothing criminal.’ He owns, however, that he had caused as many to be punished as had persisted in their Confession, not doubting but their Stiffness and inflexible Obstinacy deserved Correction, tho’ Christianity hath not made them criminal.

THE Emperor answered, ‘That he should forbear to make Enquiry after the Christians, but in case any of them were brought before him, and accused in Form, he should cause them to be punished; but with this Restraint, that if they denied the Charge, and made good their Asseveration by sacrificing to the Gods, they should then be treated as innocent—And farther, adds *Trajan*, we ought in no Kind of Crime to admit of Libels and Informations, without the Name of the Accuser subscribed; for the Example here might prove pernicious; and is very different from our Maxims.’

THERE are many such Passages as these, to furnish us with Reflexions proper to give young Persons a Notion of the Sanctity and Purity of the Christian Religion,  
the

the wilful and criminal Blindness of the most understanding Men among the Heathens, the shocking Injustice of the most moderate and wisest Princes the *Romans* ever had, and the evident Inconsistency of their Edicts against the Christians; since before they could condemn them, they were obliged, we see, to renounce not only all Equity, but good Sense and right Reason. ‘Imperial Injunction, cries *Tertullian*, speaking of this Letter of *Trajan*, why are you thus inconsistent? If you direct the Condemnation of a Crime, why do you not order a strict Enquiry to be made after the Criminals? And if you forbid the Enquiry, why do you not enjoin the Absolution of the Offence?’ In my Opinion young Persons should not be suffered to leave the College, till they have read some such Passages as these in Heathen Authors, as several of them carry with them a Proof of the Holiness and Truth of the Christian Religion, and are capable of inspiring them with a Reverence towards it.

BUT the surest and most effectual Way of instilling the Sentiments of Piety into young Persons, is to have a Master over them, who has a lively Sense of it himself. Then every Thing about him speaks and instructs, and conspires to raise a Respect and Esteem for Religion, tho’ seemingly engaged upon another Subject. For this is more properly the Business of the Heart, than of the Understanding; and it is with Virtue as with the Sciences, the Way of teaching it by Examples is far more short and sure than that of Precepts.

THIS Character most excellently prevailed in *St Augustine*; and the Account he has left us of the Manner he taught his Disciples, may be of very great Advantage both to Masters and Scholars. We may learn from thence, that the most essential Qualification of a Christian Master, is to have for his Disciples that godly Jealousy *St Paul* speaks of, which kindles in him an ardent Zeal for their Salvation, and renders him extremely careful to avoid whatever may be in the least injurious to it.

THAT

THAT great Saint, after his Conversion, retired into the Country with some of his Friends, and there instructed two young Persons, who were named *Licentius* and *Trygetius*. He had appointed regular Conferences, where each of them was to speak upon the different Subjects that were proposed. Each defended his own Opinion, and answered the Questions and Difficulties objected to him; and what was urged on both Sides was set down in Writing. *Trygetius* one Day let drop an Answer which was not altogether so exact as it should have been, and desired that it might not be put down. *Licentius* briskly opposed him, and insisted upon its being written. They both grew warm upon the Matter, as is natural to young People, says St *Augustine*, or rather to all Mankind, who have all their Share of Vanity and Pride.

ST *Augustine* sharply reprimanded *Licentius*, and put him out of Countenance. The other, overjoyed at the Trouble and Confusion he saw his Rival in, could not dissemble his Satisfaction. The holy Man was sensibly touched with Grief upon discovering the secret Indignation of the one, and the malicious Joy of the other, and turning to them both, ‘Is this, says he, your Conduct? And this that Love of Truth I flattered myself but a Moment ago you were both inflamed with?’ And after several Remonstrances, he concludes thus, ‘My dear Children, I intreat you, do not add to my Sorrows, which are already too many for me. If you are at all sensible how I esteem and love you, and how dear your Salvation is to me; if you are persuaded, that I desire no Advantage for myself, more than I do for you; if in calling me your Master, you think you owe me any Return of Love and Affection, all the Acknowledgment I require from you, is that you study to become good Men, *boni estote*.’ The Tears in the mean while ran down his Cheeks in Abundance, and finished the Work his Discourse had begun. His Disciples, extremely affected with what he had said, had now no  
other



other Care but to comfort their Master by a speedy Repentance for the present, and sincere Promises of Amendment for the future.

DID the Fault then of these young Persons deserve that their Master should be so very much grieved at it? Or was there any Thing more than what is usual in such Kind of Disputes? And shall we not, by disallowing of that Vivacity and Sensibility, extinguish all Ardor of Study, and take off the Edge of a Spur, which seems necessary to that Age?

THAT was not the Meaning of St *Augustine*. He strove only to restrain a noble Emulation within just Bounds, and hinder it from degenerating into Pride, the greatest Disease to which Mankind is subject. He was far from being inclined to heal it by another, which perhaps is no less dangerous, I mean, Sloth and Indolence. 'I should have Cause to complain, says he, 'if I had such Disciples, that I could not correct one Vice in them without introducing another.'

THE Heathen Writers have not carried this Point to such a Degree of Nicety. They agree indeed, that the Ambition we here speak of is a Vice, but by an extravagant Contradiction represented as a Vice, which is frequently the Cause of Virtue in young Men; *Licet ista vitium sit ambitio, frequenter tamen causa virtutis est*; and they use their utmost Endeavours to nourish and increase the Disease. Christianity alone administers an universal Remedy, declares War against Vice in general, and restores Man to perfect Health. Philosophy with all its most excellent Precepts is insufficient for that Purpose.

To sum up all in a few Words, Reason then, after having graced the Understanding of a Scholar with the Knowledge of all human Sciences, and strengthened his Heart with all the moral Virtues, must at last give him up into the Hands of Religion, that he may learn from thence how to make a right Use of all that has been taught him, and be consecrated for Eternity. Reason should inform him, that without the Instructions of this new Master, all his Labor would be but

a vain Amusement, as it would be confined to Earth, to Time, to a trifling Glory, and a frail Happiness; that this Guide alone can lead Man up to his Beginning, carry him back into the Bosom of the Divinity, put him in Possession of the sovereign Good he aims at, and satisfy his immense Desires with a boundless Felicity. In fine, the last and most important Advice Reason should suggest to him, is to receive with an entire Submission the Instructions Religion will lay before him, to give up every other Light to it, and to look upon it as his greatest Happiness, and most indispensable Duty, to make all his other Acquisitions and Talents subservient to its Glory.

**I**T is not without Reason that History has been ever looked upon as the Light of Ages, the Depository of Events, the faithful Witness of Truth, the Source of Prudence and good Counsel, and the Rule of Conduct and Manners. Confined without it to the Bounds of the Age and Country wherein we live, and shut up in the narrow Circle of such Branches of Knowledge as are peculiar to us, and within the Limits of our own private Reflexions, we remain ever in a Kind of Infancy, which leaves us Strangers to the rest of the World, and profoundly ignorant of all that has gone before us, or even now surrounds us. What is the small Number of Years that make up the longest Life? Or what the Extent of Country which we are able to possess or travel over, but an imperceptible Point in Comparison of the vast Regions of the Universe, and the long Series of Ages which have succeeded one another since the Creation of the World! And yet all we are capable of knowing must be limited to this imperceptible Point, unless we call in the Study of History to our Assistance, which opens to us every Age and every Country, keeps up a Correspondence betwixt us and the great Men of Antiquity, sets all their Actions before our Eyes, all their Achievements, their Virtues, and their Faults; and by the prudent Reflexions it lays before us, or gives us

an Opportunity of making, soon teaches us to be wise before our Time, and in a Manner far superior to all the Lectures of the greatest Masters.

HISTORY may properly be called the common School of Mankind, equally open and useful both to great and small, to Princes and Subjects, and still more necessary to Princes and great Men, than to all the World besides. For how can awful Truth approach them amidst the Crowd of Flatterers which surround them on all Sides, and are continually commending and admiring them, or, in other Words, corrupting and poisoning their Hearts and Understandings? How, I say, can Truth make her feeble Voice to be heard amidst such Tumult and Confusion? How venture to lay before them the Duties and Slaveries of Royalty! How shew them wherein their true Glory consists, and represent to them, that if they will look back to the Original of their Institution, they may clearly find they made for the People, and not the People for them? How put them in Mind of their Faults, instil into them a Dread of the just Judgment of Posterity, and disperse the thick Cloud, which the vain Phantom of their Greatness, and the being intoxicated with the Height of their Fortune, has formed around them.

THESE Services, which are so necessary and important, cannot be paid them but by the Assistance of History, which alone has the Power of speaking freely to them, and the Right of passing an absolute Judgment upon the Actions of Princes, no less than Fame, which *Seneca* calls *liberrimam principum judicem*. They may extol their Abilities, set off their Understanding or Courage, and boast of their Exploits and Conquests as much as they please; if they have no Foundation for all this in Truth and Justice, History will secretly condemn them under borrowed Names. The greatest Part of the most famous Conquerors, they will see, are treated as public Plagues, the Enemies of Mankind, and the Robbers of Nations, who, hurried on by a restless and blind Ambition, carry Desolation from Country



try to Country, and, like an Inundation or a Fire, ravage all that they meet in their Way. They will see a *Caligula*, a *Nero*, and a *Domitian*, who were praised to an Excess during their Lives, become the Horror and Execration of Mankind after their Death ; whereas *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Antoninus*, and *Marcus Aurelius*, are still look'd upon as the Delights of the World, for having made Use of their Power only to do Good. Thus we may say, that History is to them a Tribunal raised in their Lifetime, like that which was formerly erected amongst the *Egyptians*, where Princes, like private Men, were tried and condemned after their Death, and that hence they may learn before Hand, the Sentence which will for ever be pass'd upon their Reputation. 'Tis History, in fine, which fixes the Seat of Immortality upon Actions truly great, and sets a Mark of Infamy on Vices, which no after Age can ever efface. 'Tis by History that mistaken Merit, and oppress'd Virtue, appeal to the uncorruptible Tribunal of Posterity, which repays them the Justice their own Age has sometimes refused them, and without respect of Persons, and the Fear of a Power which is now no more, condemns the unjust Abuse of Authority with an inexorable Severity.

THERE is no Age or Condition which may not draw the same Advantages from History ; and what I have said of Princes and Conquerors, comprehends also, in some Measure, all Persons in Power, Ministers of State, Generals of Armies, Officers, Magistrates, Governors of Provinces, Prelates, ecclesiastical Superiors both secular and regular, Fathers and Mothers, Masters and Mistresses ; in a Word, whoever have Authority over others. For such Persons have sometimes more Haughtiness, Pride, and Humour, in a very limited Station, than Kings in theirs, and carry their despotic Disposition, and arbitrary Power to a greater Length. History therefore is of great Advantage, to lay useful Lessons before them all, and present them with a faithful Mirror of their Duties and Obligations by an unsuspected Hand, and thus let them know, that they are all constituted for the Sake of their Inferiors, and not their Inferiors for them.

*Of the Taste of solid Glory, and real Greatness.*

**A**LL the World agrees, that one of the first Cares in training up Youth to the Study of polite Learning, is to lay down, in the Beginning, such Rules and Principles of good Taste, as may serve to guide and direct them in the reading of Authors. 'Tis the more necessary to give them a little Assistance in the Case of History, which may be regarded as the Study of Morality and Virtue, as it is of far more Importance to pass a right Judgment upon Virtue than Eloquence, and less shameful and dangerous to be mistaken in the Rules of Discourse, than those of Morality.

OUR Age, and our Nation in particular, stand in Need of being undeceived, concerning a great Number of Mistakes and false Prejudices, which daily prevail more and more upon the Points of Poverty and Riches ; Modesty and Ostentation ; Simplicity of Buildings and Furniture ; Costliness and Magnificence ; Frugality and Delicacy in Diet ; in a Word, upon almost every Thing that is made the Object of the Contempt or Admiration of Mankind. In Matters of this Nature, the public Taste becomes a Rule to Youth. They look upon that as valuable, which they see every Body set a Value upon ; and are guided not by Reason, but by Custom, One single bad Example shall suffice to corrupt the Minds of Youth, which are susceptible of every Impression. We have therefore great Cause to be apprehensive in their Behalf, at a Time when Vices are grown into Fashion, and Inclination takes Pains to extinguish every Sentiment of Honor and Probity.

How necessary then is this Science to them, whose principal Effect is to remove the false Prejudices which lead us aside, because they please us ; whose Office is to heal us, and deliver us from the popular Errors we have sucked in with our Milk ; to teach us how to discern betwixt true and false, Good and Evil, solid Greatness and vain Ostentation ; and to hinder the Contagion of bad Examples and vicious Customs from infecting the

Minds of Youth, and stifling in them the happy Seeds of Virtue and Probity, which are implanted there. 'Tis in this Science, which consists in judging of Things, not by common Opinion, but by Truth, not by a specious Outside, but by real Merit, that *Socrates* hath placed all the Wisdom of Man.

I HAVE therefore thought it my Duty to begin this Treatise of History, with laying down Principles and Rules how to pass a sound Judgment upon great and good Actions, to discern wherein solid Glory, and real Greatness consist, and to distinguish expressly what is worthy of Esteem and Admiration, from what is deserving only of Indifference or Contempt. Without these Rules and Precautions, young Persons, who have no other Guides than their own Inclinations, or the popular Opinions, may follow such Patterns as are most conformable to these false Ideas, and give Way to the Passions and Vices of those whose Actions make a Figure in History indeed, but are not always virtuous and valuable.

PROPERLY speaking, the Gospel only, and the Word of God, can prescribe sure and infallible Rules to direct us in giving a right Judgment; and it seems reasonable that I should borrow only from thence the Instructions I undertake to give Youth on so important a Subject. But to make them the better comprehend, how blameable the Errors are which I oppose, and how contrary even to right Reason, I shall draw my Principles only from Heathen Writers who will teach us, that what renders a Man truly great and worthy of Admiration, is neither Riches, magnificent Buildings, costly Habits, or sumptuous Furniture, neither a luxurious Table, great Employments, or high Birth, neither Reputation, or Actions of Shew, such as Victories and Conquests, nor even the most valuable Endowments of the Mind; but that a Man owes his real Worth to the Heart, and that the more truly great and generous he is in that Respect, the more he will despise what seems great in the Eyes of the Rest of Mankind.



*Of Riches and Poverty.*

AS Riches purchase what is most esteemed and sought after in Life, as Honors, Employments, Lands, Houses, Furniture, good Eating and Drinking, and Pleasures, it is by no Means surprizing that they themselves should be more esteemed and sought after than all the rest. This Notion, too natural to Children in itself, is cherished and supported in them by every Thing that they see and hear. All tends to resound the Praises of Riches. Gold and Silver are the only or the principal Object of the Admiration of Mankind, of their Desires and Labors. They are regarded as alone capable of making Life easy and happy, and Poverty on the other Hand as the Cause of Shame and Misfortune.

AND yet Antiquity (to our great Surprise) gives us an Instance of a whole Nation exclaiming against such Sentiments. *Euripides* had put an high Epcomium of Riches into the Mouth of *Bellerophon*, which he concluded with these Words. *Riches are the sovereign Happiness of Mankind, and 'tis with Reason they gain the Admiration of Gods and Men.* These last Lines provoked the whole People of *Athens*. They rose up with one common Voice against the Poet, and would have immediately banished him the City, if he had not besought them to stay till the Play was done, and they would see this great Commender of Riches come to a miserable End. A poor and pitiful Excuse! The Impression, which such Maxims make upon the Imagination, is too strong and lively to wait for the slow Remedies, which an Author may bring at the Conclusion of his Performance.

THE People of *Rome* were no less noble in their Sentiments. Their Ambition was to gain a great deal of Glory and little Wealth. Every one sought, says *Valerius Maximus*, not to enrich themselves, but their Country; and they chose rather to be poor in a rich Commonwealth, than to be rich themselves, whilst the Commonwealth was poor. The *Camilli*, the *Fabricii*, and

the *Curii*, were formed we know in the School and Bosom of Poverty ; and 'twas usual with their greatest Men not to leave wherewithal to defray the Expences of their Funerals, or to portion out their Daughters.

AN Expression of the Emperor *Valerian's* shews us how much Poverty was even then esteemed in the lower Age of the Empire. He had nominated *Aurelian*, who was afterwards Emperor, to the Consulship ; and as he was poor, he ordered the Keeper of his Treasury to supply him with all the Money he should stand in Need of, for the Expences he was to be at upon his Entrance into that Office, and wrote to him in these Terms, ' You shall give *Aurelian*, whom I have nominated Consul, whatever shall be necessary to defray the Charges of the customary Shews. He deserves this Assistance, by Reason of his Poverty, which makes him truly great, and gives him the Preference to every one besides.'

THUS we see the Sentiments of the truly generous and noble, in all Ages, and all Estates. Those great Men were of Opinion, that nothing was a surer Mark of a little and low Spirit, than the Love of Riches, and nothing on the other Hand more great and generous than to despise them ; and thus they thought it the highest Pitch of Virtue nobly to bear up under Poverty, and to look upon it as an Advantage rather than a Misfortune. According to them the second Degree of Virtue consisted in making a good Use of Riches, when they possessed them ; and they judged it most agreeable to the End for which they were designed, and most likely to draw upon the Rich the Esteem and Love of Mankind, to make them subservient to the Good of the Society. In a Word, they counted nothing really as their own, but what they had given away.

*CIMON*, the *Athenian* General, thought his Possessions were for no other End than to be distributed amongst his Fellow Citizens, to cloathe some, and relieve the Wants of others. What *Philopæmen* gained from the Enemy, he bestowed in furnishing such of the Citizens with

with Arms and Horses as stood in Need of them, and in redeeming their Prisoners that were taken in the War. *Aratus*, General of the *Achaians*, made himself universally beloved, and saved his Country, by applying the Presents he received from the Kings, in appeasing the Divisions which prevailed among his Countrymen, in paying the Debts of some, assisting others in their Necessities, and redeeming Captives.

To give but one single Instance among the *Romans*, *Pliny* the younger disburses considerable Sums for the Service of his Friends. He forgives one Person all he owes him. He clears the Debts of another, which he had contracted for just Reasons. He increases the Portion of another's Daughter, that she may keep up to the Dignity of the Person she was about to marry. He supplies another where withal to be a *Roman Knight*. To gratify another, he sells him a Piece of Land below its Value. He gives another where withal to return into his own Country, there to end his Days in Quiet. He makes himself easy in the Disputes of his Family, and voluntarily gives up his own Right. He bestows upon his Nurse a Piece of Ground big enough for her Subsistence. He presents his Country with a Library, and a Revenue sufficient to maintain it. He settles Salaries upon Professors for the Instruction of Youth. He erects a School for the Education of Orphans and poor Children, of which there are some Footsteps remaining to this Day. And all this he does with a moderate Fortune. But his Frugality, as he declares himself, was a rich Fund, which supplied whatever was wanting to his Revenue, and enabled him to bestow with such Liberality, as is astonishing in a private Man. *Quod cessat ex redivu, frugilitate suppletur; ex qua, velut ex fonte, liberalitas nostra decurrit.*

WHEN *M. de Turenne* undertook the Command of the Army in *Germany*, he found the Troops in so bad Condition, that he sold his own Plate to cloath the Soldiers, and mount the Horse, which he did more than once. Though his Estate amounted to no more than Forty thousand



thousand Livres a Year, he never would accept of the considerable Sums his Friends offered him, nor take up any Thing on Trust from the Tradesmen, for fear, he said, that if he fell, they should lose a good Part of it. And I know that all the Workmen employed about his House, were ordered to bring in their Bills, before he set out for the Campaign, and were regularly paid.

WHILST he commanded in *Germany*, a neutral Town, which thought the King's Army was marching towards them, offered this General an Hundred thousand Crowns to engage him to take another Rout, and make amends for a Day or two's March, which it might cost the Army more. *I cannot in Conscience*, answered, M. Turenne, *accept of this Sum, for I had no Intention to pass through that Town.*

THE Action of the great *Scipio* in *Spain*, when he added to the Portion of a young captive Princess the Ransom her Parents had brought to redeem her, gained him no less Honour than the most famous of his Conquests. A like Action in the Chevalier *Bayard* does no less merit our Commendation. When *Bresse* was taken by Storm from the *Venetians*, he saved a House from Plunder, whither he had retired to take Care of a mortal Wound he had received in the Siege, and secured the Mistress of the Family, and her two Daughters, who were hid in it. At his Departure, the Lady, as a Mark of her Gratitude, offered him a Casket, containing Two thousand five hundred Ducats, which he obstinately refused. But observing that his Refusal was very displeasing to her, and not caring to leave her dissatisfied, he consented to accept of her Present, and calling to him the two young Ladies to bid them fare-well, he presented each of them with a thousand Ducats, in Part of their Portion, and left the remaining five hundred to be distributed among the Inhabitants that had been plundered.

BUT that we may have the better Notion of the Nobleness and Greatness of a disinterested Mind, let us consider it, not in Generals and Princes, whose Glory and  
Power

Power may seem perhaps to heighten the Luster of this Virtue, but in Persons of a lower Rank, who have nothing about them but the Virtue itself to raise our Admiration. A poor Man, who was Door-Keeper to a Boarding-House in *Milan*, found a Purse with two hundred Crowns in it. The Man who had lost it, informed by a public Advertisment, came to the House, and giving good Proof that the Purse belonged to him, the Door-Keeper restored it to him. The Owner, full of Joy and Gratitude, offered his Benefactor twenty Crowns, which the other absolutely refused. He then came down to ten, and afterwards to five. But finding him still inexorable, he throws his Purse upon the Ground, in an angry Tone, *I have lost nothing*, says he, *nothing at all, if you thus refuse to accept of any Thing*. The Door-Keeper then accepted of five Crowns, which he immediately distributed among the Poor.

WHOEVER reads such Stories as these, cannot but be sensible of the Impression they make upon his Heart. Let us then compare so noble and generous a Conduct with the low Sentiments of Abundance of Persons, who seem to have no other View in the great Places they enjoy, but an Opportunity to enrich themselves with Ease, and we shall not scruple to conclude with *Tully*, that there is no Vice so infamous, especially in Persons of Rank and Office, as Avarice.

THIS Passion for Money is a Fault extremely dishonourable to Men of Learning, as on the other Hand nothing gains them a greater Reputation, than the looking upon Riches with Indifference.

### *Of Buildings.*

**T**IS seldom we give a right Judgment of Objects that have a splendid Appearance, and strike upon the Eyes with external Luster. There are few Persons, who hear of the famous Pyramids of *Egypt*, without being transported with Admiration, and extolling the

the Grandeur and Magnificence of the Princes who raised them. And yet I question, whether this Admiration be well grounded, or those enormous Piles of Building, which cost such immense Sums, and occasioned the Loss of so many Men who were employed about them, which served only for Pomp and Ostentation, without being designed for any solid Use, I question, I say, whether such Buildings deserve to be spoke of with so much Commendation.

TRUE Greatness does not consist in desiring or doing what a disordered Imagination, or a popular Error, represent as great and magnificent. It does not consist in making difficult Attempts, purely because they are difficult. Nor is it affected with what seems wonderful, or drawn away by the Pleasure of surmounting Impossibilities, as History relates of *Nero*, that every Thing that seemed unlikely to be performed, had with him the Air of Grandeur. *Erat incredibilium cupitor.*

*CICERO* was of Opinion, that only such Works and Buildings were really deserving our Admiration, as were designed for some public Benefit, such as Aqueducts, City-Walls, Citadels, Arsenals, and Sea-Ports.

HE observes, that *Pericles*, the principal Man in *Greece*, was justly blamed for exhausting the public Treasure in adorning the City of *Athens*, and enriching it with superfluous Ornaments. The *Romans*, from the Foundation of the Empire, had a very different Taste. They aimed at Grandeur, but in such Matters only as concerned Religion, or the public Advantage. *Livy* observes, that under *Tarquinius Superbus*, they finished a Work for the Conveyance of the Waters of the Town; and laid the Foundations of the Capitol with such Magnificence, as after Ages have scarce been able to imitate; and we to this Day admire the Strength and Beauty of the public Ways, which were raised by the *Romans* in several Places, and still subsist almost unbroken through the Course of so many Ages.

A LIKE Judgment is to be given with Reference to the Buildings of private Persons. *Tully* taking into his  
Con-



Consideration what Sort of a House is fitting for a Person of Distinction and Honour, lays it down as certain, that Lodging, and the other necessary Uses of a House, should be principally aimed at; to which a second View might be added, with regard to Convenience and Dignity; but he particularly recommends the avoiding all Extravagance in Magnificence and Expence, as the Example never fails of becoming prejudicial and contagious, Men being generally apt not only to imitate, but to exceed others in this particular. Who, says *Tully*, has rivaled the famous *Lucullus* in his Virtues? But how many have followed his Example in the Expence of his Buildings? And in our own Days we can mention Abundance of Families, which have either been entirely ruined, or remarkably injured, by the Passion of building magnificent Houses in Town or Country, which absorb the most substantial Riches of a Family, and soon pass into the Hands of Strangers, who reap the Advantage of the first Owner's Folly. And this should lead such Persons, as are entrusted with the Education of Youth, to caution them early against so common and so dangerous a Taste.

THE ancient *Romans* were in a very different Way of Thinking. *Plutarch* makes mention of one *Ælius Tubero* in the Life of *Paulus Emilius*, whom he calls an excellent Man, and one that supported Poverty in a more noble and generous Manner than any other *Roman*. There were sixteen near Relations, all of the *Ælian* Family and Name, who had only one little House in Town, and another in the Country, where they all lived together with their Wives, and a great many little Children.

AMONG the ancient *Romans*, it was not the House which honored the Master, but the Master who brought Honour to the House. A Cottage with them became as august as a Temple, when Justice, Generosity, Probity, Sincerity, and Honor were lodged in it; and how can a House be called small, which contains so many and so great Virtues?

THE Taste for Modesty in Buildings, and a Disregard for all Expensiveness in this Particular, passed from the Republic to the Empire, and from private Men to the Emperors in Person.

*TRAJAN* placed a Glory in building little, that he might be the better able to support the ancient Edifices. *Idem tam parcus in ædificando, quam diligens in tuendo.* He set no Value upon whatever administered to Ostentation and Vanity. He understood, says *Pliny*, wherein the true Glory of a Prince consisted. He knew that Statues, triumphal Arches, and Buildings, were liable to perish by Fire and Age, or the Fancy of a Successor; but that he, who despises Ambition, who governs his Passion, and sets Bounds to absolute Power, is extolled by all the World during his Life, and even after his Death, when Nobody is constrained to praise him.

THE Event shew'd that he was in the Right. *Alexander Severus* repaired several Works of *Trajan's*, and caused that *Emperor's* Name to be fixed upon them all, without allowing his own to be placed in its Stead. All the great *Emperors* exercised the same Moderation, and we see to this Day that more Medals have been struck to the Glory of such Princes as have repaired public Buildings, and the Monuments of their Predecessors, than in Honor of those who have raised new ones.

*Of Furniture, Dress, and Equipage.*

NOTHING of all this makes a Man greater or more deserving because nothing of all this makes a Part of himself, but is all external, and entirely foreign to him. And yet the most Part of Mankind place their Greatness in these. They look upon themselves as mixed and incorporated with all around them, their Furniture, Dress, and Equipage. They swell and enlarge the Idea they form of themselves, as much as they can,

can, from these outward Circumstances. From these they think they are great, and flatter themselves, that they appear so in the Eyes of others.

BUT to pass a right Judgment upon their Greatness, we should examine them in themselves, and set aside for a few Moments their Train and Retinue. We should then find, that they appear great and advanced, by being considered as raised upon a Basis. Strip them off this Advantage, and reduce them to their proper Standard, to their just Proportion, and the vain Phantom will vanish. Their Outside is rich and fine, like the Walks of their Apartments; within there is often nought but Meanness, Baseness, and Poverty, and a frightful Vacancy of all Merit; and some Times even this fine outward Shew conceals the most enormous Crimes and shameful Irregularities

GOD, says *Seneca*, could not have cast a greater Reproach and Disgrace upon those outward Advantages, which are the Object of our Desires, than by conferring them, as he often does, upon sorry Wretches, and denying them usually to Men of the greatest Probity. To how great an Extremity indeed will these last be reduced, if Men were to be judged by their Outside? How often would the most solid Merit have been mistaken, and exposed even to Contempt, because concealed under a mean Habit, and a discouraging Appearance?

*Philopæmen*, the greatest Soldier of his Age in *Greece*, who conferred so much Honor upon the Republic of the *Achaïans*, by his extraordinary Merit, and whom the *Romans* have called by Way of Admiration, the last of the *Greeks*; this *Philopæmen* was usually clad in a very plain Dress, and often went Abroad without any Servant or Attendance. In this Condition he came alone to the House of a Friend who had invited him to Dinner. The Mistress of the Family, who expected the General of the *Achaïans*, took him for a Servant, and begged he would give her his Assistance in the Kitchen, because her Husband was absent. *Philopæmen* without Ceremony



mony threw off his Cloak, and fell to the cleaving of Wood. The Husband coming in at that Instant, and surprized at the Odness of the Sight, 'How now, *Philomen*, says he, What's the Meaning of this? Oh, answered the other, *I am paying the Interest of my bad Looks.*

*Scipio Æmilianus*, who lived four and fifty Years, never made any Acquisition in all his Life, and when he died, left only four and forty Marks of Silver Plate, and three of Gold, tho' he had been Master of all the Wealth of *Carthage*, and had enriched the Soldiers more than any other General. Being deputed by the Senate of *Rome*, with full Powers to restore Discipline, in the Towns and Provinces, and to inspect Kings and Nations, though descended from one of the most illustrious Families in *Rome*, and adopted into one of the richest, and though he had so august a Character to support the Name of the *Roman* Empire, he carried with him but one Friend, and he was a Philosopher, and five Servants, one of which dying upon the Road, he contented himself with the four which remained, till such Time as he had one brought from *Rome* to supply his Place. As soon as he came to *Alexandria* with the small Retinue, his Fame discovered him notwithstanding all the Care his Modesty had taken to prevent it, and drew all the City to meet him upon his landing. His Person alone, without any other Attendance than that of his Virtues, his Actions, and his Triumphs, were enough to extinguish, even in the Eyes of the People, the vain Splendor of the King of *Egypt*, who was advanced to meet him with all his Court, and drew upon him alone the Eyes, the Acclamations, and Applauses of all the World.

THESE Instances teach us, that we ought not to value Men by their outward Appearance, any more than a Horse by his Trappings. An extraordinary Merit may be hid under a mean Habit, as a rich Garment may cover enormous Vices. They shew us, in the second Place, that greater Courage and Resolution is required than

than one would easily imagine, to become superior to popular Opinions, and not be touched with a Kind of Shame, which the World is pleased to fix upon a plain, poor, and frugal Manner of Living.

*AGESILAUS*, King of *Lacedæmon*, was herein a greater Philosopher than *Seneca*. A *Spartan* Education had arm'd him against this false Shame. *Pharnabazes*, Governor of one of the Provinces belonging to the King of *Persia*, had desired to treat of Peace with him; and the Interview was appointed in the open Field. The first appeared in all the Pomp and Luxury of the *Persian* Court. He was cloathed in a purple Robe embroidered with Gold and Silver. The Ground was spread with rich Carpets, and fine Cushions were laid to sit down upon. *Agesilaus*, in a very plain Dress, without farther Ceremony, sat himself down upon the Grass. The Pride of the *Persian* blushed at his Behaviour, and not being able to hold out against such a Comparison, paid Homage to the Plainness of the *Lacedæmonian*, by following his Example. And this, because a quite different Train, which far out-shone all the Gold and Silver of *Persia*, surrounded *Agesilaus*, and gained him Reverence; I mean, his Name, his Reputation, his Victories, and the Terror of his Arms, which made the King of *Persia* tremble even upon his Throne.

*Marcus Aurelius* was still more averse to every Thing that had the Air of Pomp and Luxury. He lay upon the bare Ground; at twelve Years old he took the Habit of a Philosopher; he forbore the Use of Guards, the Imperial Ornaments, and the Ensigns of Honour, which were carried before the *Cæsars* and the *Augusti*. Nor was this Conduct owing to his Ignorance of what was grand and beautiful, but to the juster and purer Taste he had of both, and to an intimate Persuasion, that the greatest Glory, and principal Duty of Man, especially if in Power, and raised to a Place of Distinction, is so far to imitate the Deity, as to throw himself into a Condition of wanting as little as may be for

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himself

himself, and doing all the good to others he is capable of.

WE learn from History, that the *Roman* Ladies generously stript themselves of all their Jewels; and presented all their Gold and Silver, at one Time, to enable the Republic to discharge a Vow made to *Apollo*, for which they had honorable Distinctions granted them; and at another, to redeem *Rome* from the Hands of the *Gauls*, which procured them the Right and Privilege of being praised in a funeral Oration, as well as the Men. In the second *Punic* War, the Widows in like Manner brought their Gold and Silver into the public Treasury, to assist the State in the extreme Necessity under which it groaned.

THE famous *Cornelia*, Daughter to the great *Scipio*, and Mother to the *Gracchi*, is universally known. Her Extraction was the noblest in *Rome*, and her Family the richest. A Lady of *Campania*, coming to make her a Visit, and lodging in her House, displayed with Pomp whatever was then most fashionable and valuable for the Toilette, Gold and Silver, Jewels, Diamonds, Bracelets, Pendants, and all that Apparatus which the Ancients called *Mundum muliebre*. She expected to find somewhat still finer in the House of a Person of her Quality, and desired very importunately to see her Toilette. *Cornelia* artfully prolonged the Conversation till such Time as her Children came Home, who were then gone to the public Schools, and pointing to them as they entred, 'See here, says she, are my Jewels.' *Et hæc, inquit, ornamenta mea sunt.* We need only examine our own Thoughts in Relation to these two Ladies, to find out how far superior the noble Simplicity of the one was to the vain Magnificence of the other.



*Of Luxury in eating and drinking.*

**T**HIS was carried in the Declension of the Republic to an almost incredible Excess, and under the Emperors they still outwent the Practice of their Predecessors.

*LUCULLUS*, who in other Respects was a Man of excellent Qualities, upon his Return from his Campaigns, attempted to substitute the Glory of Magnificence to that of his Arms and Battles, and turn'd all his Studies that Way. He laid out immense Sums upon his Houses and Gardens, and was still more expensive at his Table. He required it every Day to be served up in the same sumptuous Manner, tho' no Body was to dine with him. As his Steward was one Day excusing the Meanness of his Dinner, because there was no Company, 'Did you not know, says he, that *Lucullus* was to eat at *Lucullus's* House to Day.' *Tully* and *Pompey* not giving Credit to the Reports of his ordinary Magnificence, were resolved one Day to surprize him, and be satisfied whether it was so or not. And meeting him in Public, they invited themselves, and would not allow him to give any Directions to his Domesticks about their Entertainment. He therefore barely ordered, that Dinner should be served up in the Hall of *Apollo*. The Entertainment was got ready with so much Celebrity and Opulence, as surprized and astonished his Guests. They did not know that the *Hall of Apollo* was a Watchword, and signified that the Feast should amount to fifty thousand Drachms.

If good Eating and Drinking were capable of procuring solid Glory, *Lucullus* was the greatest Man of his Age.

WHAT is reported of the Emperor *Probus*, who holds one of the first Places in the Number of great Princes, and under whom the *Roman* Empire arrived at the highest Pitch of Happiness, deserves our Admiration. During his War with *Persia*, as he was sitting at Dinner upon the bare Ground, and eating a Mess of Pork

and Peas, Word was brought him that the *Persian* Ambassadors were arrived. Without changing either his Posture or Drefs, which was no other than a Purple Coat, but made of Wool, and a Cap which he wore for Want of Hair, he ordered them to be introduced, and told them, that he was the Emperor, and they might go and tell their Master, that if he did not take Care, he would, in a Month's Time, lay all his Fields as naked of Trees and Corn, as his Head was of Hairs; and, at the same Time, he took off his Cap, to make them the better comprehend his Meaning. He then invited them to eat Part of his Dinner, in case they were hungry; if not, they had nothing to do but to go back immediately. The Ambassadors made their Report to their Prince, who was in a terrible Fright, as well as his Soldiers, that they had to deal with a People who were such professed Enemies to Luxury and Pleasures. He came in Person to meet the Emperor, and granted him whatever he demanded.

By comparing all I have hitherto mentioned concerning Pomp and Simplicity; on the one Side, whatever is apt to make a splendid Appearance, Riches, magnificent Buildings, Furniture, fine Cloaths, and a Table most sumptuously and delicately spread; and on the other, Poverty, Simplicity, Frugality and Modesty, but attended with Victories, Triumphs, Consulships, dictatorial Power, and the Empire of the World; I leave it to the Judgment of any Man of good Sense and Reason, on which Side lies the noble and great, and which he thinks deserves most his Esteem and Admiration. The Decision will not be difficult. And 'tis this natural and unstudied Sentiment which I look upon as the Rule of good Taste in the Point of solid Glory and real Grandeur.

In quoting these ancient Examples of Modesty and Frugality, I have no Design of proposing them as perfect Models for us to follow. Our Age and Manners cannot bear with so masculine and robust a Virtue. There are, besides, certain Rules of Decency to be  
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observed, and in every State and Condition, Things may be reduced to an honest and commendable Mediocrity, which will justify and correct the Use of them. But sure we ought to be much concerned and ashamed to see how far the ancient *Pagans* have outstriped us in Virtue; and 'tis our Duty to take some Pains at least to confirm ourselves in a small Degree to those primitive Rules, tho' we are not happy enough to have any longer the Courage and Liberty of attaining to them in Perfection.

I DESIRE to know, whether those great Princes I have spoke of, those Men of extraordinary Talents and superior Genius, had not the Taste of real Greatness and solid Glory; whether all Nations and Ages have been mistaken in the high Encomiums they have given; and whether any one ever ventured to charge them with having debased either the Nobility of their Birth, the Dignity of their Station, or the Majesty of the Empire; and whether, on the other Hand, these were not the Qualities which raised them the higher, and have universally drawn upon them the Esteem, Love, and Admiration of Posterity. Can any private Person now imagine himself a better Judge of real Glory than they were, or should he think himself unhappy, or dishonored, by being found in such illustrious Company, and standing by a *Trajan*, an *Antonius*, or a *Marcus Aurelius*? Shall we pay a greater Regard to an *Apicius*, who, setting up for a perfect Master in the Art of Cookery, infected and corrupted his Age by that wretched Science? *Qui scientiam popinae professus, disciplina sua seculum infecit.* Shall we prefer to the great Examples I have quoted, those of *Caligula*, *Nero*, *Otho*, *Vitellius*, *Commodus*, or *Heliogabalus*? For, thro' an inestimable Happiness, all the good Emperors in general, and without Exception, have been of the Character I here recommend; and all the bad Emperors in general, are found in the opposite Class, with all the Vices which I condemn.



*Of Honors and Preferments.*

**P**OSTS of Preferment, and the Marks of Respect annexed to them, may have where withal to flatter the Ambition and Vanity of Mankind, but in themselves do not procure them any real Glory or solid Greatness, as they are foreign to them, as they are not always the Proof and Recompence of Merit, as they add nothing to the good Qualities either of Body or Mind, as they correct none of our Faults, but often, on the contrary, serve only to multiply and make them more remarkable, by making them public, and exposing them to a clearer View. Good Judges, without suffering themselves to be carried away by a vain Shew, have ever looked upon high Posts as a Burden which they were loaded with, rather than honoured by; and the higher they have been raised, the heavier and more dreadful the Weight has appeared. There is nothing strikes so much upon the Eyes of Mankind, as Royalty and sovereign Power, and nothing, at the same Time, is more grievous and burdensome. The Glory which surrounds it, makes us deservedly admire such Persons as have had the Courage to refuse it; and the Labor and Pains which are inseparable from it, make us still more admire such as rightly discharge all the Duties belonging to it.

*TAICTUS* and *Probus*, who did so much Honour to their Station, were both advanced to the Empire against their Inclination. The first urged his great Age and Weakness, as disabling him from marching at the Head of an Army; but the whole Senate answered, that the Empire was entrusted to his Understanding and Prudence, and that it was his Merit they chose, and not his Person. And a Letter which *Probus* wrote to one of the principal Officers of the Empire, fully lets us into his real Sentiments. ‘I never desired, says he, the Place I possess; I was raised to it against my Will, and continue in it only through an Apprehension of  
‘ exposing

‘ exposing the Republic and myself to new Dangers  
‘ by deserting it.’

THESE Examples shew us, that there is nothing really great in Posts of Honour, but the Danger which surrounds them; that the truest Glory lies in a generous Contempt of them; or in accepting them only for the public Good; that solid Greatness consists in the Renunciation of Greatness itself; that a Man becomes a Slave to it from the Moment he is fond of it, and that he is superior to it only by contemning it.

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*Of Victories, noble Birth, Abilities and Reputation.*

I JOIN all these under one Title, though very different in themselves, because they have all some Thing in them extremely flattering, and apt to mislead, and seem to contain somewhat more personal and peculiar to those who possess them. But though they are superior in Degree to the other Advantages already spoke of, yet solid Glory and real Greatness do notwithstanding not consist in them.

*Of Victories.*

IF there be any Thing capable of raising a Man above the State of Humanity, and giving him a distinguishing Superiority above the rest of Mankind, it seems to be the Glory which arises from Battles and Victories. A Prince, a General, marching at the Head of a numerous Army, whose Eyes are all bent upon him; who, by a single Signal, gives Action to that vast Body whereof he is the Soul, and sets an hundred thousand Arms in Motion; who carries Terror and Consternation along with him wherever he goes; who sees the strongest Ramparts and highest Towers fall low before him; at whose Presence, in a Word, the whole Universe trembling and affrighted keeps Silence; such a Man seems to be something mighty grand, and in great Measure to resemble the Deity.

AND

AND yet, if we coolly, rationally, and without Prejudice, examine the famous Heroes of Antiquity, those illustrious Conquerors, we shall often find that this glittering Shew of warlike Actions is but a vain Phantom, which may impose upon us at a Distance, but disappears and vanishes in Proportion as we give it a nearer View; and that all this pretended Glory has often had no other, Principle and Foundation, than Ambition, Avarice, Injustice and Cruelty.

CAN we call the furious Disposition of *Alexander*, which led him into distant and unknown Countries, only with a View to plunder them, by any other Name than Madness? Was he wise for carrying off from every private Man, from every Country, what was held most dear and valuable, and for spreading Desolation wherever he came, beginning with *Greece*, to which he owed his Education? How intoxicated must he have been with Glory, who thought the whole World too little for him? He one Day asked a Pirate, whom he had taken, what Right he thought he had to infest the Seas? 'The same, answered he boldly, that you have to over-run the World. But because I do it in a small Vessel, I am called a Robber; and you are named a Conqueror, for doing it with a great Fleet.' A very sharp Answer, and, what is more, a true one.

WHAT was it that extinguished in the Heart of *Cæsar* all the Sentiments of Fidelity, Submission, Justice, Humanity, and Gratitude he owed to his Republic, who had taken him from the rest of the Citizens to advance him to the highest Offices of Command, and lavishly bestow on him Honors and Preferments, but an immoderate Ambition, and an Illusion of false Glory, which inspired him with an ardent Desire of seeing all Mankind under Subjection to him, and led him to say, that he would rather chuse to be the principal Man in a Village, than the second in *Rome*? What other Motive induced him to turn those very Arms against his Country, she had put into his Hands to be employed against the Enemies of the State, and to make Use of all the Power



Power and Greatness he held only of her, to put her to the Sword, after having deluged her in the Blood of her Children? He doubtless thought, as *Civilis* the Chief of the Rebels, who endeavoured to shake off the *Roman Yoke*, had expressed it, that nothing was unlawful to a Man who had taken up Arms, nor any Body accountable for a Victory; *victoria rationem non reddi*.

To pass a right and sound Judgment upon these famous Conquerors, 'tis necessary to teach Youth carefully to distinguish what is valuable in them from what deserves to be censured. In doing Justice to their Courage, Activity, Ability in Business, and Prudence, they must be blamed for frequently mistaking the Use they should have made of their great Qualifications, and employing such Talents as in themselves are always valuable to the Gratification of their Vices and Passions, which should have been made subservient only to Virtue.

*Of Nobility of Birth.*

IT must be owned there is a powerful Charm in Nobility of Birth, and the Antiquity of Families, to procure Esteem, and gain upon the Inclinations of Mankind. This Respect, which it is natural to have for noble Men, is a Kind of Homage we think ourselves still obliged to pay to the Memory of their Ancestors, for the great Services they have done the State, and is the continued Payment of a Debt which could not fully be discharged to them in Person, and for this Reason extends to all their Posterity.

BESIDES the Tye of Gratitude, which engages us not to limit our Respect for great Men to the Time wherein they lived, as they do not themselves confine their Zeal to such narrow Bounds, but strive to become useful to future Ages, the public Interest requires, that we should pay this Tribute of Honor and Regard to their Descendants, as it is an Engagement to them to support and perpetuate the Reputation of their Ancestors in their Family, by endeavouring to perpetuate al-

so the same Virtues, which have rendered their Predecessors so illustrious.

BUT to make this Honor which is paid to Nobility a real Homage, it must be voluntary, and proceed from the Heart. The Moment 'tis claimed as a Debt, or forcibly demanded, the Right to it is lost, and it changes into Hatred and Contempt. People are too well pleased with themselves not to be offended at the Haughtiness of a Man who thinks every Thing is due to him because he is well-born, and looks down from the Height of his own Station with Contempt upon the rest of Mankind. For what mighty Glory is it, in Reality, to reckon up a long Series of Ancestors illustrious by their Virtues, without bearing any Resemblance to them? Is the Merit of others transferred upon us? Or will a large Collection of Family Pictures hung round a Hall, make a Man considerable? If the Honor of Families consists in their being able to trace their Pedigree to distant Ages, till they lose themselves in the Darkness of an obscure and unknown Antiquity, we are all equally noble in that Respect; for we had all an Origin equally ancient.

WE must therefore return to the only Source of true Nobility, which is Virtue and Merit. 'Tis honourable to support the Glory of one's Ancestors by Actions which correspond with their Reputation; and it is also glorious to leave a Title to one's Descendants, which is not borrowed of our Predecessors; to become the Head and Author of our own Nobility; and, to use the Expression of *Tiberius*, who was desirous of hiding the Defect of Birth in *Curtius Rufus*, tho' otherwise a very great Man, *to be born of One's own self*.

I cannot, said formerly an illustrious *Roman*, who was reproached by the Nobility for his low Extraction, publicly produce the Portraits of my Ancestors, their Triumphs, nor their Consulships; but if Need be, I can produce the military Rewards I have been honoured with, I can shew the Scars of the Wounds I have received in fighting for my Country. These  
are

' are my Portraits, these my Title to Nobility, which  
' I have not borrowed from my Ancestors, but acquir-  
' ed by the Labours and Dangers I have undergone.'

THE Emperor *Vespasian*, without being ashamed of an Object which continually renewed the Remembrance of his Original, went constantly every Year, even after he came to the Empire, to pass his Summer in a small Country-House near *Rieti*, where he was born, and to which he would never make any Addition or Embellishment. His Son *Titus* caused himself to be carried thither in his last Illness, that he might die in the Place where his Father had begun and ended his Days. *Pertinax*, the greatest Man of his Age, and soon after advanced to the Empire, during the three Years he tarried in *Liguria*, lodged in his Father's House; and raising a great Number of fine Buildings around it, he left the Cottage in the Midst, an illustrious Monument of his low Birth, and his Greatness of Soul. One would think that these Princes affected to recal the Memory of their former Condition, so much the Greatness of their personal Merit (sensible it could sustain itself) was above any outward Support. In short, we do not see that throughout the whole *Roman* Empire, that any Body ever reproached them with the Obscurity of their Original, or abated one Title of the Veneration their Virtues procured them upon this Account.

*JOHN de Broigni*, Cardinal *de Viviers*, who presided at the Council of *Constance* as Dean of the Cardinals, had been a Hog-driver in his Infancy. Some Monks passing by as he was busied in that sorry Employment, and taking Notice of his Wit and Vivacity, offered to carry him to *Rome*, and bring him up to Study. The Boy accepted of their Offer, and went straight to a Shoe-maker to buy a Pair of Shoes for his Journey; the Shoe-maker trusted him with Part of the Price, and told him, smiling, he should pay the rest when he was made a Cardinal. He became a Cardinal in Reality, and was not only not unmindful of his former low Condition,



dition, but took Care to perpetuate the Memory of it. In a Chapel he built at *Geneva*, over-against the Gate of *St Peter's Church*, he caused this Adventure to be engraved, where he is represented young, and without Shoes, keeping Hogs under a Tree; and all around the Walls are the Figures of Shoes, to express the Favour he had received from the Shoemaker. This Monument is still subsisting at *Geneva*.

*Of Talents of the Mind.*

How splendid soever the Glory of Arms and Birth may appear, there is still some Thing which more nearly concerns us in the Honor arising from Learning and the Talents of the Mind. This seems to be more our own Product, and a Matter wholly peculiar to us. 'Tis not limited, like that of Arms, to certain Times and Occasions, nor depends upon a thousand foreign Assistances. It gives a Man a Superiority far more agreeable, than that which proceeds from Riches, Birth, or Employments, as these are all external; whereas the Mind is properly our own, and rather is ourselves, and enters into our very Essence.

YET it is not the Mind alone which makes the solid Glory of a Man. Suppose him excellent in himself, and set off with the Knowledge of every Thing that is most curious in the Sciences, Philosophy, Mathematics, History, the *Belles Lettres*, Poetry and Eloquence. All these make a Man learned, but do not make him good. *Non faciunt bonos ista, sed doctos.* And if a Man be only learned, What is he oft but a vain, obstinate Creature, full of himself, and despising all others, and in one Word, an *Animal of Glory*? For thus *Tertulian* describes the most learned among the Heathens, *Animal gloriae*.

CAN any Thing be more pitiful, or more contemptible, than such a Man, vainly puffed up with the Notion of his own Learning and Abilities, greedy and insatiable after Praise, feeding upon Wind and Smoke, and striving only to live in the Opinion of others? *Philip*, the Father of *Alexander the Great*, beautifully exposed the

the Ridiculousness of this Fault in a Physician named *Menecrates*, who had the Vanity to take upon himself the Sirname of *Jupiter Servator*, upon Account of some extraordinary Cures he had wrought, which he attributed wholly to his own Skill. Having invited him to Dinner, he was placed at a Table by himself, on which was served up a Vessel smoking with Incense. The Doctor at first thought himself highly honored, but having nothing to eat during the rest of the Entertainment, he soon perceived the Meaning of the Smoke of the Incense; and thus serving for a Laughing-Stock to the rest of the Company, he carried from the Feast, with the Title of *Jupiter*, his Hunger unsatisfied, and the Shame he had so justly deserved in ascribing the Success to his own Abilities, which was derived from Heaven.

WHAT therefore is capable of procuring Honour in Learning, and the Talents of the Mind, is not the Learning itself, nor the Talents of the Mind, but the good Use that is made of them; and we may truly say, that Modesty infinitely advances the Value and Glory of them above any other Circumstance. 'Tis a Pleasure to see great Men some Times owning themselves in the Wrong, as the famous *Hippocrates* has done in Relation to one of the Sutures of the Skull, about which he had been led into a Mistake. Such a Confession, as *Celsus* observes, referring to the Passage I am speaking of, supposes an uncommon Fund of Merit in the Person that makes it, and an Elevation of Soul which is very sensible that such Slips are not capable of being any Prejudice to it; whereas a little Mind, which cannot hide its Poverty, is careful to run no Risk, nor willingly to lose the smallest Share of the little it possesses.

#### *Of Reputation.*

THIS is looked upon as the dearest and most valuable Treasure belonging to Mankind, even by Persons of the greatest Probity; and an Indifference concerning it, and much more the despising it, seem absolutely disallowable. What can be expected indeed from one that is unconcerned about the Judgment which the rest of the World, and

especially Men of Honesty, shall pass upon his Conduct? 'Tis not only, as *Tully* observes, the Sign of Pride and Conceitedness, but the Mark of having perfectly abandoned all Modesty.

AND yet to be over-sollicitous after Praise, to be greedy of it, and eager in pursuing it, and to seem in some Measure to beg it, instead of being the Character of a great Soul, is the most certain Sign of a vain and light Disposition, which feeds upon Wind, and takes the Shadow for the Substance.

YET this is the Weakness of the most Part of Mankind, and some Times even of such as are distinguished by peculiar Merit, which leads them often to seek for Glory where it is not to be found.

*PHILIP* of *Macedon* was not the most scrupulous in his Choice of the Means which were to procure him a solid Reputation. He was fond of every Kind of Glory, and on every Subject. He was an Orator, vain of his Eloquence. He reckoned upon the Victories his Chariots had gained in the *Olympic* Games, and took great Care to have them engraved on his Coins. He gave Lectures on Music, and undertook to correct the Masters of it; which occasioned one of them to make that ingenious Answer, which, without offending him, might easily have let him into his Mistake, *God forbid, Sir, you should ever be so unhappy as to know these Matters better than I do.* He himself gave a like Lesson to his Son, upon observing an Entertainment that he had shewed too much Skill in Music; *Are you not ashamed,* says he to him, *that you can sing so well?* In short, there are certain Branches of Knowledge, which are very commendable in particular People, whose Business it is to follow them, that a Prince ought but slightly to be acquainted with, as it would be below him to affect a greater Skill in them, and as his Time ought to be taken up with Matters of more Weight and Importance.

*NERO*, who did not want for Wit and Spirit, was blamed for neglecting the Occupations proper to his



Station, and amusing himself with Engraving, Painting, Singing, and driving of Chariots. A Prince, who has a Taste for true Glory, does not aspire to such a Reputation. He understands what it is deserves his Application, and from what he should abstain; and how great an Inclination soever he may have for the Sciences, even those that are most valuable, he does not give up himself entirely to them, but studies them in a princely Manner, *i. e.* with that sober and discreet Moderation, which *Tacitus* admired in his Father-in-Law *Agricola*, *Retinuit, quod est difficillimum, ex sapientia modum.*

*TULLY* finds a pitiful Vanity in the secret Joy which *Demosthenes* felt upon hearing himself praised by a poor Herb-Woman, as he was passing by. And yet he himself was much fonder of Commendation than the Greek Orator.

THIS he freely owns upon an Occasion, where he surprisingly describes the Effects of human Weakness. He was returning from *Sicily*, where he had been Questor, with a strong Imagination, that nothing was talk'd of in *Italy* but himself, and that his Questorship was a Subject in every Body's Mouth. Passing by *Puzzoli*, whither the Baths had drawn Abundance of Company, Is it long, says somebody to him, since you left *Rome*? Pray, what is doing there? I, says he, in great Surprize, am just come from my Province. That's true, says the other, I beg Pardon, from *Africa*. No, answers *Tully*, with an Air of Scorn and Indignation, from *Sicily*. Why, says a third, who pretended to know more than the rest, don't you know that he has been Questor at *Syracuse*? Where indeed he had not, for his Province lay in a different Part of the Island. *Tully* was quite out of Countenance, and to get rid of the Affair, threw himself into the Crowd, and so marched off: And this Adventure, he adds, was more useful to him, than all the Compliments he had expected could have been.

HENCE

HENCE we have a Copy of the greatest Part of Mankind, and often without their own perceiving it. For to hear *Tully* talk, he was as remote as possible from any such Weakness. *Nihil est in me inane*, says he to *Brutus*, *neque enim debet*. Nobody, says he again in a Letter to *Cato*, was ever less fond of Commendation and the vain Applauses of the People than I am.

To comprehend the better how little and mean this Vanity is, we need but open our Eyes, and consider how great and noble is the opposite Conduct. A few Particulars, which I shall here explain, will set the Matter in a clear Light.

I. *To bear Praise with Pain, and to speak of One's self with Modesty.*

THIS Virtue, which seems to throw a Veil over the most glorious Actions, and is careful only to conceal them, serves to set them off the more, and give them a greater Luster.

*NIGER*, who took the Title of Emperor in the East, refused the Panegyric they would have spoke in his Praise, and made himself the more deserving of it by the Motives upon which he refused it. Make, says he, a Panegyric upon the Commanders of old, that what they have done may teach us what we should do. For 'tis a Jest to speak in Praise of a Man that is alive, and especially a Prince; 'tis not to commend him for doing well, but to flatter him in Hopes of a Reward. For my own Part, I should chuse to be beloved whilst I live, and praised when I am dead.

II. *Heartily to contribute to the Reputation of others.*

*Scipio Africanus*, that he might procure his Brother the Conduct of the important War which was to be made against *Antiochus* the Great, engaged to serve under him, as one of his Lieutenants. In this subaltern Post, he was so far from endeavouring to divide the Honour of the Victory with his Brother, that he made it both a Duty and a Pleasure to leave the whole Glory of it entirely to him, and to make him his Equal in every Respect, by the Defeat of an Enemy no less formidable

dable than *Hannibal*, and by the Title of *Asiaticus*, as glorious as that of *Africanus*.

*M. Aurelius*, by a like Delicacy, and as generous a Disregard of Glory, denied himself the Pleasure of attending upon his Daughter *Lucilla* into the East, whom he married to *Lucius Verus*, who was at that Time engaged in the War with *Parthia*, lest his Presence should give a Check to the growing Reputation of his Son-in-Law, and seem to draw upon himself the Honor of putting an End to that important War, to the other's Prejudice.

*LÆLIUS*, the intimate Friend of the second *Scipio*, had twice pleaded in a very important Cause, and the Judges had twice ordered a more ample Enquiry. The Parties exhorting him not to be discouraged, he persuaded them to put their Affair into the Hands of *Galba*, who was a fitter Person than he, to plead for them, as he spoke with more Force and Vehemence. In short, *Galba*, in one single Audience, carried all their Voices, and absolutely gained his Cause. Such a disinterested Disposition in Point of Reputation must be owned to have some Thing very great in it. But, says *Cicero*, it was then customary to do Justice to another's Merit without Scruple. *Erat omnium tum mos, ut faciles essent in suum cuique tribuendo.*

I HAVE always admired the Ingenuity and Candor of *Virgil*, who was under no Apprehension, by introducing *Horace* to *Mæcenas*, of raising himself a Rival, that might contend with him for Wit and Genius; and if not entirely carry away, yet divide with him the Favours and good Graces of their common Protector. But, says *Horace*, we do not live thus at *Mæcenas's*. Never was House more removed from mean Sentiments than his, nor a purer and more noble Manner of Living any where practised. The Merit and Credit of one never gave any Offence to another. Every one has his Place, and is content with it.

III.



III. *To sacrifice his own Reputation for the Good of the Public.*

THERE are some Occasions, where an honest Man is obliged to sacrifice his Reputation to preserve his Virtue; to give up his Glory for a Time, that he might not part with his Conscience, and march with a firm Resolution where Duty calls him amidst Reproach and Infamy, by courageously despising the Contempt that is fixed upon him. Nothing is a greater Sign of a steady Adherence to Virtue, than a Sacrifice so generous and so disagreeable to human Nature.

PLUTARCH observes, that *Pericles*, at a Time when all the Citizens were crying out against him, and blaming his Conduct, like an able Pilot, who in a Storm regards only the Rules of his Art for saving the Ship, and overlooks the Cries, Lamentations, and Prayers of all around him; that *Pericles*, I say, after having taken all possible Precautions for the Security of the State, pursued his own Scheme, without troubling himself about the Murmurs, Complaining, Threats, injurious Ballads, Railleries, Insults, and Accusations thrown out against him.

THIS Example is well known, but is now scarce followed by any Body. Men are not attached to the State by any real Ties, they often serve the Public out of a View to private Interest. Upon the least Disgust they quit the Service; and this Disgust is often founded upon a false Notion of Honor, which takes Offence at a very just Preference. There are few who talk and think like the *Lacedæmonian*, that seeing himself left out of the new erected Council, said he was overjoyed to find there were Three hundred Men in the City that were better than himself.

*Wherein solid Glory and real Greatness consist.*

WHATEVER is external to a Man, whatever may be common to good and bad, does not make him truly valuable. We must judge of a Man by the Heart.

Heart. From thence proceed great Designs, great Actions, and great Virtues. Solid Glory, which cannot be imitated by Pride, nor equalled by Pomp, resides in the Source of personal Qualifications, and noble Sentiments. To be good, liberal, beneficent, and generous; to value Riches only for the Sake of distributing them, Places of Honour for the Service of our Country, Power and Credit to be in a Condition to suppress Vice and reward Virtue; to be really good without seeking to appear so; to bear Poverty nobly, to suffer Injuries and Affronts with Patience, to stifle Resentments, and do all Sorts of good Offices to an Enemy, when we have it in our Power to be revenged on him; to prefer the public Good to every Thing beside, to sacrifice our Wealth to it, our Repose, Life, and Reputation, if required; this is what makes a Man truly great, and really deserving of Esteem.

TAKE away Probity from the most eminent Actions, the most valuable Dispositions, And what are they but Objects of Contempt? Are the Drunkenness of *Alexander*, the Murder of his best Friends, his insatiable Thirst after Praise and Flattery, and his Vanity in desiring to pass for the Son of *Jupiter*, though he did not believe it himself, Are these consistent with the Character of a great Prince? When we see *Marius*, and after him *Sylla*, pouring out the Blood of the *Roman* Citizens in vast Streams, for the Establishment of their own Power, Can we pay any Regard to their Victories and Triumphs?

ON the other Hand, when we hear the Emperor *Titus* using that celebrated Expression, *My Friends, I have lost a Day*, because he had done Good to No-body; and another, upon being pressed to sign a Warrant for Execution, saying, *I could wish I knew not how to write*; or the Emperor *Theodosius*, after having set the Prisoners at Liberty on an *Easter-Day*, *Would to God I could also open the Graves, and give Life to the Dead*; when we see a young *Scipio* courageously surmounting a Passion, which overcomes the greatest Part of Mankind; and upon another Occasion giving Lectures of Continence  
and

and Wisdom to a young Prince who had swerved from his Duty ; when we see a Tribune of the People, a declared Enemy of the said *Scipio's*, loudly engaged in his Defence against the unjust Accusers, who had conspired his Destruction ; and, lastly, When we read in History any Actions of Liberality, Generosity, Disinterestedness, Clemency, or Forgetfulness of Injuries, is it in our Power to refuse them our Esteem and Admiration, and do we not still find ourselves affected, after so many Ages past, with the bare Recital of them ?

When the great *Conde* commanded the *Spanish* Army in *Flanders*, and laid Siege to one of the *French* Towns, a Soldier being ill-treated by a General Officer, and struck several Times with a Cane for some disrespectful Words he had let fall, answered very coolly, that he should soon make him repent of it. Fifteen Days after, the same general Officer ordered the Colonel of the *Trenches*, to find him out a bold and intrepid Fellow in his Regiment, for a notable Piece of Work he wanted to be done, for which he promised a Reward of a hundred Pistoles. The Soldier we are speaking of, who passed for the bravest of his Regiment, offered his Service, and going with thirty of his Comrades, which he was left to make Choice of himself, he discharged his Commission, which was a very hazardous one, with incredible Courage and good Fortune. Upon his Return, the General Officer highly commended him, and gave him the hundred Pistoles he had promised. The Soldier presently distributed them among his Comrades, saying he did not serve for Pay, and demanded only, that if his late Action seemed to deserve any Recompence, they would make him an Officer. And now, Sir, adds he to the General Officer (who did not know him) *I am the Soldier you abused so much fifteen Days ago, and I told you I would make you repent of it.* The general Officer in great Admiration, and melting into Tears, threw his Arms around his Neck, begged his Pardon, and gave him a Commission that very Day.

The



The great *Condé* took a Pleasure in telling this Story, as the bravest Action in the Soldier he had ever heard of.

*HENRY II.* of France, (if I am not mistaken) having offered the famous *Henry de Mesmes* the Place of Advocate-General, he took the Liberty to represent to his Majesty, that the Place was not vacant. It is, answered the King, because I am dissatisfied with the Person that fills it, *Excuse me, Sir*, answered *Henry de Mesmes*, after having modestly spoke in Defence of the Person accused, *I had rather tear up the Ground with my Nails, than enter into that Post through such a Gate.* The King gave Ear to his Remonstrance, and continued the Advocate-General in his Place; who coming the next Day to thank him for the Services he had done him, *Henry de Mesmes* would scarce accept of his Acknowledgments for an Action which he said was an indispensable Duty, and could not have been omitted without disgracing himself for ever.

AND here I must ask, when we read of such Actions, Can we possibly resist the Impression they make upon our Hearts? 'Tis the Voice and Testimony of an upright, sound, and pure Nature, not yet corrupted by ill Examples and bad Principles, which should be the Rule of our Judgments, and in a Manner the Basis of this Taste of solid Glory and real Greatness I am now speaking of. And 'tis our Business only to attend to this Voice, to consult it universally, and conform to it.

I KNOW very well, that something else is requisite; besides Precepts and Examples, to make a Man thus superior to the strongest Passions, and that God alone can inspire him with these Sentiments of Nobleness and Grandeur, as the Heathens themselves inform us. But we cannot too much inculcate these Principles upon Youth; and it were to be wished they could never hear any other Discourse, and that these Precepts were continually in their Ears. The principal Fruit of History is to preserve and support in them those Sentiments of Probity and Integrity we bring into the World with us; or, if they have swerved from them, to draw them  
back

Back by Degrees, and re-kindle in them those precious Sparks, by frequent Examples of Virtue.

WHEN, upon every Point of History that is read to them, or at least upon the brightest and most important, they are asked what they think, what seems beautiful, great, and commendable, and, on the other Hand, what appears blameable and contemptible, it seldom happens, but Youth answer justly and rationally, and pass a sound and equitable Judgment upon all that is set before them. 'Tis this Answer, this Judgment, which, as I have already said, is in them the Voice of Nature and right Reason, and cannot be suspected as not being suggested to them, that becomes to them the Rule of a good Taste with respect to solid Glory and true Greatness. When they see a *Regulus* exposing himself to the most cruel Torments, rather than break his Word; a *Cyrus* and a *Scipio* making a public Profession of Continence and Wisdom; all the ancient *Romans*, so illustrious, and so generally esteemed, leading a poor, frugal, and sober Life; and, on the other Hand, see Actions of Treachery, Debauchery, Dissoluteness, low and sordid Avarice, in great and considerable Persons, they hesitate not a Moment before they pronounce in Favour of the Side they ought.

ONE would think nothing could be added to these noble Sentiments which the *Pagans* give us of human Power and Greatness, or to the Examples of Virtue which I have quoted above in such great Abundance. But let us hear what a wise Man says, who was brought up, not in the School of *Plato* or *Socrates*, but of *Jesus Christ*, I mean *St Augustine*, who, after having drawn the Character of a great Prince, teaches us, by one Circumstance he adds to the Descriptions of the Ancients, wherein solid Glory consists, and how far Christianity exceeds the *Pagan* Virtues, which were principally founded in Vanity and Pride.

' WE do not call Christian Princes great and happy, ' says this Father, speaking of the Emperors, for ' having reigned long, or for dying in Peace, and ' leaving

' leaving their Children behind them on the Throne,  
 ' for having conquered the Enemies of the State, or  
 ' suppressed an Insurrection, Advantages, which are  
 ' common to them with such Princes as are Worship-  
 ' ers of Devils. But we call them great and happy,  
 ' when they make Justice to flourish, and amidst the  
 ' Praises that are given them; and the Respects that  
 ' are paid them, do not grow proud, but remember  
 ' they are Men; when they submit their Power to  
 ' the sovereign Power of the Lord of Kings; and  
 ' make it subservient only to the Establishment of true  
 ' Religion; when they fear God, love him, and wor-  
 ' ship him; when they value not their Kingdom in  
 ' Comparison of him, and at the Time they are under  
 ' no Apprehensions of Rivals or Enemies; when they  
 ' are slow to punish, and ready to pardon; when they  
 ' punish only for the Good of the State, and not the  
 ' Gratification of their own Vengeance, and pardon  
 ' only with a View to correct, and not to give Encou-  
 ' ragement to Wickedness; when, being obliged to  
 ' use Severity, they temper it with some Action of  
 ' Mildness and Clemency; when they are so much the  
 ' more reserved in their Pleasures, as they are more at  
 ' Liberty to indulge themselves in them; when they  
 ' rather chuse to command their Passions, than to go-  
 ' vern all the Nations of the World; AND WHEN  
 ' THEY DO ALL THESE THINGS, NOT WITH A  
 ' VIEW TO VAIN GLORY, BUT THROUGH THE  
 ' LOVE OF ETERNAL HAPPINESS.'

'T WAS not in the Power of *Paganism* to inspire such  
 noble Sentiments, and, at the same Time, so pure from  
 all Self-Love and vain Glory. *Hæc omnia faciunt, non  
 propter ardorem inanis gloriæ, sed propter caritatem felici-  
 tatis æternæ.* Nothing but the School of *Christ* was  
 capable of raising Man to so high a Degree of Perfection,  
 as to make him absolutely forget himself in the Midst of  
 the greatest Actions, that he might refer them only to  
 GOD, wherein his entire Greatness and Glory consists.  
 For whilst a Man continues wrapt up in himself, let  
 him



him make what Efforts he will to appear great, and raise himself, he remains still what he is, low and mean; and can really become great only by uniting himself to him who is the only Source of all Glory and Greatness.

HENCE arose that innumerable Company of Christian Heroes, of every Condition, Sex, and Age. Persons of the greatest Rank and Distinction laid down at the Foot of the Cross their Riches, Grandeur, Magnificence, Dignities, Sciences, Eloquence, and Reputation, and counted all those Sacrifices as of no Value. *Paulinus*, the Honour of *France*, and Glory of his Age, whilst all the World stood in Admiration at his Generosity, in distributing the immense Riches he possessed in several Provinces among the Poor, thought he had yet done nothing, and compared himself to a Wrestler preparing to engage, or a Man that was ready to swim over a River, who had neither of them made any great Progress by putting off their Cloaths.

WHAT shall I say of the Multitude of illustrious Ladies, who were some of them descended from the *Scipio's* and the *Gracchi*, *Paula*, *Olympias*, *Marcella*, *Melania*, and did such Honor to the Gospel, by treading under Foot the Poms and Vanities of the World? How great was that Speech of *Marcella's*, when, after she had distributed all her Goods to the Poor, seeing *Rome* taken and pillaged by the *Goths*, thanked GOD she had secured her Wealth before, and that the Loss of the City had found her poor, and not made her so! *Quod pauperem illam non fecisset captivitas, sed invenisset.*

No Triumph ever equalled that which Christian Humility gained in the Person of *Melania* when she went to *Nola* to visit *Paulinus*. We have an eloquent Description of it given us by the Saint himself. All her Family, *that is*, the greatest and most eminent Persons in *Rome*, waited upon her, and resolved by Way of Honour to attend her in this Journey with all the usual Pomp belonging to Persons of their Quality. The *Appian* Way was covered over with Gilt and splendid Coaches,

Coaches, with Horses richly harnessed, and Chariots, of all Kinds in Abundance. In the Midst of this pompous Train marched a Lady venerable for her Age, and still more so for her grave and modest Deportment, mounted on a little lean Horse, and cloathed in a Garment of plain Serge. All Eyes however were turned and fixed upon the humble *Melania*. No-body took any Notice of the Gold, the Silk, and Purple, which glittered around her; the coarse Stuff extinguished all that vain Splendor. There was seen in the Children what the Mother had quitted and trampled under Foot, as a Sacrifice to *Jesus Christ*.

THE great Lords and Ladies, who made up this pompous Retinue, instead of being ashamed of the vile and abject Condition the holy Widow appeared in, thought it an Honor to draw near to her, and touch her Garments, thinking by this humble and respectful Condescension to expiate the Pride of their own Riches and Magnificence. Thus, upon this Occasion, the Pomp of the *Roman* Greatness paid Homage to the Poverty of the Gospel.

### *Of profane History.*

THE Rules and Principles for the Study of profane History may be reduced to six or seven. To reduce this Study to Order and Method: To observe what relates to Usages and Customs: Principally to enquire after the Truth: To endeavour to find out the Causes of the Rise and Fall of Empires, the Victory or Loss of Battles, and Events of the like Nature: To study the Character of the People, and great Men mentioned in History: To attend to such Instructions as concern Manners and the Conduct of Life: And lastly, carefully to take Notice of every Thing that relates to Religion.

I. DIVIDE the whole Body of an History into certain Parts and Intervals, which at once lay before the Mind

a Kind of general Plan of the whole History, point out the principal Events, and let us into the Series and Duration of them. These Divisions must not be too many, lest they throw us into Confusion and Obscurity.

THUS the whole Time of the *Roman* History from *Romulus* to *Augustus*, which takes in Seven hundred and twenty-three Years, may be divided into five Parts.

THE first Division from the Building of the City includes the Reigns of the seven Kings, which lasted Two hundred and forty four Years.

THE second is from the Establishment of the Consuls to the Conquest of *Rome*, and takes in an hundred and twenty Years. It includes the Establishment of the Consuls, the Tribunes of the People, the Decemvirs, the military Tribunes with consular Power, the Siege and Conquest of *Veii*.

THE third is from the Sacking of *Rome* to the first *Punic* War, and takes in an Hundred and twenty four Years. It includes the Conquest of *Rome* by the *Gauls*, the War with the *Samnites*, and against *Pyrhus*, &c.

So much Chronology as is sufficient to give a clear and distinct Idea, not of the precise Year of every particular Fact, but, in general, of the Age wherein the most considerable Events fell out, is needful.

GEOGRAPHY also is absolutely necessary for the Boys, and for Want of learning it when they are young, Abundance of Persons continue ignorant of it all the rest of their Lives, and expose themselves to such Mistakes upon this Article, as make them look ridiculous.

II. 'Tis a Matter of great Consequence, whilst we are upon the Study of History, to take Notice of the different Usages of Countries, the Invention of Arts, the respective Manners of Living, Building, Fighting, disposing of Sieges, or defending Towns, of building Ships, and Sailing; the Ceremonies of their Marriages, Funerals, and Sacrifices; in a Word, whatever relates to Customs and Antiquity.



III. WHAT makes the most essential Qualification and indispensable Duty of an Historian, points out at the same Time what should be the principal Care of every Reader of History. Now we all know, that 'tis principally required of an Historian, that being free from all Passion and Prejudice, he should not presume to advance any Falshoods, and have always Courage to speak the Truth. Negligences in his Style may be passed over, but Want of Sincerity is inexcusable; and herein lies the Difference between an History and a Poem. As the principal End of a Poem is to divert the Reader, it necessarily shocks and offends him, if it wants Art or Elegance; whereas an History, however written, it is always sure to give Pleasure, if it is true, as it satisfies a Desire natural to Mankind, who are fond of knowing, and always curious in enquiring after some Thing new, but can't bear to be put off with Falshood instead of Truth, or idle Imaginations for real Facts.

THIS Love for Truth, which we should endeavour to instil into them, as much as possible, may be of great Service to preserve them from a bad Taste, which was formerly very prevalent, I mean, that of reading Romances and fabulous Tales, which by Degrees extinguish the Love and Taste of Truth, and make the Mind incapable of attending to such useful and serious Lectures, as speak more to the Reason than the Imagination

IV. Endeavour to find out the Causes of Events; *Polybius*, who was as able at the Pen as at the Sword, and was no less a good Writer than an excellent Officer, takes Notice in several Places, that the best Manner of writing and studying History, is not to stop at the bare Recital of Facts, the gaining or losing a Battle, the Rise or Fall of Empires; but to search into the Reason of them, and join together all the Circumstances and Consequences attending them; to lay open, if possible, the secret Designs and hidden Springs in each Event; go back to the Original of Things, and the most distant Preparations; to distinguish the real Causes of a War

from the specious Pretences 'tis covered with ; and above all to attend to what has decided the Success of an Enterprize, the Fate of a Battle, and the Ruin of a State. Without this, says he, History gives the Reader an agreeable Spectacle, but conveys no useful Instruction ; it serves to satisfy his Curiosity for a Moment, but it is of no Consequence in the Conduct of Life.

He takes hence Occasion to lay down a very useful Principle for the Study of History, which is to distinguish exactly three Things, the Beginnings, the Causes, and the Pretexes of a War. The Beginnings are the first Steps that are openly taken, and follow upon the Resolutions that are made in private ; such was the Siege of *Saguntum*. The Causes are the different Dispositions of Men's Minds, particular Discontents, Injuries received, and the Hopes of Success ; such, in the Fact we are speaking of, were the Loss of *Sicily* and *Sardinia*, joined to the Imposition of new Taxes, and the favourable Opportunity of so able and experienced an Officer at their Head as *Hannibal*. The Pretexes are only a Veil, which serves to conceal the real Causes.

*M. Bossuet*, Bishop of *Meaux*, observes likewise in his Discourse upon universal History, that we must not only consider the Rise and Fall of Empires, but must also examine thoroughly the Causes of their Progress, and the Reasons of their Declension. ' For, says he, ' the same GOD, who has hung the World together, ' as it were upon Chains, and Almighty as he is, hath ' thought fit, for the Establishment of Order, that the ' several Parts of this great Whole should depend upon ' one another ; the same GOD hath been pleased, so ' to direct the Course of human Affairs, as to have ' their Dependencies and Proportions. I mean, that ' Men and Nations have had Qualities suited to the Elevation for which they were designed ; and except ' in some extraordinary Cases, wherein GOD would ' shew the Mightiness of his own Arm, there have happened no great Alterations, which have not had their ' Causes in the preceding Ages. And as in all Affairs there

'there is what prepares them, what determines to the  
 'Undertaking of them, and what makes them succeed,  
 'the true Knowledge of History is to observe at all  
 'Times the secret Dispositions, which paved the Way  
 'to great Events, and the important Conjunctions which  
 'brought them to pass. In short, it is not enough to  
 'look streight before us, I mean, to take a present  
 'View of the great Events which decide at once the  
 'Fortune of Empires : Whoever would thoroughly  
 'understand human Affairs, must go further back, and  
 'observe the Inclinations and Manners, or to say all in  
 'a Word, the Character both of the People that prevail  
 'in general, and of Princes in particular ; and *lastly*, of  
 'all the extraordinary Men, who, through the Import-  
 'ance of the Station they bore in the World, have con-  
 'tributed well or ill to the Change of Estates, or For-  
 'tune of the Public.'

V. STUDY the Character of the People and great  
 Men mentioned in History. For what regards the  
 Character of Nations, I cannot do better than refer  
 the Reader to the Remarks *M. Bossuet* has made upon  
 this Subject, in the second Part of his Discourse upon  
 universal History.

WE see there with infinite Pleasure, as in a Review,  
 all the Nations and People of the World pass before  
 our Eyes, with their good and evil Dispositions, their  
 Manners, Customs, and different Inclinations ; *Egyptians*,  
*Affyrians*, *Persians*, *Medes*, *Greeks*, and *Romans*.  
 We there see all the Kingdoms of the World, rising as  
 it were out of the Earth, gradually advancing by almost  
 an insensible Increase, extending at last their Conquests  
 on every Side, arriving by different Means at the Height  
 of human Greatness, and falling at once from that  
 Height by sudden Revolutions, and lost, as I may say,  
 and sunk into that nothing from whence they sprung.  
 But what is still more worthy of our Attention is, that  
 we see there the Causes of their Advancement and their  
 Fall, in the Manners of the People, their Characters,  
 their Virtues and Vices. We learn there, not only



to discover the secret and hidden Springs of human Politics, which give the Movement to all Actions and Enterprises; but to discern withal a sovereign Being, watching and presiding over all, directing and conducting every Event, and disposing and absolutely deciding the Fate of all the Kingdoms and Empires of the World.

WHAT I have said of People, may also be understood of the great and illustrious Men, who have been distinguished for the Good or Ill they have wrought in every Nation. We must diligently apply ourselves to study their Genius, natural Inclination, Virtues, Faults, particular and personal Qualifications; in a Word, the peculiar Disposition which prevails in them, and distinguishes them from the Rest of Mankind; for that is properly to know them. Otherwise we see only the Surface and Outside of them; and Men are not to be discerned or judged of by their Dress or their Countenance only.

NEITHER must we expect to know them, principally, from such of their Actions as make the most glorious Figure. When they expose themselves to the Public, they may dissemble, and lie under a Restraint, by assuming for a Time the Visage and Mask which suits best with the Character they are to support. They shew themselves most to be what they are, in private, in the Closet, and at Home, where they are unreserved, and without Disguise. 'Tis there they act and talk as Nature directs.

VI OBSERVE in History what relates to Manners and the Conduct of Life.

THE Observations I have already mentioned, are not the only Ones to be made, nor the most essential: such as relate to the Regulation of Manners are still more important. 'The greatest Advantage, says Livy, in his excellent Preface, arising from the Knowledge of History, is, that you may see there Examples of every Kind set in the clearest Light. You have Patterns for your Imitation both in your own private Conduct, and in the Administration of public

' Af-

‘ Affairs ; you see there also such Actions as are vicious in their first setting out, are fatal in their Event, and for that Reason ought to be avoided.

THE Case is near the same with the Study of History as with Traveling. If it is confined barely to the passing over Countries, the visiting of Cities, the examining the Beauty and Magnificence of the Buildings and public Monuments, Where is the mighty Advantage attending it ? Does it make a Man wiser, more regular, or temperate ? Does it remove his Prejudices, or take away his Errors ? The Novelty and Variety of these Objects may amuse him for a Time, like a Child, and he may gaze upon them with a stupid Admiration. But if this is all, it is not to travel, but to wander, and to lose both his Time and his Trouble. *Non est hoc peregrinari, sed errare.* ’Tis said of *Ulysses* that he took a View of Abundance of Cities, but not till after it had been observed before, that he applied himself to study the Manners and Genius of the People.

VII. CAREFULLY to take Notice of every Thing that bears Relation to Religion.

I HAVE one Observation more to make upon the Study of History, which consists in carefully observing, whatever relates to Religion, and the great Truths which are necessarily dependent upon it. For amidst the confused Chaos of ridiculous Opinions, absurd Ceremonies, impious Sacrifices, and detestable Principles, which Idolatry, the Daughter and Mother of Ignorance and Corruption, has brought into the World, to the Reproach of human Reason and Understanding, there are still to be discerned some precious Remains of almost all the fundamental Truths of our holy Religion. There we more especially see the Existence of a Being supreme in Power, and supremely just, the absolute Lord of Kings and Kingdoms, whose Providence rules all the Events of *this* Life ; whose Justice prepares for the *next* the Rewards and Chastisements that are due to the righteous and the wicked ; and, lastly, whose all-piercing Eye searches into the secret Corners of our Consciences,

and

and spreads Trouble and Confusion there, whether we will or no.

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*Birth of Socrates. He applies at first to Sculpture; then to the Study of the Sciences: His wonderful Progress in them. His Taste for moral Philosophy: His Manner of living, and Sufferings from the Humour of his Wife.*

**S**OCRATES was born at *Athens*, in the fourth Year of the seventy-seventh Olympiad. His Father was a Sculptor, named *Sophoniscus*; and his Mother a Midwife, called *Phanareté*. Hence we may observe, that Meanness of Birth is no Obstacle to true Merit, in which alone solid Glory and real Nobility consist. It appears from the Comparisons *Socrates* often used in his Discourses, that he was neither ashamed of his Father's, or Mother's Profession. He was surprized that a Sculptor should employ his whole Attention to mould an insensible Stone into the Likeness of a Man; and that a Man should take so little Pains not to resemble an insensible Stone. He would often say, that he exercised the Function of a Midwife with regard to the Mind, in making it bring forth all its Thoughts, which was indeed the peculiar Talent of *Socrates*. He treated Subjects in so simple, natural, and pure an Order, that he made those with whom he disputed, say what he would, and find an Answer themselves for all the Questions he proposed to them. He at first learned his Father's Trade, in which he made himself very expert. In the Time of *Pausanius*, there was a *Mercury*, and the *Graces*, to be seen at *Athens* of his Workmanship, and it is to be presumed these Statues would not have found Place amongst those of the greatest Masters in the Art, if they had not been thought worthy of it.



*CRITON* is reported to have taken him out of his Father's Shop, from the Admiration of his fine Genius, and the Opinion that it was inconsistent for a young Man capable of the greatest Things to continue perpetually employed upon Stone, with a Chissel in his Hand. He was the Disciple of *Archelaus*, who conceived a great Affection for him. *Archelaus* had been the same to *Anaxagoras*, a very celebrated Philosopher. His first Study was Physics, the Works of Nature, and the Movement of the Heavens, Stars, and Planets, according to the Custom of those Times, wherein only that Part of Philosophy was known, and *Xenophon* assures us of his being very learned in it. But after having found by his own Experience, how difficult, abstruse, intricate, and also little useful that Kind of Learning was to the Generality of Mankind, he was the first, according to *Cicero*, who conceived the Thought of bringing down Philosophy from Heaven, to place it in Cities, and introduce it into private Houses; humanizing it, to use that Expression, and rendering it more familiar, more useful in common Life, more within the Reach of Man's Capacity, and applying it solely to what might render them more rational, just, and virtuous. He found there was a Kind of Folly in laying out all the Vivacity of his Mind, and employing his whole Time in Enquiries merely curious, involved in impenetrable Darkness, and absolutely incapable of contributing to human Happiness, whilst he neglected to inform himself in the ordinary Duties of Life, and in learning what is conformable or opposite to Piety, Justice, and Probity; in what Fortitude, Temperance, and Wisdom consist; what is the End of all Government, what the Rules of it, and what Qualities are necessary for commanding and ruling well. We shall see in the Sequel the Use he made of this Study.

It was so far from preventing him to discharge the Duties of a good Citizen, that it was the Means of rendering him more perfect in them. He bore Arms, as did all the People of *Athens*, but with purer and more ele-

elevated Motives. He made many Campaigns, was present in many Actions, and always distinguished himself by his Valor and Fortitude. He was seen, towards the End of his Life, giving in the Senate, of which he was a Member, the most shining Proofs of his Zeal for Justice, without being intimidated by the greatest Dangers before his Eyes.

HE had accustomed himself early to a sober, severe, laborious Life ; without which it seldom happens, that Men are capable of discharging the greatest Part of the Duties of a good Citizen. It is difficult to carry the Contempt of Riches and the Love of Poverty farther than he did. He looked upon it as a divine Perfection to be in Want of nothing, and believed, the less we were contented with, the nearer we approached to the Divinity. Seeing the Pomp and Shew displayed by Luxury in certain Ceremonies, and the infinite Quantity of Gold and Silver exhibited in them. 'How many Things, said he, congratulating himself on his Condition, do I not want !' *Quantis non egeo !*

HIS Father left him fourscore Minæ, that is to say, four thousand Livres, which he lent to one of his Friends who had Occasion for that Sum. But the Affairs of that Friend having taken an ill Turn, he lost the Whole, and suffered that Misfortune with such Indifference and Tranquility, that he did not so much as complain of it. We find in *Xenophon's* Oeconomics, that his All amounted to no more than five Minæ, or two hundred and fifty Livres. The richest Persons of *Athens* were his Friends, who could never prevail upon him to accept any Share of their Wealth. When he was in Want of any Thing, he was not ashamed to declare it. *If I had Money*, said he one Day in an Assembly of his Friends, *I should buy me a Cloak*. He did not address himself to any Body in particular, but contented himself with that general Information. His Disciples contended for the Honor of making him this small Present, which was being too slow, says *Seneca* ;  
their

their own Observation ought to have prevented both the Want and the Demand.

HE generously refused the Offers and Presents of *Archelaus* King of *Macedonia*, who was desirous of having him come and live with him; adding, *that he would not go to a Man who could give him more than it was in his Power to return.* Another Philosopher does not approve this Answer. 'Was it making a Prince so small Return, says *Seneca*, to undeceive him in his false Ideas of Grandeur and Magnificence; to inspire him with a Contempt for Riches; to shew him the right Use of them; to instruct him in the great Art of reigning; in a Word, to teach him how to live, and how to die? But, continues *Seneca*, the true Reason which prevented his going to the Court of that Prince, was, that he did not think it consistent for him to seek a voluntary Servitude, whose Liberty a free City could not suffer him to enjoy.' *Noluit ire ad voluntariam servitutem, is cujus libertatem civitas libera ferre non potuit.*

THE peculiar Austerity of his Life did not render him gloomy and morose, as was common enough with the Philosophers of those Times. In Company and Conversation he was always gay and pleasant, and the sole Joy and Spirit of the Entertainment. Tho' he was very poor, he piqued himself upon the Neatness of his Person and House, and could not suffer the ridiculous Affectation of *Antisthenes*, who always wore dirty and ragged Cloaths. He told him once, that through the Holes in his Cloak, and the rest of his Tatters, Abundance of Vanity might be discovered.

ONE of the most distinguishing Qualities of *Socrates*, was a Tranquility of Soul, that no Accident, no Loss, no Injury, no ill Treatment, could ever alter. Some have believed that he was by Nature hasty and passionate, and that the Moderation to which he had attained, was the Effect of his Reflexions and Endeavours to subdue and correct himself; which still augments its Merit. *Seneca* tells us, that he had desired his Friends to apprise him whenever they saw him ready to fall  
into



into a Passion. Indeed the best Time to call in Aid against Rage and Anger, which have so violent and sudden a Power over us, is when we are yet ourselves, and in cool Blood. At the first Signal, the least Animadversion, he either lowered his Voice, or was silent. Finding himself in great Emotion against a Slave, 'I 'would beat you, says he, if I were not angry.' *Cederem te, nisi irrascebar.* Having received a Box on the Ear, he contented himself with only saying, with a Smile, 'Tis a Misfortune not to know when to arm One's Head with a Helmet.

WITHOUT going out of his own House, he found enough to exercise his Patience in all its Extent, *Xantippé*, his Wife, put it to the severest Proofs, by her capricious, passionate, violent Disposition. It seems before he took her for his Companion, that he was not ignorant of her Character; and he says himself, in *Xenophon*, that he had expressly chosen her, from the Conviction, that if he should be capable of bearing her Insults, there would be no Body, tho' ever so difficult to endure, with whom he could not live. Never was Woman of so violent and fantastical a Spirit, and so bad a Temper. There was no Kind of Abuse, or injurious Treatment, which he had not to experience from her. She would sometimes be transported with such an Excess of Choler, as to tear off his Cloak in the open Street; and even one Day, after having vented all the Reproaches her Fury could suggest, she emptied a Pot upon his Head; at which he only laughed, and said, *That so much Thunder must needs produce a Shower.*

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*Of the Demon, or familiar Spirit of Socrates.*

OUR Knowledge of *Socrates* would be defective, if we knew nothing of the Genius, which, he said, had assisted him with its Counsel and Protection in the greatest Part of his Actions. It is not agreed amongst Authors, what this Genius was, commonly called *The De-*

*Dæmon of Socrates*, from the *Greek* Word that signifies something of a divine Nature, conceived as a secret Voice, a Sign, or such an Inspiration as Diviners are supposed to have had. This Genius diverted him from forming any Enterprizes that might have been prejudicial to him, without ever enjoining him any Action. *Esse divinum quoddam, quod Socrates Dæmonium appellat, cui semper ipse paruerit, nunquam impellenti, sæpe revocanti.* *Plutarch*, in his Treatise which has for its Title, *Of the Genius of Socrates*, repeats the different Sentiments of the Ancients upon the Existence and Nature of this Genius. I shall confine myself to that of them which seems the most natural and reasonable, tho' he does not lay much Stress upon it.

WE know that the Divinity has a clear and unerring Knowledge of Futurity; that Man cannot penetrate into its Darkness, but by uncertain and confused Conjectures that those who have succeeded best in that Research, are such, who, by a more exact and received Comparison of the different Causes that may influence future Events, have distinguished with more Force and Perspicuity, what would be the Result and Issue of the Conflict of those different Causes, and how contribute to the Success or Miscarriage of an Effect or Enterprize. This Foresight and Discernment has something of divine in it, exalts us above the rest of Mankind, approaches us to the Divinity, and makes us participate in some Measure in his Counsels and Designs, by giving us an Insight and Prescience to a certain Degree of what he has ordained concerning the future. *Socrates* had a just and piercing Judgment, joined with the most exquisite Prudence. He might call this Judgment and Prudence *something divine*, using indeed a Kind of Equivocality in the Expression, without attributing to himself, however, the Merit of his Wisdom in conjecturing upon the future. The *Abbé Fraguier* comes very near the same Opinion, in the Dissertation he has left us upon this Subject, in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres*.

THE Effect, or rather Function of this Genius, was to stop and prevent his acting, without ever inducing him to act. He received also the same Impulse, when his Friends were ready to engage in any bad Affair, and communicated it to him; and several Instances are related, wherein they found themselves very unfortunate, for not having hearkned to him. Now, what other Signification can be given to this, than that it implies, under mysterious Terms, a Mind, which, by its proper Lights, and the Knowledge of Mankind, has attained a Sort of Insight into Futurity? And if *Socrates* had not intended to lessen, in his own Person, the Merit of an unerring Judgment, by attributing it to a Kind of Instinct, if at Bottom he had desired any Thing to be understood, besides the general Aid of the divine Wisdom, which speaks in every Man by the Voice of Reason, Would he have escaped, says *Xenophon*, the Censure of Arrogance and Falshood.

GOD has always prevented me from speaking to you, says he to *Alcibiades*, whilst the Weakness of your Age would have rendered my Discourses ineffectual to you. But I conceive I may now enter into Dispute with you, as an ambitious young Man, for whom the Laws open a Way to the Dignities of the Republic. Is it not visible here, that Prudence prevented *Socrates* from treating *Alcibiades* seriously, at a Time when grave and severe Conversation would have given him a Disgust, of which he might perhaps never have gotten the better. And when, in his Dialogue upon the Commonwealth, *Socrates* ascribes his avoiding public Business to Inspiration from above, does he mean any Thing more than what he says in his Apology, that a just and good Man, who intermeddles with the Government in a corrupt State, is not long without perishing? If, when he appears before the Judges that were to condemn him, that divine Voice is not heard to prevent him, as it was upon dangerous Occasions, the Reason is, that he did not deem it a Misfortune for him to die, especially at his Age, and in his Circumstances. Every Body knows what his



his Prognostication had been long before, upon the unfortunate Expedition of *Sicily*. He attributed it to his *Dæmon*, and declared it to be the Inspiration of that Spirit. A wise Man, who sees an Affair ill concerted, and conducted with Passion, may easily prophesy upon the Event of it, without the Aid of a *Dæmon's* Inspiration.

It must be allowed, however, that the Opinion, which gives Men *Genii* and Angels to direct and guard them, was not unknown even to the *Pagans*. *Plutarch* cites the Verses of *Menander*, in which the Poet expressly says, *That every Man at his Birth has a good Genius given him, which attends him during the whole Course of his Life as a Guide and Director.*

It may be believed with Probability enough, that the *Dæmon* of *Socrates*, which has been so differently spoken of, and thereby made it a Question, whether it was a good or bad Angel, was no more than the Force and Rectitude of his Judgment, which acting upon the Rules of Prudence, and with the Aid of a long Experience, supported by wise Reflexions, made him foresee the Events of those Things, upon which he was either consulted, or deliberated himself.

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*Socrates devotes himself entirely to the Instruction of the Youth of Athens. Some admirable Principles with which he inspires them, either for Government or Religion.*

HE seemed, says *Libanius*, the common Father of the Republic, so attentive was he to the Happiness and Advantage of his whole Country. But as it is very difficult to correct the Aged, and to make People change Principles, who revere the Errors in which they have grown grey, he devoted his Labors principally to the Instruction of Youth, in order to sow the Seeds of Virtue in a Soil more fit to produce the Fruits of it.

HE had no open School like the rest of the Philosophers, nor set Time for his Lessons. He had no Benches

prepared, nor ever mounted a Professor's Chair. He was the Philosopher of all Times and Seasons.

*XENOPHON* has transmitted to us a Conversation of *Socrates* with *Euthydemus*, upon Providence, which is one of the finest Passages to be found in the Writings of the Ancients.

DID you never reflect with yourself, says *Socrates* to *Euthydemus*, how much Care the Gods have taken to bestow upon Man all that is necessary to his Nature? Never, I assure you, replied he. You see, continued *Socrates*, how necessary Light is, and how precious that Gift of the Gods ought to appear to us. Without it, added *Euthydemus*, we should be like the Blind, and all Nature as if it were not, or had expired: But because we have Occasion for Suspence and Relaxation, they have also given us the Night for our Repose. You are in the right, and for this we ought to render them continual Praises and Thanksgiving. They have ordained that the Sun, that bright and luminous Star, should preside over the Day, to distinguish its different Parts, and that its Light should not only serve to discover the Wonders of Nature, but to dispense universal Life and Heat; and, at the same Time, they have commanded the Moon and Stars to illuminate the Night, of itself dark and obscure. Is there any Thing more admirable than this Variety and Vicissitude of Day and Night, of Light and Darkness, of Labor and Rest; and all this for the Convenience and Good of Man? *Socrates* enumerates, in like Manner, the infinite Advantages we receive from Fire and Water in the Occasions of Life; and continuing to observe upon the wonderful Attention of Providence in all that regards us. What say you, pursued he, upon the Sun's Return after Winter, to revisit us, and that as the Fruits of one Season wither and decay, he ripens new ones to succeed them? That having rendered Man this Service, he retires, least he should incommode him by Excess of Heat, and then after having removed to a certain Point, which he could not pass, without putting us in Danger of perishing with

with Cold, that he returns in the same Track to resume his Place in those Parts of the Heavens, where his Presence is more beneficial to us. And because we could neither support the Cold or Heat, if we were to pass in an Instant from the one to the other, do you not admire, that whilst this Star approaches, and removes so slowly, the two Extremities arrive by almost insensible Degrees? Is it possible not to discover, in this Disposition of the Seasons of the Year, a Providence and Goodness, not only intent upon our Necessities, but also upon our Delights and Enjoyments.

*SOCRATES* considering Man in himself, examines the Diversity of the Senses, by the Ministry of which Man enjoys all that is best and most excellent in Nature; the Vivacity of his Wit, and the Force of his Reason, which exalts him infinitely above all other Animals; the wonderful Gift of Speech, by the Means of which we communicate our Thoughts reciprocally, publish our Laws, and govern States.

FROM all this, says *Socrates*, it is easy to discern that there are Gods, and that they have Man in their particular Care, tho' he cannot discover them by his Senses. Do we perceive the Thunder, whilst it strikes through all Things which oppose it? Do we distinguish the Winds, whilst they are tearing up all before them in our View? Our Soul itself, with which we are so intimate, which moves and acts us, is it visible? Can we behold it? It is the same with regard to the Gods, of whom none are visible in the Distribution of their Favours. The GREAT GOD himself, (these Words are remarkable, and demonstrate, that *Socrates* acknowledged one supreme God; the Author of all Being, superior to all others, who were only the Ministers of his Will) this Great God; who has formed the Universe, and supports the stupendous Work, whose every Part is finished with the utmost Goodness and Harmony. He who preserves them perpetually in immortal Vigor; and causes them to obey him with a never-failing Punctuality, and a Rapidity not to be followed by our Ima-



gination ; this God makes himself sufficiently visible by the endless Wonders of which he is Author ; but continues always invisible in himself. Let us not then refuse to believe even what we do not see, and let us supply the Defect of our corporeal Eyes, by using those of the Soul ; but especially let us learn to render the just Homage of Respect and Veneration to the Divinity, whose Will it seems to be, that we should have no other Perception of him than by his Effects in our Favour. Now, this Adoration, this Homage, consists in pleasing him, and we can only please him in doing his Will.

IN this Manner *Socrates* instructed Youth ; these are the Principles and Sentiments he inspired into them.

IN Things surpassing our Understanding, he advises us to consult the Gods ; and as they impart themselves only to those that please them, he recommends, above all Things, the making them propitious by a wise and attentive Conduct. *The Gods are wise, says he, and it depends upon them either to grant what we ask, or to give us the directly Reverse of it.* He cites an excellent Prayer from an anonymous Poet. *Great God give us, we beseech, those good Things of which we stand in Need, whether we crave them or not ; and remove from us all those which may be hurtful to us, tho' we implore them of you.*

*Socrates is accused of holding bad Opinions in regard to the Gods, and of corrupting the Athenian Youth. He defends himself without Art or Fear. He is condemned to die.*

HE speaks thus to his Judges. ' Pass on me what Sentence you please, *Athenians* ; but I can neither repent nor change my Conduct. I must not abandon or suspend a Function which God himself has imposed on me. Now, he has charged me with the Care of instructing my Fellow-Citizens. If, after  
' hav-

' having faithfully kept all the Posts wherein I was  
 ' planted by our Generals at *Potidea*, *Amphipolis*, and  
 ' *Delium*, the Fear of Death should at this Time make  
 ' me abandon that in which the divine Providence has  
 ' placed me, by commanding me to pass my Life in  
 ' the Study of Philosophy, for my own and the In-  
 ' struction of others ; this would be a most criminal  
 ' Desertion indeed, and make me highly worthy of be-  
 ' ing cited before this Tribunal, as an impious Man,  
 ' who does not believe the Gods. Should you resolve  
 ' to dismiss me acquitted, upon Condition that I  
 ' should keep Silence for the future, I should not hesi-  
 ' tate to make Answer. *Athenians*, I honor and love  
 ' you ; but I shall chuse rather to obey God than you,  
 ' and to my latest Breath, shall never renounce my  
 ' Philosophy, nor cease to exhort and reprove you, ac-  
 ' cording to my Custom, by telling each of you when  
 ' you come in my Way, *My good Friend, and Citizen*  
 ' *of the most famous City in the World for Wisdom and Va-*  
 ' *lor, Are you not ashamed to have no other Thoughts than*  
 ' *that of amassing Wealth, and of acquiring Glory, Credit,*  
 ' *and Dignities ; whilst you neglect the Treasures of*  
 ' *Prudence, Truth, and Wisdom, and take no Pains in*  
 ' *rendering your Soul as good and perfect as it is capable*  
 ' *of being.*

' Do not therefore expect from me, *Athenians*, that  
 ' I should have Recourse amongst you to Means which  
 ' I believe neither honest nor lawful ; especially upon  
 ' this Occasion, wherein I am accused of Impiety by  
 ' *Melitus*. For if I should influence you by my Prayers,  
 ' and thereby induce you to violate your Oaths, it  
 ' would be undeniably evident, that I teach you not to  
 ' believe in the Gods ; and, even in defending and justi-  
 ' fying myself, should furnish my Adversaries with Arms  
 ' against me, and prove, that I believe no Divinity.  
 ' But I am very far from such bad Thoughts. I am  
 ' more convinced of the Existence of God than my Ac-  
 ' cusers, and so convinced, that I abandon myself to  
 ' God

‘ God and you, that you may judge of me as you shall deem best for yourselves and me.

*SOCRATES* pronounced this Discourse with a firm and intrepid Tone. His Air, his Action, his Visage expressed nothing of the accused : He seemed the Master of his Judges, from the Assurance and Greatness of Soul with which he spoke, without however losing any Thing of the Modesty natural to him. So noble and majestic a Deportment displeased and gave Offence to his Judges, who at last condemned him to drink the Hemlock ; a Death common among the *Athenians*.

THIS Sentence did not shake the Constancy of *Socrates* in the least. ‘ I am going, said he, addressing himself to his Judges with a noble Tranquillity, to suffer Death by your Order, to which Nature had condemned me from the first Moment of my Birth ; but my Accusers will suffer no less from Infamy and Injustice by the Decrees of Truth. Did you expect from me, that, to extricate myself out of your Hands, I should have employed, according to the Custom, soothing and pathetic Expressions, and the timorous and creeping Behaviour of a Suppliant ? But in Trials, as in War, an honest Man ought not to use all Sorts of Means for the Preservation of his Life. It is equally dishonorable both in the one and the other, to ransom it only by Prayers and Tears, and all those other abject Methods you see every Day practised by People in my present Condition.’

*APOLLODORUS*, who was one of his Friends and Disciples, having advanced to him to express his Grief for his dying innocent, *What*, replied he with a Smile, *would you have had me die guilty ?*

THIS great Man, fully convinced of the Principle he had so often incultated to his Disciples, that Guilt is the only Evil a wise Man ought to fear, chose rather to be deprived of some Years which he might have to live, than to forfeit in an instant the Glory of his whole past Life, in dishonoring himself for ever, by the shameful Behaviour he was advised to observe with his

Judges.



Judges. Seeing that his own Age had but a slight Knowledge of him, he referred himself from it to the Judgement of Posterity, and by the generous Sacrifice of a very advanced old Age, acquired and assured to himself the Esteem and Admiration of all succeeding Times.

He employed the last Day of his Life with his Friends, upon the great and important Subject of the Immortality of the Soul.

He says, ' If what I advance upon the Immortality of the Soul proves true, it is good to believe it; and if after my Death it proves false, I shall always have the Advantage from it, to have been less sensible here of the Evils which generally attend human Life.' This Reasoning of *Socrates* (which, *we are to suppose*, can be only real and true in the Mouth of a Christian) is very remarkable. If what I say is true, I gain all Things, whilst I hazard very little; and if false, I lose nothing; on the contrary, I am still a great Gainer.

“ My Friends (adds he) there is still one Thing which it is very just to believe. If the Soul be immortal, it requires to be cultivated with Attention, not only for what we call the Time of Life, but for that which is to follow, I mean Eternity; and the least Neglect in this Point may be attended with endless Consequences. If Death were the final Dissolution of Being, the wicked would be great Gainers in it, by being delivered, at once, from their Bodies, their Souls, and their Vices; but as the Soul is immortal, it has no other Means of being freed from its Evils, nor any Safety for it, but in becoming very good and very wise; for it carries nothing away with it, but its good or bad Deeds, its Virtues or Vices, which are commonly the Consequence of the Education it has received, and the Causes of eternal Happiness or Misery.

A Servant entered the same Instant, who informed him, that the Time for drinking the Hemlock was come. The fatal Cup is brought, which he took without

without any Emotion or Change in his Color or Countenance, and regarding the Man with a steady and assured Look, 'Well, said he, what say you of this 'Drink? May one make a Libation out of it?' Upon being told that there was only enough for one Dose; 'at least, continued he, we may say our Prayers to the 'Gods, as it is our Duty; and implore them to make 'our Exit from this World, and our last Stage happy; 'which is what I most ardently beg of them.' After having spoke these Words, he kept Silence for some Time, and then drank off the whole Draught with an amazing Tranquility, and with a Mildness not to be expressed or conceived.

*Characters proper and peculiar to sacred History.*

**S**ACRED History is very different from all other History whatsoever. The last contains only human Facts and temporal Events, and often full of Uncertainty and Contradiction. But the other is the History of God himself, the sovereign Being; the History of his Omnipotence, his infinite Wisdom, his universal Providence, his Holiness, his Justice, his Mercy, and all his other Attributes, set forth under a thousand Forms, and displayed by Abundance of wonderful Effects. The Book which contains all these Wonders, is the most ancient Book in the World, and the only one before the Coming of the *Messiah*, in which God has shewn us, in a clear and certain Manner, what he is, what we are, and for what Ends designed.

OTHER Histories leave us deeply ignorant in all these important Points. Instead of giving a clear and distinct Idea of the Godhead, they render it obscure, dishonor and disfigure it by numberless extravagant Fables, differing only from one another in a greater or less Degree of Absurdity. They give us no Insight into the Nature of this World wherein we dwell, whether it has a Beginning, by whom, or to what End it

was.

was created, how it is supported and preserved, or whether it is always to subsist; we learn nothing what we are ourselves, what is our Original, Nature, Design, or End.

SACRED History begins with clearly revealing to us, in a few Words, the greatest and most important Truths, that there is a God pre-existing before all Things, and consequently eternal; that the World is the Work of his Hands, that he made it out of nothing, by his Word alone, and that thus he is almighty, *In the Beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth.*

IT then represents Man, for whom this World was made, as coming out of the Hands of his Creator, and made up of a Body and a Soul; a Body taken from the Dust, the Proof of its Weakness, and a Soul breathed into it by God, and consequently distinct from the Body, spiritual, intelligent, and, from the very Substance of its Nature and Constitution, incorruptible and immortal.

IT describes the happy Condition in which Man was created, righteous and innocent, and destined for eternal Happiness, if he had persevered in his Righteousness and Innocence; his sad Fall by Sin, the fatal Source of all his Misfortunes, and the twofold Death to which he was condemned with all his Posterity; and lastly, his future Restoration by an all-powerful Mediator, which was even then promised and pointed out to him for his Consolation; tho' at the Distance of a remote Futurity; all the Circumstances and Characters whereof are afterwards described, but under the faint Shadows of Figures and Symbols, which are as so many Veils, that serve at the same Time to disclose and hide it.

IT teaches us, that, in this Restoration of Mankind, the great Work of God, to which all is referred, and in which all terminates, is to form to himself a Kingdom worthy of him, a Kingdom which shall alone subsist to all Eternity, and to which all others shall give Place; that Jesus Christ shall be the Founder and Ruler



er of this Kingdom, according to the august Prophecy of *Daniel*, who, after he had seen in a Vision, under different Symbols, the Succession and Ruin of all the great Empires of the World, sees at last the Son of Man drawing near to the ancient of Days, *usque ad antiquum dierum*, a noble and sublime Expression to denote the Eternal; and immediately adds, *That God gave him Dominion, and Glory, and a Kingdom, that all Nations and Languages should serve him; his Dominion is an everlasting Dominion, which shall not pass away, and his Kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.*

WE see God, who is always watchful over the Work of his own Hands, from the earliest Times, preparing, at a Distance, the Formation of the Christian Church, and laying the Foundation of it, by revealing to Man such Mysteries as it was ever necessary to Salvation for Man to know, by frequently renewing to him the Promise of a Redeemer; by pointing out to him the Necessity of believing in a Mediator for the obtaining of true Righteousness; by teaching him the Essence of Religion, and the Spirit of true Worship; by transmitting from Age to Age, without Alteration, these capital Doctrines, by the long Life of the first Patriarchs, who were full of Faith and Holiness; by taking Care, through the Means of the Ark, to preserve these essential Truths from perishing in the Deluge; and lastly, by forming from the Beginning a Society of just Men more or less numerous and visible, and preserving them by an uninterrupted Succession.

BUT when the Earth began to be overspread afresh with an Inundation of Errors and Crimes, of a more pernicious Consequence than the Deluge of Waters they had lately escaped from, God, to secure the salutary Truths, which began to grow obscure and extinct in all Nations, committed them in Trust to a Family entirely devoted to Religion. Of them he forms a peculiar People, inclosed within the Precincts of a particular Country which he had long before prepared for them, sepa-

separated from all other Nations by distinct Laws and Customs, directed and governed in a very singular Manner, exposed as a Spectacle to the rest of the World, by the innumerable Wonders wrought amongst them, either with a View to fix them in the promised Land, to keep them in Possession of it, or bring them back to it when driven out. He was not content to guide them like other People, by a general and common Providence, but himself became their Head, Legislator, and King. And this People he was pleased should be the Figure of what was afterwards to happen to the Church, by their Departure out of *Egypt*, their wandering in the Desert, their Entrance into the Land of Promise, their Wars and Conquests, their long Captivity in *Babylon*, their Return into their own Country; in a Word, by all the different Stages and Changes which befel them; and that the Expectation of the *Messiah*, promised to the Patriarchs, figured by the Ceremonies and Sacrifices of the Law, foretold by the Prophets, should be the proper and especial Character of this People, to distinguish them from all the other Nations of the Earth.

THIS is what the Scripture teaches us, and alone could discover to us, as it alone is the Depository of the divine Revelations, and of the Manifestation of God's Decrees, which lay concealed in his Bosom from all Eternity, till the Moment he was pleased to produce them to open Day. And can any Object be of greater, or nearer Concern, and more worthy the Attention of Mankind, than an History, wherein God has thought fit of himself to draw with his own Hand the Plan of our eternal Destiny?

To fix the Certainty of Revelation, and establish Religion upon a firm Foundation, it has pleased God to give it two Sorts of Proof, which were at the same Time suited to the Capacities of the most simple, and superior to all the Subtleties of the Incredulous; which visibly bore the Character of Omnipotence; and which neither all the Endeavours of Man, or Cunning of Devils, were able to imitate.

THESE two Sorts of Proof consist in Miracles and Prophecies.

THE Miracles are plain, public, notorious, exposed to the Eyes of all the World, multiplied Abundance of Ways, long foretold and expected, and lasting for a Course of Days, and sometimes Years. They are evident Facts, memorable Events, which the dullest Understanding could not be but sensible of, whereof the whole People were not only the Spectators and Witnesses, but themselves the Matter and Object; they reap the Advantages and perceive the Effects of them, and have their own Happiness or Misery depending on them. The Family of *Noah* could not forget the Destruction of the whole World by the Deluge, after the continued Menaces of an Age; nor the miraculous Manner in which they alone were preserved in the Ark. The Fire which came down from Heaven upon the unrighteous Cities; the whole Kingdom of *Egypt* punished at different Times by ten terrible Plagues; the Sea opening a Passage to the *Israelites*, and closed to overwhelm *Pharoah* and his Army; the People of *Israel* fed with Manna for forty Years, and drinking of the Brooks which flowed out of the stoney Rocks, covered with a Cloud from the Heat of the Day, and enlightened by Night with a Pillar of Fire; their Cloaths and their Shoes not worn out in the Course of so long a Journey; the Streams of *Jordan* forgetting to flow, and the Sun standing still, to secure the Victory; an Army of Hornets marching before the People of God, to drive the *Canaanites* from their Possessions; the Clouds, at several Times, converted into a Shower of Hailstones to overthrow the Enemy; the Nations in League against *Israel* dispersed by a vain Terror, or exterminated by a mutual Slaughter in turning their Arms against one another; an hundred fourscore and five thousand struck dead with Thunder in one Night under the Walls of *Jerusalem*; all these Prodigious, and a thousand others of a like Nature, whereof several were attested by solemn Feasts established on Purpose to perpetuate their Memory, and by sacred Songs



Songs which were in the Mouths of all the *Israelites*, could not be unknown to the most stupid, nor called in Question by the most incredulous.

AND the same may be said of the Prophecies. Mankind has justly been astonished, and looked upon it as the utmost Effort of human Understanding, that *Polybius*, a famous Historian, should have been able by the Force of his Genius, a superior Capacity, and a thorough Insight into the Characters of Men and People, to pry so far into the Darkness of Futurity, as to discern a considerable Alteration which was to happen in the *Roman Commonwealth*. And certainly such a Foresight very much deserves our Admiration; and there is no Body, that has ever so little Taste and Curiosity, who is not pleased with enquiring himself, whether the Historian has really conjectured so exactly as is reported.

THE sacred History presents us with far greater Wonders. We there see a Multitude of inspired Men, who do not speak doubtfully, with Hesitation, or by Conjecture, but, with an affirmative Voice, loudly and publicly declare, that such and such Events should certainly happen in the Time and Place, and with all the Circumstances that these Prophets express. But what Events? The most particular, the most personal, and such as most nearly concerned the Interest of the Nation, and, at the same Time, were the most remote from all outward Appearance. Under the flourishing Reigns of *Uzziah* and *Jotham*, when the State enjoyed Peace and Plenty, and Luxury in eating, building, and Furniture, was carried to Excess, What Likelihood was there of the terrible Famine and shameful Captivity *Isaiah* then-threatned the Ladies of the greatest Distinction with, or what Probability of the extreme Misery which actually befel them in the following Reign?

WHEN, some Time after, *Jerusalem*, blocked up by the numerous Army of *Sennacherib*, was reduced to the last Extremity, without Troops, without Provisions, or any Hopes of human Assistance, especially after the Army of the *Egyptians* has been cut to Pieces, Was the

Prediction of *Isaiah* credible, that the City should not be taken, that it should not be besieged in Form, that the Enemy should not cast an Arrow against it, and that this formidable Army should be exterminated at once, without any human Concurrence, and its King put to Flight?

THE entire Destruction of the Kingdom of the ten Tribes, the carrying *Judah* away Captive to *Babylon* after the Conquest and Overthrow of *Jerusalem*, the expresse Term of seventy Years set for the Duration of their Captivity, their glorious Return into their own Country, their Deliverer specified and called by his proper Name above two hundred Years before he was born, the surprising and till then unheard of Manner in which this famous Conqueror was to take *Babylon*; Could all this be the Effect of human Foresight, or was there the least Cause to apprehend it, when the Prophets foretold it?

THESE Predictions, however, illustrious as they were, served only as a Veil or Preparation to others of far greater Importance, to which the Accomplishment of the former was to give a Degree of Authority and Credit, superior in Strength to all that human Understanding could imagine or desire for the Gaining of a full Conviction and an unshaken Belief; I mean, the Predictions, as may easily be perceived, relating to the *Messiah*, and the Establishment of the Christian Church. These are so clear and plain, and descend to such a Particularity as surpasses all Admiration. The Prophets have not only specified the Time, the Place, and the Manner of the *Messiah's* Birth, the principal Actions of his Life, and the Effects of his preaching; but they saw and foretold the most particular Circumstances of his Death and Resurrection, and have related them with almost as much Exactness as the Evangelists themselves, who were Eye-Witnesses of them.

BUT what shall we say of those great Events which make up the Fate of Mankind, take in the Extent of all Ages, and are at last happily lost in the Eternity, which  
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was their End and Design, the Establishment of the Church upon Earth, by the preaching of twelve Fishermen; the Reprobation of the whole Body of the *Jewish* Nation; the Vocation of the *Gentiles*, to be substituted in the Place of a People once so dearly beloved and favored with such high Privileges; the Destruction of Idolatry throughout the World; the Dispersion of the *Jews* into all Parts of the Earth, to serve as Witnesses to the Truth of the holy Scriptures, and the Accomplishment of the Prophecies; their future Return to the Faith of Christ, which will be the Refuge and Consolation of the Church in the latter Days; and lastly, the Translation of this Church, after many Trials and Dangers, from Earth to Heaven, there to enjoy the Fruition of eternal Peace and Felicity? These are the Subjects of the Discourses of the Prophets, and for this End the holy Scriptures were written.

*Useful Observations for the Study of Sacred History.*

I. SACRED History, from the Creation of the World to the Birth of *Jesus Christ*, is usually divided into six Ages or Parts, which in all take in the Space of four thousand Years.

THE Number of Years in every Age is then to be taken Notice of.

THUS the fourth Age, which reaches from the Departure out of *Egypt* to the Time when the Foundations of the Temple were laid, if we reckon exactly, takes in but four hundred and seventy-nine Years and seventeen Days.

THIS Space may be again divided into different Parts, *viz.* into forty Years, which the People passed in the Wilderness, under the Conduct of *Moses*; three hundred and fifty from their Entrance into the holy Land, under the Direction of *Joshua* and the Judges; forty Years under *Saul*, forty more under *David*, and some Years of the Reign of *Solomon*.

II. IN the studying of sacred History, we must not neglect the Usages and Customs peculiar to the People of God, their Laws, their Government, and Manner of living.



III. It is proper to notice the principal Characters of the carnal *Jews*, who made up the Body of the Nation. The Honor which God had shewn them in chusing them to be his People, had filled them with Pride. They looked upon all other Nations with the utmost Contempt. They thought every Thing their Due. Full of Presumption and an high Opinion of themselves, they expected to be justified only by their own Works. They placed their whole Confidence in the outward Observances of the Law. They confined their Views and Hopes to temporal Advantages and earthly Blessings. When brought to the Trial, and reduced to any Necessity, forgetful of all the Benefits of God; and all the Miracles he had wrought in their Favor, and constantly disposed to rebel against him and their Superiors, they gave themselves up to Complains, Murmurings, and Despair. And lastly, if we except the latter Times, they had ever an irresistible Inclination to Idolatry.

’Tis this last Circumstance which, in my Opinion, lets us most into the real Character of the People of the *Jews*, and one of the principal Motives of the Choice which God made of them; I mean, their Hardness of Heart, and extreme Inclination to do Ill, by which God would shew us, that purely outward Means are absolutely incapable of correcting the Heart of Man, since they were all, without Exception, employed, for several Ages, in healing the *Jews* of Idolatry, and teaching them to observe the first Commandment, but without Success. Neither the long and miserable Oppression they underwent in *Egypt*; nor the Joy and Gratitude for a miraculous Deliverance, and in the Instruction of the Law given at the Foot of Mount *Sinai*; neither the Substitution of a new Race, born in the Wilderness, brought up under *Moses*, formed by the Law, intimidated by the Punishment of their Ancestors; nor their Entrance into the promised Land, and the actual Enjoyment of all the Effects of the Promise; neither the divers Corrections, nor the Warnings and Examples of

of the Prophets, during their Abode in that Land, were able to root out that impious Inclination. But growing still more wicked, more corrupt and idolatrous, in the promised Land, than they had been in *Egypt*, God at last was obliged to send them captive to *Nineveh* and *Babylon*; and yet this Correction served only to harden them; so that, giving themselves up to all Manner of Wickedness, they caused the Name of the God of *Israel* to be blasphemed among the idolatrous Nations, whom they exceeded in all Naughtiness and Impiety.

'Tis God himself who declares to us in his Prophets, and especially in *Ezekiel*, the Design he had of shewing Mankind, by the Series of all the Events which befel his People, of shewing them, I say, the excessive Corruption of their Hearts, and the Inability of purely external Remedies for the healing so ancient and desperate an Evil. This View is one of the great Keys of Scripture, and lets us deepest into the Secret and Spirit of the Old Testament. Without the Knowledge of this Circumstance, the sacred History will retain impenetrable Obscurities, and remain a Book closed up to the greatest Part of its Readers. To what End, in Reality, was the Choice of a People so obstinate and ungrateful? Why so many Favors conferred upon *Israel*, preferably to so many other Nations, in all outward Appearance better than they? Why so constant an Attachment to this People, notwithstanding so firm a Perseverance in Ingratitude? Why were they made to pass through so many different Conditions? Why that continual Alternative of Promises and Threatnings, Comforts and Afflictions, Rewards and Corrections? Why so many Instructions, Warnings, Invitations, Reproofs, Miracles, Prophets, and holy Guides? Why so many Benefits bestowed on a People, which, instead of growing better, became the worse for them? This Depth of the divine Wisdom, which astonishes us, should, at the same Time, instruct us, as from this very Obscurity diffused thro' the whole of God's Dealing towards his People, there breaks out a Light clearer than the Sun's, demonstrating

to us the Insufficiency of all outward Applications towards healing the Corruption of Man's Heart.

IV. 'Tis visibly evident, from the Manner in which the Old Testament is wrote, that the Design of God in giving it to Men, was to make them carefully observant of the great Examples of Virtue contained in it. The Scripture cuts off, in few Words, the History of the ungodly, how great soever they were in the Eyes of the World; and, on the other Hand, dwells long upon the smallest Actions of the righteous. The first Book of *Kings* is the History of *Samuel*; the second, that of *David*; the third and fourth, of *Solomon*, *Jehoshaphat*, *Hezekiah*, *Elijah*, *Elisha*, and *Isaiah*. The wicked seem to be mentioned only with Regret, by Accident, and on Purpose to be condemned. If we compare what is said of *Nimrod*, who built the two mightiest Cities of the World, and laid the Foundations of the greatest Empire that ever was in the Universe, with what is reported of the first Patriarchs, 'tis not easy to say, why the very important Facts, which must have rendered the Life of that famous Conqueror so particular, and given so much Luster and Ornament to ancient History, should be passed over with such Rapidity, to dwell so long upon the minute, and, in Appearance, unnecessary Circumstances of the Life either of *Abraham* or *Jacob*, which was still less illustrious than that of his Grandfather. But God points out to us herein, how different his Thoughts are from our Thoughts, in letting us see, in the first, what Men admire and wish for, and, in the others, what he is well-pleased with, and thinks worthy his own Approbation and our Attention.

THE Scripture lays down Rules, and prescribes Models for all Estates and Conditions. Kings and Judges, rich and poor, Husbands and Wives, Fathers and Children, all find there most excellent Instructions upon every Branch of their Duty.

V. THE Knowledge of God and his Attributes must be one of the greatest Advantages to be drawn from the Study of sacred History.

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THE Unity of God. This Truth is visible through the whole Body of Scripture, where God seems every where to cry aloud, that there is no other God or Lord than himself. *I am the Lord, and there is none else—I am God, and there is none else.*

THE Omnipotence of God, manifested by the Creation, Preservation and Government of the World, by the Facility with which he raises to the Throne, and casts down from it, establishes Kingdoms, and destroys them; makes Nations flourish and happy. By the sovereign Power he exercises not only over what is outward and visible, but over the Heart and Mind, in turning them as he pleases, from one Resolution to an opposite Determination.

THE Goodness of God and its Motives. It diffuses itself abundantly, and profusely, by bestowing whatever is necessary, advantageous, or delightful, upon the Men who know him not, who do not return Thanks to him for it, and even who offend and blaspheme him.

THE Patience of God. Bearing with the Crimes and Impenitence of Mankind for several Ages, from the preaching of *Enoch* to the Deluge. The Measure of the *Amorites* was not full, till after four hundred Years were expired.

THE Justice of God, when it shews itself at last, is terrible, destructive, inexorable; nothing can withstand or avert it. The Deluge, *Sodom*, *Niniveh*, *Babylon*, &c.

THE Character of the Punishment is usually proportioned to the Nature of the Crime. The whole Earth, corrupted by Mankind, is overwhelmed with the Waters of the Deluge.

THE Providence of God is universal, presides over all, to the minutest Particular, governs and directs all. God calls the Famine, the Sword, and the Pestilence, to punish the ungrateful, and humble the proud. He raises, on a sudden, the Spirit of a People, who think not of War, and brings them from far to ravage a guilty Nation. He removes Obstacles, facilitates Enterprizes,

es, and grants Success. On the other Hand, from those he means to destroy, he takes away Counsel, Presence of Mind, Strength and Courage. He brings about his Designs by the most unlikely Means, as in the History of *Joseph*; and often by such Methods as seem the Effects of pure Chance, tho' all preconcerted and prepared by an infinite Wisdom, as is clearly seen in the History of *David*, from his being taken from the Sheepfold to the Death of *Saul*.

THE Knowledge of Futurity. One of the most incommunicable Characters of the Divinity, is the Knowledge of Futurity. God often challenges the false Deities to foretel what is to come. *Shew the Things that are to come hereafter, that we may know that ye are Gods.* In reading sacred History we must carefully observe the most famous Predictions, whether they regard temporal Events, or respect Religion; and take Notice of the Character of the Prophets, their Mission, the End and Dangers of their Office. Their Predictions regard public Events, and declare the Fate of Kingdoms. They are circumstantial, published long before their Accomplishment, known to all, and within the Capacity of the most simple.

VI. As Jesus Christ is the End of the Law, we must notice, that he is pointed out in the Sacrifices, the Ceremonies, the Actions of the Patriarchs, Judges, Kings, and Prophets.

VII. I SHALL add one Observation on the Advantages of Piety. It hath pleased God to shew, through the whole Series of the History of the Old Testament, that all Promises and Rewards, with respect even to this Life, are annexed to Piety; that all temporal Advantages spring from God, as their sole Original, and that we ought to expect them from him alone, tho' he has reserved for his Servants in Eternity, such as are far more worthy his Magnificence, and bear a greater Proportion to Virtue. 'Twas by Piety that *Jonathan*, with his Armour-bearer alone, put a whole Garrison to Flight; that *David*, unarmed, overthrew the Giant, and

and secured himself from the Artifices and Violence of *Saul* ; that *Jehoshaphat*, without drawing a Sword, triumphed over three Nations in League against him ; that *Hezekiah* saved *Jerusalem* and the Kingdom of *Judah*, by seeing the Destruction of an hundred and four-score and five thousand *Assyrians*. On the other Hand, Impiety drew down all the Scourges of God's Anger, the Famine, Plague, War, Defeats, Bondage, and the entire Ruin of the most mighty Families, and always led to an unhappy End.

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*The Story of Joseph.*

- I. *Joseph sold by his Brethren, carried into Egypt, brought into Potiphar's House, and thrown into Prison.*  
 Gen. xxxvii. xxxix. xl.

**J**ACOB had twelve Children, of which *Joseph* and *Benjamin* were the youngest, and were born to him by *Rachel*. The particular Affection which *Jacob* expressed towards *Joseph*, the Liberty he took of charging his Brothers before him with a Crime the Scripture does not mention, and the Account he gave them of his Dreams, which pointed out his future Greatness, raised their Jealousy and Hatred against him.

ONE Day as they saw him coming up to them in the Country, where they were feeding their Flocks, they said one to another, See here the Dreamer cometh ; come now, therefore, let us kill him, and throw him into a Pit, and we shall see what will become of his Dreams. Upon the Remonstrance of *Reuben*, they contented themselves with throwing him into the Pit, and taking away his Coat. Soon after they drew him out from thence, to sell him to a Company of *Ismaelite* Merchants, who were going down into *Egypt*, and there sold him to them for twenty Pieces of Silver. After this they took his Coat, and dipped it in the Blood of a Kid, and sent it to *Jacob*, saying, This Coat have we found ;  
 see



see now whether it be thy Son's Coat or no. And he knew it, and said, It is my Son's Coat, an evil Beast hath devoured him; *Joseph* is without Doubt rent in Pieces. And *Jacob* rent his Cloaths, and put Sack-cloth upon his Loins, and mourned for his Son many Days.

THE *Ishmaelites* carried *Joseph* into *Egypt*, and sold him to one of the principal Officers in *Pharoah's* Court, named *Potiphar*. And the Lord, says the Scripture, was with *Joseph*, and the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his Hand. His Master, seeing that the Lord was with him, took him into Favor, made him Overseer of his House, and all that he had he put into his Hands. Also the Lord blessed the House of *Potiphar*, and he multiplied his Blessings on all that he had for *Joseph's* Sake.

HE had now lived a considerable Time in *Potiphar's* House, when his Mistress, casting her Eyes upon him, in the Absence of her Husband solicited him to lye with her. But *Joseph* abhorred it, and said to her, How can I be so wicked, as to abuse the Confidence placed in me by my Master, and commit this Sin against God? But she went on still to solicit him Day by Day, without obtaining her Desires. At last, as *Joseph* was one Day alone, she took hold of his Garment, and pressed him to a Consent. But *Joseph* left his Garment in her Hand, and fled. The Woman, in great Indignation at his Refusal, set up a loud Cry, and calling to the Men of her House, she told them that *Joseph* had attempted to lye with her by Violence, and as soon as he heard her cry out, he fled. And when her Husband came Home, she said the same Thing to him, and shewed the Garment to him as a Proof of what she alledged. *Potiphar*, too credulous to the Words of his Wife, gave Way to the Violence of his Passion, and shut him up in the Prison where the King's Prisoners were bound. But the Lord was with *Joseph*, had Compassion on him, and gave him Grace in the Eyes of the Keeper of the Prison.

WHILST *Joseph* was in Prison, two of the great Officers of *Pharaoh's* Court, *to wit*, the chief Butler and the chief Baker, were thrown into the same Place by the King's Order. And the Keeper charged *Joseph* with them, as he had done all the other Prisoners. Some Time after, they both dreamed a Dream in the same Night, which gave them great Uneasiness, *Joseph* explained their Dreams, and foretold to the Butler, that within three Days he should be restored to his Employment; and told the Baker that within three Days *Pharaoh* would hang him on a Tree, and the Birds should eat his Flesh from off him. And as he had said, so it fell out. The chief Baker was put to Death, and the Butler restored. *Joseph* besought the Butler to shew Kindness unto him, to make Mention of him before *Pharaoh*, and bring him out of Prison; for I was stolen away, says he, from the Land of the *Hebrews*, and have done nothing that they should shut me up in this Dungeon. But the chief Butler being restored again to Favor, thought no more of his Interpreter.

#### R E F L E C T I O N S.

Q. WHAT must we think of God's Behaviour towards *Joseph*, whose Virtue drew upon him such ill Treatment, first from his Brethren, who hated him, and cruelly used him, and then from his Mistress *Potiphar's* Wife, who wrongfully accused him, and caused him to be shut up like a Wretch in a Dungeon?

Ans. IT has pleased God by this Conduct to lay before us very important Instructions.

HIS first Design is to undeceive Mankind in the false Notions they entertain of Providence and Virtue. They are apt to think that God neglects the Care of human Affairs, when those that fear him are oppressed and in Misery. They think that Virtue should always render such as are sincerely possessed of it happy in this Life. The Scripture overthrows these mistaken Prejudices by the Example of *Joseph*, over whom GOD was peculiarly watchful, and yet he was hated of his Brethren, sold, banished, wrongfully accused, and

thrown into Prison; and for all this preserved his Virtue pure and unfullied, without being ever the better for it for several Years; and was even thrown into Captivity, and ran the Hazard of losing his Life, only for constantly persevering in the just Discharge of his Duty. 'Tis true, GOD afterwards broke his Bonds, and raised him to supreme Authority. But *Joseph* was prepared to suffer Oppression to the End of his Days. He consented to die in Prison, if it so pleased GOD, and would have been no less precious in his Sight, nor less secure of the eternal Blessings he hoped for from his Mercy, tho' he had appeared to have been forsaken in the last Moment.

Q. DOES it actually appear, that GOD took a peculiar Care of *Joseph*, during his Misfortunes?

Ans. THE Scripture seems to have been particularly careful to make us take Notice how GOD protected his Servant, by informing us, that GOD was always with him, and for this Reason he was a prosperous Man; that he caused him to find Favor in the Sight of his Master, who saw that GOD was with him; and that he blessed him in all that he did; that he put it into *Potiphar's* Heart, to make him, young as he was, the Overseer over all his House; that to engage the Master to his Servant by a stronger and more lasting Degree of Affection, the Lord blessed the House of the *Egyptian* for *Joseph's* Sake; and his Blessing was upon all that he had in the House and in the Field; insomuch that he left all that he had in his Hand, and knew not ought he had, save the Bread that he eat; that when *Joseph* was cast into Prison, the LORD shewed him Mercy, and gave him Favor in the Sight of the Keeper of the Prison, insomuch that he committed to *Joseph's* Hand all the Prisoners that were in the Prison, without looking to any Thing that was under his Hand; and placed such Confidence in him, that nothing was done there without his Direction; that, lastly, whatever he did the LORD made it to prosper.



Q. BUT notwithstanding all these Favors, was not the Prison a very sorrowful Dwelling for *Joseph*?

Ans. WHEN thrown into Prison, he seemed forsaken of all; but GOD descended with him into the obscure Dungeon, wherein he was shut up. *For the Lord was with Joseph.* And the Scripture does not scruple to say, That the eternal Wisdom became in a Manner a Prisoner with him; *She went down with him into the Pit, and left him not in Bonds.* She soften'd the Tedioufness of the Nights, which were spent in watching and suffering. She was a Light in that Darkness, whither the Rays of the Sun could not penetrate. She took away from the Solitude and Captivity, which neither Reading or Business could diminish or suspend the Sense of, the terrible Weight of Disquietude, which shocks the most resolute. And, lastly, she diffused a Calmness and Serenity over his Mind, which arose from an invisible and inexhaustible Spring. When *Joseph* was made a Partner in the Throne of *Pharaoh*, it is not said that Wisdom ascended with him thither, as it is said, that she descended with him into Prison. She accompanied him, without Doubt, in the second Estate, but the first was dearer to *Joseph*, and must be so to every Man that has Faith.

Q. WHAT other Instruction has it pleased GOD to give us in the Conduct he observed with regard to *Joseph*?

Ans. HE would teach us, in the second Place, how his Providence conducts all Things to the Execution of his Designs, and how he makes the very Obstacles, which Men strive to throw in their Way, subservient to them. The Design of GOD was to raise *Joseph* to such a Degree of Greatness and Power, as should oblige his Brothers to bow down humbly before him. *Joseph's* Brethren opposed it; but, says the Scripture, *There is no Wisdom, nor Understanding, nor Counsel against the Lord.* What they did to humble *Joseph*, was the first Step by which GOD leads him to Elevation and Glory; and the horrible Calumny of his impudent Mistress, which seemed to compleat his Misfortunes,

tunes, was the Circumstance which advanced him almost to the Throne.

THIS *Joseph* observes himself to his Brethren afterwards, by telling them, it was not they that had sent him into *Egypt*, but GOD that had brought him thither. *So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God.* These Words are great Matter of Consolation to such as have Faith. Whatever shall be designed against them, shall become the Means of securing their Happiness and Salvation. Secret Machinations, or open Hatred, Captivity, or Calumny, shall bring them to the Point which Grace has marked out for them; and when they shall have settled *Joseph* upon the Throne, they shall tremble in his Presence.

Q. WHAT Means did *Joseph* make Use of to resist the Temptation laid for him by his Mistress?

Ans. WE find in his Conduct an excellent Model of what we should do when we are tempted. *Joseph* defends himself at first by the Remembrance of GOD and his Duty. How, says he, to that bold and shameless Woman, can I commit such an Action who have GOD for my Witness and my Judge? 'Tis in his Sight that you and I shall become both criminal. It is he who commands me to disobey you upon this Occasion. How can I escape his View, or corrupt his Justice, or be covered from his Indignation? *How then can I do this great Wickedness, and sin against God?* But when the Temptation was become so strong, that he had Cause to fear his Weakness might yield to it, he betakes himself to Flight, forsakes all, and exposes himself to the utmost Hazard, rather than continue in such a State as might incline him to offend against GOD.

Q. Is there no other Reflexion to be made upon the Misfortunes and Disgrace of *Joseph*?

Ans. How severe and unjust soever the Treatment was which *Joseph* was to undergo, he never let fall the least Word of Murmuring and Complaint. He never abandoned himself to Discouragement, whilst he was a Bond Slave, but gave himself up entirely to the Service

vice of his Master. So much Leisure as Prisoners have, and notwithstanding the natural Inclination of Mankind to talk of their own Adventures, he never made a Recital of his. And when under a Necessity of laying himself open to the chief Butler, he does it with such a Moderation and Charity, as cannot enough be admired. *For indeed I was stolen away out of the Land of the Hebrews, and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the Dungeon.* He neither names his Brethren who had sold him, nor his Mistress who had unjustly accused him. He only says, that he was carried away and made a Slave, though free-born, and condemned to a cruel Prison, though he was innocent. Another Person, of less Humility and Prudence, would have told the Story of his Life, and insisted on the most honorable Circumstances. If he had done so, the Holy Ghost would have left the Virtue in Darkness, which rather than subsist in Obscurity, would have chose to have been comforted under Misfortune, by the vain Satisfaction of making itself admired; whereas Care has been taken to let all Ages know what *Joseph* would not have mentioned in secret, nor in the obscure Dungeon wherein he was shut up.

II. *Joseph's Advancement. The first Descent of his Brethren into Egypt.* Gen. xli. xlii.

AT the End of two full Years, after the Butler was restored, *Pharaoh* dreamed two Dreams in the same Night. In the one he saw seven fat Kine coming up out of the River, which were devoured by seven other lean Kine, that came up after them out of the same River. In the second, he saw seven full Ears of Corn, which were presently after devoured by seven thin Ears. And when none of the wise Men of *Egypt* could interpret these Dreams, the Butler remembered *Joseph*, and spoke of him to the King, who caused him presently to be brought out of Prison, and told him his Dreams. *Joseph* answered, that the seven fat Kine and the seven full Ears, signified seven Years of Plenty; and the seven lean Kine and thin Ears signified seven Years of Fa-



mine which were to succeed them. And he advised the King to look out a wise and discreet Man, who should be employed during the Years of Plenty to lay up Part of the Corn in public Store-Houses, that *Egypt* might be supplied from thence in the Years of Famine. This Counsel pleased *Pharaoh*, and he said to *Joseph*, I appoint thee this Day to rule over the Land of *Egypt*; according to thy Word shall my People be governed, and only I shall be greater than thou. At the same Time, he took off his Ring from his Hand, and put it upon *Joseph's* Hand; and he made him to ride in the second Chariot which he had, and they cried before him, Bow the Knee. He also changed his Name, and gave him one which signified, *The Saviour of the World*.

THE seven Years of Plenty fell out as *Joseph* had foretold. And he gathered up a great Quantity of the Corn, and laid it in the King's Store-Houses. The Famine came next, and spread itself over all Countries; but in *Egypt* there was Corn. And when the People were almost famished, they cried unto *Pharaoh* for Bread. And he said unto them, Go unto *Joseph*, what he saith unto you, do. *Joseph* then opened the Store-Houses, and sold Corn to the *Egyptians*, and other Nations.

*JACOB* having heard that there was Corn in *Egypt*, ordered his Sons to go down thither. They went to the Number of Ten; for *Jacob* kept *Benjamin* with him, lest some Accident should happen to him by the Way. When they were come into *Egypt*, they presented themselves before *Joseph*, and bowed down before him. *Joseph* knew his Brethren, and seeing them ly at his Feet, he remembered the Dreams which he had formerly dreamed, but did not make himself known unto them. He spoke to them roughly, and treated them as Spies, who were come to take a View of the Country. But they answered him, My Lord, we are come to buy Corn; we are twelve Brothers, all one Man's Sons, who is in the Land of *Canaan*. The youngest is left with our Father, and the other is dead. Well then, an-  
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swers *Joseph*, by this ye shall be proved. Send one of you to fetch your Brother, and the rest shall be kept in Prison. He thought fit however to detain but one of them. Struck with Terror and Remorse, they said one to another in their own Language, This Distress is justly come upon us, for being guilty concerning our Brother. We saw the Anguish of his Soul, when he besought us to have Pity on him, but we would not hear him; therefore is the Misfortune come upon us. *Reuben*, one of them, said to them, Spake I not then unto you, Do not sin against the Child, and ye would not hear; therefore now is his Blood required of you by GOD? *Joseph*, who understood them, though they knew it not, could not refrain from weeping. He left them for a Moment, and returned again to talk with them. Then he took *Simeon*, and bound him before their Eyes; and privately commanding his Officers to restore every Man's Money into his Sack, they departed with their Asses loaden with Corn.

#### R E F L E C T I O N S.

Q. WHY did GOD leave *Joseph* in Prison so many Years, without seeming to be mindful of him?

Ans. THIS Term, which seems long indeed to a Prisoner, was necessary to confirm *Joseph* in Humility, Submission to the Will of GOD, and Patience. We should have looked upon him with Concern, had we seen him in Bonds, and known his Innocence. But GOD, who had a far more indulgent and tender Compassion for him, left him in a Condition from which we should have delivered him. He knew what was wanting to his Virtue; how long the Remedies requisite for his Health were to last. He saw his future Temptations and Dangers, and prepared for him during his Bondage the Assurances and Strength he was to stand in Need of after his Advancement. Thus he deals with his Elect; he first strengthens them in Patience and Humility, and does not expose them to Temptation, till they are duly prepared to resist it.

Q. How came *Pharaoh* so easily to resolve upon the Choice

Choice of *Joseph* for his first Minister, and to invest a Stranger and a Foreigner with sovereign Power ?

*Ans.* 'Tis the Happiness of a Nation, when a Prince is inspired with a sound Thought. Whilst *Joseph* was speaking in the Ears of *Pharaoh*, God instructed him in secret. He caused him to attend to the sage Advice and prudent Counsels of a Stranger and a Captive ; and removed from him all the Prejudices which so frequently hinder Persons in high Station from submitting to the Evidence of Truth, and acknowledging an Understanding superior to their own. He made him comprehend, that a mere human Wisdom would be improper to execute what had been suggested to him by Wisdom from above, and that it would be in vain to seek out for any other Minister, than the Person whom God had chosen. *Can we find*, says *Pharaoh*, *such a One as this is, a Man in whom the Spirit of God is ?*

IN talking thus, he entirely overturned all the Mistakes of a false Policy, which considers Virtue and Religion as unserviceable in the Government of a State, and finds an exact Probity too great a Curb upon its Views and Projects. This stupid Impiety is exposed to eternal Shame by an infidel King. 'Twas his Persuasion, that the more of the Spirit of God a Minister has, the more capable he is of governing a Kingdom. And the least Attention is sufficient to discern, that the opposite Principle flows from the utter Want of human Understanding.

2. WHAT must we think of *Joseph's* Glory, who was raised almost to a Throne ?

*Ans.* THE Holy Ghost informs us, in another Book, that the Calumnies which had been cast upon *Joseph*, were then fully dispersed, and the Authors of them convicted of Forgery. *As for them that had accused him, she shewed them to be Liars, and gave him perpetual Glory.* Thus the Pomp which surrounded him, was the Triumph of Virtue. 'Twas Virtue that was exposed a Spectacle to all the People ; that was seated in a magnificent Chariot, from whence she instructed the.



the Righteous in all Ages, never to give Way to Despair, but to retain an invincible Patience. 'Twas before Virtue that all the World bent the Knee, and *Joseph* was the Herald, exhorting all Men to the Practice of Virtue, at the same Time that the Herald, who went before him, required his external Mark of Respect to be paid to the first Minister of *Pharaoh*.

Q. WERE *Joseph's* Dreams fulfilled with Respect to his Brethren ?

Ans. THEY were evidently so, upon their falling prostrate at his Feet. *And Joseph's Brethren came and bowed down themselves before him, with their Faces to the Earth.* Thus was brought to pass what they had been so apprehensive of, when they knew not the Interest they had in owning him for their Master. The more they strove to prevent it, and make themselves independent of him, the more they contributed to advance his Authority. They resolved not to fall down before him, whilst they had him amongst them, but come to seek him in *Egypt*, to throw themselves at his Feet. They forsook him, and would have taken away his Life, when sent to them by their Father ; but were compelled to appear before him, after a Kind of Resurrection, with Fear and Trembling. They fall down before him, after *Egypt* and the other Nations, whose Example they follow, and are not afraid of being rejected by him, because they look upon him as the Saviour of the World ; whereas they had before been apprehensive of being subject to him, whilst they considered only their own Depression in his Advancement.

Q. WHAT do we learn from the Remorse of *Joseph's* Brethren, for the cruel Treatment they had shewn him ?

Ans. WE see in their Self-accusations, both the Force of Conscience, and the Advantage of the holy Education *Jacob* gave his Children, which though not always void of Offence, was still never totally extinguished, but revered the Law, which condemned their Actions. *We are verily guilty, said they one to another, concerning our Brother, and therefore is this Distress justly come up-*

on us. Men can never entirely efface the Sense which GOD has imprinted in their Hearts of his Presence and Justice. They will never succeed in persuading themselves, that Sin is in its Nature indifferent, or was not seen, or will remain unpunished. Their Fears may be removed some Times by the Patience and Silence of their Judge, or the Number of their Accomplices; but when Vengeance comes to shew itself, they shall be the first to own, that they have deserved it, and their Accomplices will then seem to them but as so many Witnesses, who are ready to accuse and confound them.

III. *The second Descent of Jacob's Children into Egypt.*

*Joseph made known to his Brethren.* Gen. xliii. xlv. xlv.

WHEN *Jacob's* Children, upon their Return, had told him all that had befallen them, the Imprisonment of *Simeon*, and the express Order they had received of carrying *Benjamin* down into *Egypt*, the sorrowful News filled him with Grief, and renewed his former Concern for the Loss of *Joseph*. He long refused to let his dear *Benjamin* go, in whom alone he placed his whole Consolation. But at last, seeing there was a Necessity for it, and that otherwise both must perish by the Famine, he consented to his Departure, upon the repeated Assurances his other Children gave him, that they would bring him back to him. They all then set out together with Presents for *Joseph*, and double the Money they had found in their Sacks.

BEING come into *Egypt*, they presented themselves before *Joseph*. As soon as he saw them, and *Benjamin* with them, he said to the Ruler of his House, Bring these Men home, and slay, and make ready; for these Men shall eat with me at Noon. The Steward executed *Joseph's* Order, and brought them into his House. Surprized at this Treatment, they imagined he had sought for an Occasion against them, because of the Money they had found in their Sacks. They then began to justify themselves to the Steward, by saying, they knew not how it came to pass, but as a Proof of their  
Honesty,

Honesty, they had brought back the Money. The Steward encouraged them, bidding them not be afraid; that their GOD, and the GOD of their Fathers, had given them Treasure in their Sacks; but that for his Part, he had their Money. And straitway he brought out *Simeon* unto them. They had Water then given them, and when they had washed their Feet, they waited for the coming in of *Joseph*.

WHEN *Joseph* came home, they bowed themselves to him to the Earth, and offered him their Presents. *Joseph* having graciously asked them of their Welfare, said to them, Your Father, the old Man of whom you spake, Is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy Servant our Father is in good Health; he is yet alive. And at the same Time, they bowed themselves down to the Earth again. *Joseph* casting his Eyes upon *Benjamin*, And is this, says he, your younger Brother, of whom ye spake to me? GOD be gracious, added he to him, unto thee, my Son. And *Joseph* made Haste to go out; for the Sight of his Brother had affected him so much, that he could no longer refrain from Tears. Presently after he returned to his Brethren, and having ordered Dinner to be brought in, he sat down to eat with them.

WHEN *Joseph* had eaten with his Brethren, he gave a secret Order to his Steward, to fill their Sacks with Corn, and to put every Man's Money in his Sack's Mouth; and put my Silver-Cup, says he, in the Sack of the youngest. His Steward obeyed, and the next Morning they departed with their Asses loaden with Corn. But they were scarce got out of the Town, before *Joseph* sent his Steward after them, to charge them with stealing his Cup. They were much surprized to find themselves accused of so base an Action, which they had never so much as thought of. We brought back, said they, the Money we found in our Sacks Mouths, How then shall we steal out of thy Lord's House Silver or Gold? With whomsoever of thy Servants it is found, let him die; and also we will be my Lord's Bondmen. The Steward took them at their Word;



Word; and searching their Sacks, beginning with the eldest, the Cup was found in *Benjamin's* Sack.

THEY returned to the City in great Affliction, and went to throw themselves at *Joseph's* Feet. After some Reproaches, he told them, That he, in whose Sack the Cup was found, should continue his Slave. Then *Judah*, having asked Leave to speak, represented to *Joseph*, that if they returned to their Father without bringing back with them the Son he so tenderly loved, they should kill him with Sorrow. I, adds he, became a Surety for him with my Father; let me therefore, I pray thee, abide in his Stead a Bondman to my Lord: For I cannot return without him, lest I see the Evil that shall come upon my Father.

AT these Words, *Joseph* could refrain himself no longer. He commanded all that were present to go out from him. Then, the Tears falling from his Eyes, he cried aloud, and said to his Brethren, I am *Joseph*. Does my Father yet live? And they could not answer him, for they were troubled at his Presence. He then spoke gently to them, and said, Come near to me. And as they came near, I am *Joseph*, says he, your Brother, whom you sold into *Egypt*. Now therefore be not grieved and angry with yourselves, that you sold me hither; for GOD sent me before you to preserve Life. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but GOD. Go, tell my Father, that God hath made me Lord of all *Egypt*. Let him make haste to come down, and he shall dwell near me; and I will nourish him and all his Family, for there are yet five Years more of Famine. You see with your Eyes, that 'tis I who am talking to you: Tell my Father of all my Glory in *Egypt*, and of all that you have seen; and make haste to bring him down hither. And when he had said thus, he fell upon *Benjamin's* Neck, and embraced him with Tears. And he kissed all his Brethren, and after that they were encouraged to talk with him.

THIS News was soon spread through the whole Court. *Pharaoh* expressed his Satisfaction in it to *Joseph*, and bade

bade him presently bring down all his Family into *Egypt*. *Joseph* dismissed his Brethren with Provisions for their Journey, and Waggon to bring down their Father, their Wives and Children. When they were come into the Land of *Canaan*, they said to *Jacob*, *Joseph* your Son is yet alive, and he is Governor over all the Land of *Egypt*. And *Jacob*'s Heart fainted, for he believed them not. But at last when he had heard all that had past, and had seen the Waggon, and the other Presents his Son had sent, he said, It is enough, *Joseph* my Son is yet alive; I will go and see him, before I die. He soon after took his Journey with all his Family, and went down into *Egypt*. And when he had paid his Respects to the King, *Joseph* placed him in the Land of *Goshen*, the most fruitful Part of *Egypt*, where *Jacob* lived seventy Years.

#### R E F L E C T I O N S.

Q. *JOSEPH*'s discovering himself to his Brethren is the most affecting and tender Part of his Story, but is preceded by strange Circumstances. In short, How can we reconcile his Forgetfulness and Indifference towards his Father and Brethren, whom he leaves exposed to the fatal Consequences of a cruel Famine, and the extreme Severity he uses them with in calumniating and imprisoning them? How, I say, can we reconcile all this with that Goodness and Tendernefs, which cannot help shewing itself at the very Time that he is using them thus severely.

Ans. 'Tis this seeming Contradiction, which should let us see, that there is some Mystery concealed under the Outside of an Action, which otherwise might offend Reason, and appear opposite to the Sentiments which Nature has imprinted in the Heart of all Mankind.

*JOSEPH* sold by his Brethren to the *Egyptians*, considered by *Jacob* as dead, forgotten by all his Family, honored in the mean Time and ruling in *Egypt*, is incontestably the Figure of *JESUS CHRIST*, delivered into the Hands of the *Gentiles* by the *Jews*, generally renounced by his own Nation, put to Death by their

cruel Envy, own'd and adored by the *Gentiles* as their Saviour and their King.

IN the first Journey the Children of *Jacob* made into *Egypt*, 'tis said, *That Joseph knew his Brethren, but was not known by them.* This is the Condition of the *Jews*. By refusing to submit to JESUS CHRIST, they ceased to see him, but could not free themselves from his Dominion. They read the Scriptures, and there they find their LORD without knowing him. They saw him, and did not receive him. He spoke to them in Parables, because they were unworthy to hear the Mysteries they refused to believe. But the Veil will not always remain over their Heart,

DURING the long Interval their Blindness lasts, they suffer a cruel Famine, not of material Bread, but as the Prophet had foretold, of the Word of GOD, which they are not allow'd to understand. *I will send a Famine into the Land, not a Famine of Bread, nor a Thirst for Water, but of hearing the Words of the Lord.* The Land of *Canaan* is condemned to a total Sterility. The true Bread of Life is found only in *Egypt*. Whoever would live, must necessarily go down thither; and till *Benjamin*, the last of *Jacob's* Children, and the Figure of the latter *Jews*, appears there in Person, the Famine will sorely afflict that wretched Land.

HITHERTO *Joseph* shall appear to be hard-hearted towards his Brethren. He shall speak to them, as though he knew them not, with an angry Voice and a rigid Countenance. *He made himself strange unto them, and spoke roughly to them.* 'Tis thus that CHRIST has long behaved towards an ungrateful and blind People. He appears not to know his Brethren according to the Flesh. He seems to have forgotten the Fathers of a faithless and bloody Generation.

YET *Joseph* offered Violence to himself in concealing his Affection. He could not refrain from weeping; he was obliged to turn aside, to hide his Face, and withdraw from Time to Time to vent his Tears. The Pains he took to conceal them, was the Figure of that  
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secret Mercy hid in the Bosom of GOD, and reserved till the Time appointed in his eternal Counsel. The Promises of GOD will be accomplished upon *Israel*; for his Gifts are without Repentance, and his Truth will remain unmoved to all after Ages. But a just Severity suspends the Effects of a Clemency, which our Groans, joined to those of the Prophets, are to hasten.

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*Of the Nature and Original of Poetry.*

**I**F we trace Poetry back to its first Original, I think we cannot question, but it had its Rise from the very Source of human Nature, and was no other Art at first than the Voice and Expression of the Heart of Man, when ravished and transported with the View of the sole Object deserving to be loved, and alone capable of making him happy. Big with the Idea of this Object, which was at the same Time his Joy and Glory, 'twas natural that he should eagerly strive to express his Sense of his Grandeur and Benevolence, and not being able to contain himself, that he should borrow the Assistance of the Voice, and Words falling short of his inward Sentiments, that he should supply their Want by the Sound of Instruments, such as Drums, Cymbals, and Harps, which were struck upon by the Hands, and made to resound with a great Noise; that the Feet should likewise be drawn into Company, and, in the best Way they could, express the Transports which affected him, by their Motion and harmonious Fall.

WHEN these confused and inaccurate Sounds become clear and distinct, and form Words which carry express Ideas of the Sentiments the Soul is filled with, the common and vulgar Language is looked upon with Disdain. An ordinary and familiar Style appears too low and mean. It aims at the grand and the sublime, in order to attain to the Grandeur and Beauty of the Object which charms it. The most noble Thoughts and Expressions are sought for; the boldest Figures collected;

the most lively Images and Comparisons multiplied. Nature is run over, and its Riches exhausted, to describe the Sentiments, and give them an high Idea. And then the Numbers, Measure, and Cadence which had been expressed by the Action of the Hands, in playing on the Instruments, and the Motion of the Feet in dancing, are added to the Diction.

THIS is properly the Original of Poetry, and herein its Essence principally consists.

'Tis easy to discern all these Characters of Poetry, if we go backward to the earliest Ages, where it was pure and unmixed, and examine the most ancient Pieces we have of this Kind, such as the famous Song of *Moses* upon the Passage thro' the Red Sea. The Prophet, with *Aaron*, *Miriam*, and the other spiritual *Israelites*, discovering, in that great Event, the Deliverance from the Tyranny of the Devil, which Jesus Christ was to procure to the People of God, and carrying their Views up to the perfect Liberty which will be granted to the Church at the End of the World, when it shall be translated from the Miseries of this Exile to the Happiness of an heavenly Country, gave a Loose to the Transports of a Joy, which the Hopes of eternal Happiness inspired them with.

HENCE we must conclude, that the true Use of Poetry appertains to Religion, which alone presents Man with his real Good, and shews it only to be in God.

*By what Degrees Poetry has fallen from its primitive Purity.*

AS Men entirely plunged in Sensuality placed their whole Happiness in it, and gave themselves up without Restraint to the Pleasures of eating and drinking, and the Allurements of carnal Desires, it naturally followed, that, looking upon the Gods as happy by their Condition in the most sovereign Degree, they should ascribe to them the most perfect Felicity they had

had the Experience and Idea of in themselves; that they should represent them as passing their Time in Sports and Entertainments, and fix upon them the ordinary Consequences and Vices which they thought inseparable from them.

THIS Principle of their Theology soon led them to make it a Duty of Religion, to consecrate all the Passions and Disorders they supposed in their Gods, by solemn Sacrifices and public Feasts. And this they were the more inclined to, from the secret Pleasure they felt in seeing the Image of their own Passions delineated in such venerable Models, and in having the Gods they adored the Favorers and Accomplices of all their Debaucheries. And thence arose the very ancient Custom of Groves, which were almost constantly adjoined to their Temples, in order to cover the grossest Infamies by their Shade and Retirement. Thence the Worship of *Baal-peor*, mentioned in the 25th Chapter of *Numbers*, which, according to the *Apocalypse*, consisted in eating and committing Fornication, *Edere & fornicari*.

IN the School of so profane a Theology, What could Poetry say, Poetry which was peculiarly set apart to religious Uses, and the natural Interpreter of the Sentiments of the Heart? Its Office required it to celebrate such Gods as the public Religion pointed out, and to represent them with Characters, Passions, and Adventures ascribed to them by Fame. 'Twas Religion that inspired the Poet with Invitations like these, *Adsis letitiæ Bacchus dator*. 'Twas Religion which dictated the following Maxim, *Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus*. How could Poetry avoid pursuing the wild Mistakes of *Paganism*, whilst *Paganism* itself pursued the irregular Motions of the Heart? It could not but necessarily degenerate, in Proportion as the two Sources upon which it depended degenerated, nor could it avoid contracting the Vices of both.

THIS is the Foundation of the just Reproaches which the wise Men among the Heathen have thrown upon the Poets. This is the Subject of *Tully's* Complaint against



*Homer* in particular, that he has ascribed the Frailties of Men to the Gods, instead of giving the Virtues of the Gods to Men. And 'twas upon this Motive *Plato* banished him his Republic, tho' No-body ever admired him more than he, nor perhaps more faithfully copied after him.

THEY were both mistaken in this Point, by not going back to the original Source of the Disorder. *Homer* was not the Inventor of Fables. They were far more ancient than him, and made up a Part of the heathen Theology. He described the Gods in such Manner as he had read them from his Ancestors, and as in his Time they were generally believed to be. *Plato* therefore should have found Fault with the Religion which supposed such Gods, and not with the Poet who represented them under the Idea commonly received.

*Some beautiful Passages from Homer, translated by Mr Pope, and from Virgil by Mr Dryden, to give Children a Taste of reading Verse, consisting of Descriptions, Similies, and Speeches.*

### I. DESCRIPTIONS.

HE describes the Affliction of *Achilles's* Horses for the Death of *Patroclus* thus.

— Along their Face

*The big round Drops cours'd down with silent Pace,  
Conglobbing on the Dust. Their Manes, that late  
Circled their arched Necks, and wav'd in State,  
Trail'd on the Dust, beneath the Yoke were spread,  
And prone to Earth was hung their languid Head.* POPE.

*Virgil's* Description of an Horse's Grief is shorter, and no less lively.

*To close the Pomp, Æthon, the Steed of State  
Is led, the Fun'rals of his Lord to wait,  
Stripp'd of his Trappings, with a sullen Pace  
He walks, and the big Tears run rowling down his Face.* Dr  
*Agamemnon's*

*Agamemnon's Rage is thus described.*

*Black Choler fill'd his Breast, that boil'd with Ire,  
And from his Eyeballs flash'd the living Fire.* POPE.

THE majestic Motion of the Head, by which *Jupiter* makes the Heavens tremble, is known to all the World.

*He spoke, and awful bends his sable Brows;  
Shakes his ambrosial Curls, and gives the Nod,  
The Stamp of Fate, and Sanction of the God;  
High Heav'n with Trembling the dread Signal took,  
And all Olympus to the Center shook.  
Above the Sire of Gods his Thunder rolls,  
And Peals on Peals redoubled rend the Poles.  
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid Ground,  
The Forests wave, the Mountains nod around;  
Thro' all their Summits tremble Ida's Woods,  
And from their Sources boil her hundred Floods.  
Troy's Turrets totter on the rocking Plain,  
And the toss'd Navies beat the heaving Main.  
Deep in the dismal Regions of the Dead,  
Th' infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid Head,  
Leap'd from his Throne, lest Neptune's Arms should lay  
His dark Dominions open to the Day;  
And pour in Light on Pluto's drear Abodes,  
Abhorr'd by Men, and dreadful even to Gods.  
Such War th' Immortals wage; such Horrors rend  
The World's vast Concave, when the Gods contend.* POPE.

THE Passage where *Hector*, before he engages, takes Leave of *Andromaché*, and embraces *Astyanax*, is one of the most beautiful and pathetic in the whole Poem.

*Hector this heard, return'd without Delay,  
Swift thro' the Town he trod his former Way,  
Thro' Streets of Palaces, and Walks of State,  
And met the Mourner at the Scæan Gate.  
With Haste to meet him sprung the joyful Fair,  
His blameless Wife, Action's wealthy Heir;  
The Nurse stood near in whose Embraces prest,  
His only Hope hung smiling at her Breast,*

*Whom*

*Whom each soft Charm and earthly Grace adorn,  
 Fair as the new-born Star, that gilds the Morn—  
 Silent the Warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd,  
 To tender Passions all his mighty Mind;  
 His beauteous Princess cast a mournful Look,  
 Hung on his Hand, and then dejected spoke;  
 Her Bosom labor'd with a boding Sigh,  
 And the big Tear stood trembling in her Eye.*

*Too daring Prince! ah, whither dost thou run?  
 Ah! too forgetful of thy Wife and Son!  
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
 A Widow I, an helpless Orphan he!  
 For sure such Courage Length of Life denies,  
 And thou must fall, thy Virtue's Sacrifice.  
 Greece in her single Hero's strove in vain,  
 Now Hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!  
 Oh, grant me, Gods, e'er Hector meets his Doom,  
 All I can ask of Heav'n, an early Tomb!  
 So shall my Days in one sad Tenor run,  
 And end with Sorrows as they first begun.  
 No Parent now remains my Griefs to share,  
 No Father's Aid, no Mother's tender Care.*

AFTER having digressed, perhaps, somewhat too long, upon the Greatness of her past Calamities, she then goes on.

*Yet while my Hector still survives, I see  
 My Father, Mother, Brethren, all in thee.  
 Alas! my Parents, Brothers, Kindred, all  
 Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.  
 Thy Wife, thy Infant, in thy Danger share,  
 Oh prove a Husband's and a Father's Care!*

Hector, having answered Andromacké in a Manner equally noble and affectionate, says

—Th' illustrious Prince of Troy  
 Stretch'd his fond Arms to clasp the lovely Boy,  
 The Babe cling crying to his Nurse's Breast,  
 Scar'd at the dazzling Helm, and nodding Crest,  
 With secret Pleasure each fond Parent smil'd,  
 And Hector hasten'd to relieve his Child.



*The glitt'ring Terrors from his Brows unbound,  
And plac'd the beaming Helmet on the Ground;  
Then kiss'd the Child, and lifting high in Air,  
Thus to the Gods prefer'd a Father's Prayer.*

*O thou, whose Glory fills th' ethereal Throne,  
And all the deathless Powers, protect my Son!  
Grant him, like me, to purchase just Renown,  
To guard the Trojans, to defend the Crown,  
Against his Country's Foes the War to wage,  
And rise the Hector of the future Age!  
So when triumphant from successful Toils  
Of Heroes slain he bears the reeking Spoils,  
Whole Hosts may hail him with deserv'd Acclaim,  
And say, This Chief transcends his Father's Fame;  
While pleas'd amidst the general Shouts of Troy,  
His Mother's conscious Heart o'erflows with Joy.*

*He spoke, and fondly gazing on her Charms,  
Restor'd the pleasing Burden to her Arms,  
Soft on her fragrant Breast the Babe she laid,  
Husb'd to Repose, and with a Smile survey'd.  
The troubled Pleasure soon chastiz'd by Fear,  
She mingled with the Smile a tender Tear.* POPE.

THERE never was a finer Piece of Painting than this. How expressive is the Grief and Consternation of *Andromacké*? How just and beautiful the Image of a Child, frightened at the glittering of his Father's Arms, and shrinking back into the Bosom of his Nurse! The Sentiment of *Hector*, who desires to see his Son exceed him in Glory, How natural?

### S I M I L I E S.

*Homer's* Description of the immortal Horses is very strong.

*Far as a Shepherd, from some Point on high,  
O'er the wide Main extends his boundless Eye;  
Thro' such a Space of Air, with thund'ring Sound,  
At ev'ry Leap th' immortal Coursers bound.* POPE.

He has two beautiful Comparisons, and *Virgil's* Application of them should make them valuable.

*Him*

*Him Menalaus, lov'd of Mars, espies,  
With Heart elated, and with joyful Eyes.  
So joys a Lion, if the branching Deer,  
Or Mountain Goat, his bulky Prize, appear.  
In vain the Youths oppose, the Mastives bay,  
The lordly Savage rends the panting Prey.  
Thus fond of Vengeance, with a furious Bound  
In clanging Arms he leaps upon the Ground  
From his high Chariot.——*

POPE.

*Then as a hungry Lion, who beholds  
A gamesome Goat, who frisks about the Folds;  
Or beamy Stag that grazes on the Plain:  
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising Main;  
He grinds, and opens wide his greedy Jaws,  
The Prey lies panting underneath his Paws:  
He fills his famish'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er  
With unchew'd Morfels, while he churns the Gore.* DR.

*— Him, approaching near,  
The beauteous Champion views with Marks of Fear,  
Smit with a conscious Sense, retires behind,  
And shuns the Fate he well deserv'd to find.  
As when some Shepherd from the rustling Trees  
Shot forth to View a scaly Serpent sees;  
Trembling and pale he starts with wild Affright,  
And all confus'd precipitates his Flight;  
So from the King the shining Warrior flies,  
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojan lies.*

POPE.

*Virgil has finely imitated this Comparison, and seems  
to have added an Improvement of Beauty to the Ori-  
ginal.*

*As when some Peasant, in a bushy Brake,  
Has with unwary Footing press'd a Snake;  
He starts aside, astonish'd when he spies  
His rising Crest, blue Neck, and rowling Eyes.* DR.

*Homer's comparing Paris to a Courser, is a cele-  
brated Similie.*

*' The wanton Courser thus, with Reins unbound,  
' Breaks from his Stall, and beats the trembling Ground;*

Pam-

‘ Pamper’d and proud he seeks the wonted Tides,  
 ‘ And laves, in Height of Blood, his shining Sides;  
 ‘ His Head now freed he tosses to the Skies;  
 ‘ His Mane dishevel’d o’er his Shoulders flies;  
 ‘ He snuffs the Females in the distant Plain,  
 ‘ And springs exulting to his Fields again.  
 ‘ With equal Triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,  
 ‘ In Arms refulgent as the God of Day,  
 ‘ The Son of *Priam* glorying in his Might,  
 ‘ Rush’d forth with *Hector* to the Fields of Fight. POPE.

*Virgil* seems here inclined to dispute the Prize of his Hors’s Course with *Homer*.

‘ Freed from his Keepers, thus with broken Reins,  
 ‘ The wanton Courser prances o’er the Plains;  
 ‘ Or in the Pride of Youth o’erleaps the Mounds;  
 ‘ And snuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds.  
 ‘ Or seeks his Wat’ring in the well known Flood,  
 ‘ To quench his Thirst, and cool his fiery Blood:  
 ‘ He swims luxuriant in the liquid Plain,  
 ‘ And o’er his Shoulder flows his waving Mane:  
 ‘ He neighs, he snorts, he bears his Head on high;  
 ‘ Before his ample Chest the frothy Waters fly. DR.

Two or three Comparisons shorter, and different from the other, conclude this Article.

‘ As Men in Slumbers seem with speedy Pace  
 ‘ One to pursue, and one to lead the Chace,  
 ‘ Their sinking Limbs the fancied Course forsake,  
 ‘ Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake. POPE.

‘ AND as when heavy Sleep has clos’d the Sight,  
 ‘ The sickly Fancy labors in the Night:  
 ‘ We seem to run; and destitute of Force,  
 ‘ Our sinking Limbs forsake us in the Course:  
 ‘ In vain we heave for Breath; in vain we cry:  
 ‘ The Nerves unbrac’d, their usual Strength deny:  
 ‘ And on the Tongue the fault’ring Accents die. DR.

THE *Latin* Poet has taken only the Idea from the *Greek*, and much improv’d it.

‘ As full-blown Poppies, over-charg’d with Rain,  
 ‘ Decline the Head, and drooping kiss the Plain;



‘ So sinks the Youth; his beauteous Head, depress’d  
‘ Beneath his Helmit, drops upon his Breast. POPE.

‘ LIKE a fair Flow’r by the keen Show’r oppress’d:

‘ Like a white Poppy sinking on the Plain,

‘ Whose heavy Head is over-charg’d with Rain. DR.

‘ As the bold Bird her helpless Young attends,

‘ From Danger guards them, and from Want defends,

‘ In Search of Prey she wings the spacious Air,

‘ And with th’ untasted Food supplies her Care.

‘ For thankless *Greece* such Hardships have I brav’d,

‘ Her Wives, her Infants, by my Labors sav’d,

‘ Long sleepless Nights in heavy Arms I stood,

‘ And sweat laborious Days in Dust and Blood. POPE.

### S P E E C H E S.

THE Speech of *Ajax*, who was delegated by the Army to move *Achilles* to take Arms again, and repel *Hector*, who was upon the Point of setting Fire to the *Grecian* Fleet, may suffice to shew how well *Homer* succeeded in describing the different Characters of the Persons whom he makes to discourse. *Ajax* was warm and impetuous in his Disposition, and begins thus:

‘ Hence let us go,—Why waste we Time in vain?

‘ See what Effect our low Submissions gain!

‘ Lik’d or not lik’d, his Words we must relate,

‘ The *Greeks* expect them, and our Hero’s wait.

‘ Proud as he is, that Iron Heart retains

‘ Its stubborn Purpose, and his Friends disdains.

‘ Stern and unpitying! if a Brother bleed,

‘ On just Atonement we remit the Deed;

‘ A Sire the Slaughter of his Son forgives,

‘ The Price of Blood discharg’d, the Murderer lives:

‘ The haughtiest Hearts at length their Rage resign,

‘ And Gifts can conquer every Soul but thine;

‘ The Gods that unrelenting Breast have steel’d,

‘ And curs’d thee with a Mind that cannot yield.

‘ One Woman-Slave was ravish’d from thy Arms,

‘ Lo, seven are offer’d, and of equal Charms.

That

- ‘ That hear, *Achilles*, be of better Mind ;
- ‘ Revere thy Roof, and to thy Guests be kind :
- ‘ And know the Men, of all the *Grecian Host*,
- ‘ Who honor Worth, and prize thy Valor most. *Pope.*

*Antiochus's* short Speech to *Achilles* is justly proposed as a perfect Model of oratorial Brevity.

*Sad Tidings, Son of Peleus thou must hear,  
 And wretched I th' unwilling Messenger !—  
 Dead is Patroclus ! for his Corse they fight,  
 His naked Corse : His Arms are Hector's Right.*

To perceive the full Beauty of *Priam's* Speech to *Hector*, we must call to Mind, that *Achilles* is rough, violent, and inflexible ; but he was a Son, and had a Father. Being entred the Tent of *Achilles*, he throws himself upon his Knees, kisses those murd'rous Hands that had slain so many of his Children. He says,

*Ah, think thou favor'd of the Pow'rs divine !  
 Think of thy Father's Age, and pity mine ;  
 In me thy Father's reverend Image trace,  
 Those Silver Hairs, that venerable Face ;  
 His trembling Limbs, his helpless Person see !  
 In all my Equal, but in Misery !*

*Yet now perhaps, some Turn of human Fate  
 Expels him helpless from his peaceful State ;  
 Think from some pow'rful Foe thou seest him fly,  
 And beg Protection with a feeble Cry.*

*Yet still one Comfort in his Soul may rise ;  
 He hears his Son still lives to glad his Eyes ;  
 And hearing, still may hope a better Day  
 May send him thee to chase that Foe away.*

*No Comfort to my Griefs, no Hopes remain,  
 The best, the bravest of my Sons are slain !*

*Yet what a Race ? e'er Greece to Ilion came,  
 The Pledge of many a lov'd and loving Dame :  
 Nineteen one Mother bore.—Dead, all are dead !  
 How oft alas ! has wretched Priam bled ?*

*Still one was left, their Loss to recompense,  
 His Father's Hope, his Country's last Defence ;*

Him too thy Rage has slain! beneath thy Steel,  
 Unhappy, in his Country's Cause he fell.  
 For him thro' hostile Camps I bent my Way,  
 For him thus prostrate at thy Feet I lay;  
 Large Gifts, proportion'd to thy Wrath I bear;  
 Oh, hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!

Think of thy Father, and his Face behold!  
 See him in me, as helpless and as old!  
 Tho' not so wretched: There he yields to me,  
 The first of Men in sovereign Misery.  
 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace  
 The Scourge and Ruin of my Realm and Race;  
 Suppliant my Children's Murd'rer to implore,  
 And kiss those Hands yet reeking with their Gore. POPE.

THIS pathetic Discourse drew Tears from Achilles's  
 Eyes; he raised Priam with Tendernefs, and seemed  
 to bear Part of his Sorrows with him.

HOMER plainly owns one first Being upon whom  
 all others depend: One single Passage will evince  
 this.

Aurora now, fair Daughter of the Dawn,  
 Sprinkled with rosy Light the dewy Lawn;  
 When Jove conven'd the Senate of the Skies,  
 Where high Olympus's cloudy Tops arise.  
 The Sire of Gods his awful Silence broke,  
 The Heavens, attentive, trembled as he spoke.

Celestial States, immortal Gods give Ear,  
 Hear our Decree, and reverence what you hear;  
 The fix'd Decree, which not all Heaven can move,  
 Thou Fate! fulfil it; and ye Pow'rs, approve!  
 What God but enters yon forbidden Field,  
 Who yields Assistance, or but wills to yield;  
 Back to the Skies with Shame he shall be driven,  
 Gash'd with dishonest Wounds, the Scorn of Heaven;  
 Or far, oh far from steep Olympus thrown,  
 Low in the dark Tartarean Gulph shall groan,  
 With burning Chains fix'd to the brazen Floors,  
 And lock'd by Hell's inexorable Doors:



*As deep beneath th' infernal Center hurl'd,  
 As from that Center to th' ethereal World.  
 Let him who tempts me dread those dire Abodes;  
 And know th' Almighty is the God of Gods.  
 League all your Forces then, ye Pow'rs above,  
 Join all, and try th' Omnipotence of Jove:  
 Let down your golden, everlasting Chain,  
 Whose strong Embrace holds Heav'n, and Earth, and Main:  
 Strive all, of mortal and immortal Birth,  
 To drag by this the Thund'rer down to Earth:  
 Ye strive in vain. If I but stretch this Hand,  
 I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the Land,  
 I fix the Chain to great Olympus's Height,  
 And the vast World hangs trembling in my Sight.  
 For such I reign, unbounded, and above;  
 And such are Men and Gods compar'd to Jove.  
 Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the Pow'rs reply,  
 A rev'rend Horror silenc'd all the Sky;  
 Trembling they stood before their Sov'reign's Look. POPE.  
 A Providence also presiding over all, and governing all.*

*HE describes the watchful Care of Providence over  
 Mankind, by the ingenious Fiction of two Urns, thus,  
 ————Man is born to bear.*

*Such is, alas! the God's severe Decree,  
 They, only they are blest, and only free.  
 Two Urns by Jove's high Throne have ever stood,  
 The Source of evil One, and One of Good:  
 From thence the Cup of mortal Men he fills,  
 Blessings to these, to these distributes Ills;  
 To most he mingles both: The Wretch decreed  
 To taste the Bad unmix'd, is curst indeed;  
 Pursu'd by Wrongs, by meagre Famine driven,  
 He wanders Outcast both of Earth and Heaven. POPE.*

*'TIS GOD who gives Reputation, Renown, and  
 Victory. Hector leaves the Field, because Jupiter  
 took Courage from him.*

*I joy to mingle where the Battle bleeds  
 And hear the Thunder of the sounding Steeds.*

*But Jove's high Will is ever uncontrol'd,  
The Strong he withers, and confounds the Bold;  
Now crowns with Fame the mighty Man, and new  
Strikes the fresh Garland from the Victor's Brow.* POPE.

AGAMEMNON represents to Achilles, that as all is derived from God, he should not be haughty.

*Strife and Debate thy restless Soul employ,  
And Wars and Horrors are thy savage Joy.  
If thou hast Strength, 'twas Heav'n that Strength be-  
stow'd,*

*For know, vain Man! thy Valor is from God.* POPE.

DIOMED hopes to conquer Hector, if GOD assists him. Hector also puts his Confidence in GOD; and says to Achilles,

*I know thy Force to mine superior far,  
But Heaven alone confers Success in War:  
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my Dart,  
And give it Entrance in a braver Heart.* POPE.

'TIS worth While to observe what Homer says of the Efficacy of Prayer, where Phoenix endeavours to appease the inflexible Rage of Achilles.

*Now be thy Rage, thy fatal Rage resign'd;  
A cruel Heart ill-suits a manly Mind:  
The Gods (the only great, and only wise)  
Are mov'd by Off'rings, Vows, and Sacrifice:  
Offending Man their high Compassion wins,  
And daily Pray'rs atone for daily Sins.  
Prayers are Jove's Daughters, of celestial Race,  
Lame are their Feet, and wrinkled is their Face;  
With humble Mien, and with dejected Eyes,  
Constant they follow, where Injustice flies;  
Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,  
Sweeps the wide Earth, and tramples o'er Mankind,  
While Pray'rs to heal her Wrongs move slow behind.  
Who hears these Daughters of Almighty Jove,  
For him they meditate the Throne above:  
When Man rejects the humble Suit they make,  
The Sire revenges for the Daughter's Sake;*

From

*From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then  
Descends, to punish unrelenting Men.  
Oh! let not headlong Passion bear the Sway,  
These reconciling Goddesses obey;  
Due Honors to the Seed of Jove belong,  
Due Honours calm the fierce, and bind the strong.* POPE.

IN these Verses we have a great Truth clearly exprest; whoever would be heard by the Gods, and obtain Pardon, must hear the Prayers of Men, who have offended them, and pardon the Offence.

A MAN must be strangely blind not to discern throughout all *Homer*, that the Notion of the Soul's Immortality, was an ancient and universally prevailing Opinion in his Days. Without mentioning any other Proofs, we need only read what he has said of *Ulysses's* Descent into Hell.

THE other Opinion, which is a Consequence of the foregoing, that Virtues are rewarded and Crimes punished in another Life, is as expressly delivered. *Homer* represents to us *Minos* in the Shades below, with a Scepter in his Hand, distributing Justice to the dead, who were assembled in Troops around his Tribunal, and pronouncing irrevocable Judgments, which decide their Fate for ever.

#### AN ESSAY ON MAN, by Mr. Pope.

**A**WAKE! my LÆLIUS, leave all meaner Things,  
To low Ambition and the Pride of Kings:  
Let us (since Life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us, and to die)  
Expatriate free, o'er all this *Scene of Man*;  
A mighty Maze! of Walks without a Plan;  
Or Wild, where Weeds and Flow'rs promiscuous shoot;  
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden Fruit.  
Together let us beat this ample *Field*,  
Try what the Open, what the Covert, yield;  
The latent Tracts, or giddy Heights explore;  
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar.

Eye



Eye Nature's Walks : shoot Folly as it flies,  
 And catch the Manners, living as they rise ;  
 Laugh where we *must* ; be candid where we *can* ;  
 But vindicate the Ways of *God to Man* :

SAY first, of *God* above, or *Man* below,  
 What can we *reason*, but from what we *know* ?  
 Of *Man*, what see we but his Station here,  
 From which to Reason, or to which refer ?  
 Thro' Worlds unbounded tho' the *God* be known ;  
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.  
 Of this vast Frame, the Bearings and the Ties,  
 The strong Connections, nice Dependencies,  
 And Centers just, has thy pervading Soul  
 Look'd thro' ? Or, can a Part contain the Whole ?

IN the great Chain that draws all to agree,  
 And drawn-Supports, upheld by *God* or thee ?  
 He who thro' vast Immensity can pierce,  
 See Worlds on Worlds compose one Universe,  
 Observe how System into System runs,  
 What other Planets, and what other Suns ?  
 What varied Being peoples every Star ?  
 May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are.

WHEN the proud Steed shall know why *Man* restrains  
 His fiery Course, or drives him o'er the Plains ;  
 When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the Clod ;  
 Now wears a Garland, an *Egyptian* God ;  
 Then shall *Man*'s Pride and Dulness comprehend  
 His Action's, Passions, Being's, Use and End ;  
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why  
 This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity ?

PRESUMPTUOUS *Man* ! the Reason would'st thou find.  
 Why made so weak, so little, and so blind ?  
 First, if thou can'st, the harder Reason guess,  
 Why made no weaker, blinder, and no less ?  
 Ask of thy Mother Earth why Oaks are made  
 Taller or stronger than the Weeds they shade ?  
 Or ask of yonder argent Fields above,  
 Why *Jove's* *Satellites* are less than *Jove* ?

OF Systems possible, if 'tis confest  
 That Wisdom infinite must form the *Best*,  
 Where all must *fall* or not *coherent be*,  
 And all that rises, rise in due Degree;  
 Then, in the Scale of Life and Scene, 'tis plain  
 There must be, *some where*, such a Rank as *Man*;  
 And all the Question (wrangle e'er so long)  
 Is only this, if *God* has plac'd him *wrong*?

RESPECTING *Man* whatever Wrong we call,  
 May, must be right, as relative to *All*.  
 In human Works, tho' labor'd on with Pain,  
 A thousand Movements scarce one Purpose gain;  
 In *God's*, one single can its *End* produce,  
 Yet serves to second too some *other Use*.  
 So *Man*, who here seems Principal alone,  
 Perhaps acts second to some Sphere unknown,  
 Touches some Wheel, or verges to some Goal;  
 'Tis but a Part we see, and not a Whole.

THEN say not *Man's* imperfect, Heav'n in Fault;  
 Say rather, *Man's* as perfect as he ought;  
 His Being measur'd to his State, and Place,  
 His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.

HEAV'N from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,  
 All but the Page prescrib'd, their *present State*;  
 From *Brutes* what *Men*, from *Men* what *Spirits* know;  
 Or who could suffer Being here below?  
 The Lamb thy Riat dooms to bleed To-day,  
 Had he thy *Reason*, would he skip and play?  
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry Food,  
 And licks the Hand just rais'd to shed his Blood.  
 Oh Blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,  
 That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,  
 Who sees with equal Eye as *God* of All,  
 A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,  
 Atoms, or Systems, into Ruin hurl'd,  
 And now a Bubble burst, and now a World!

HOPE humbly then; with trembling Pinions soar;  
 Wait the great Teacher, Death, and *God* adore!

What

What Bliss above, he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that *Hope* to be thy Bliss below.  
*Hope* springs eternal in the human Breast;  
*Man* never is, but always *to be* blest;  
 The Soul uneasy, and confin'd at Home,  
 Rests, and expatiates, in a Life to come.  
 If to be perfect in a certain State,  
 What Matter, here or there, or soon or late?  
 Safe in the Hand of one disposing Pow'r,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour:  
 And he that's blest'd To-day, as fully so;  
 As who began ten thousand Years ago.

Lo! the poor *Indian*, whose untutor'd Mind  
 Sees *God* in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind;  
 His Soul, proud Science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar Walk, or milky Way,  
 Yet simple Nature to his Hope has giv'n  
 Behind the cloud-topt Hill an humbler Heav'n;  
 Some safer World in Depth of Woods embrac'd;  
 Some happier Island in the wat'ry Waste;  
 Where Slaves once more their native Land behold,  
 No Fiends torment, nor Christians thirst for Gold.  
 But does he say, The Maker is not good,  
 Till he's exalted to what State he wou'd?  
 Himself alone' high Heav'n's peculiar Care;  
 Alone made happy, *when* he will, and *where*?  
 To *be*, content's his natural Desire,  
 He asks no Angel's Wing or Seraph's Fire,  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal Sky,  
 His faithful Dog shall bear him Company.  
 Go, wiser Thou! and in thy Scale of Sense  
 Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence*:  
 Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such,  
 Pronounce HE acts too little, or too much;  
 Destroy all Creatures for thy Sport or Gust,  
 Yet thou unhappy, think'tis He's unjust;  
 Snatch from his Hand the Balance and the Rod;  
 Re-judge his Justice, Be the God of God!



IN *Pride* (my Friend) in *Pride*, our Error lies ;  
 All quit their Sphere, and rush into the Skies.  
*Pride* still is aiming at the blest Abodes,  
*Men* would be *Angels*, *Angels* would be *Gods*.  
 Aspiring to be *Gods*, if *Angels* fell,  
 Aspiring to be *Angels*, *Men* rebel :  
 And who but wishes to invert the Laws  
 Of ORDER, sins against th' eternal Cause.

ASK for what End the heavenly Bodies shine ?  
 Earth for whose Use ? *Pride* answers, 'Tis for mine.  
 For me, kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,  
 Suckles each Herb, and spreads out ev'ry Flow'r ;  
 Annual for me, the Grape, the Rose renew  
 The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew ;  
 For me, the Mine a thousand Treasures brings,  
 For me, Health gushes from a thousand Springs ;  
 Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise ;  
 My Footstool Earth, my Canopy the Skies !

BUT errs not Nature from this gracious End,  
 From burning Suns when livid Deaths descend,  
 When Earthquakes swallow, or when Tempests sweep  
 Towns to one Grave, a Nation to the deep ?  
 Blame we for this the wise Almighty Cause ?

" No ('tis reply'd) he acts by *gen'ral Laws* ;  
 " Th' Exceptions few ; some Change since all began ;  
 " And what created perfect ?"—Why then *Man* ?

If the great End be human Happiness,  
 And Nature deviates ; How can *Man* do less ?  
 Nature as much a constant Course requires  
 Of Show'rs and Sunshine, as of *Man's* Desires,  
 As much eternal Springs and cloudless Skies,  
 As *Men* for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.  
 If Plagues or Earthquakes break not Heav'n's Design,  
 Why then a *Borgia* or a *Catiline* ?

From *Pride*, from *Pride*, our very Reas'ning springs ;  
 Account for moral, or for nat'ral Things :

Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit ?  
 In both, to reason right is to submit.

BET-

BETTER for Us, perhaps it might appear,  
 Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here ;  
 That never Air or Ocean felt the Wind ;  
 That never Passion discompos'd the Mind :  
 But all subsists by elemental Strife ;  
 And Passions are the Elements of Life.  
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,  
 Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*.

WHAT would this *Man*? Now upward will he soar,  
 And, little less than *Angel*, would be more ;  
 Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears  
 To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.  
 Made for his Use all Creatures if he call,  
 Say what their Use, Had he the Pow'rs of all :

NATURE to each, without Profusion kind,  
 The proper Organs, proper Pow'rs assign'd,  
 Each seeming Want compensated of Course,  
 Here due Degrees of Swiftness ; there of Force ;  
 Each Beast, each Insect, happy as it can ;  
 Is Heav'n unkind to nothing but to *Man* ?  
 So justly all proportion'd to each State,  
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate :

SHALL *Man*, shall reasonable *Man* alone,  
 Be, or endow'd with all, or pleas'd with none ?

THRO' gen'ral Life behold the Scale arise  
 Of *sensual*, and of *mental* Faculties.  
 Vast Range of Sense ! from *Man*'s imperial Race  
 To the green Myriads in the peopled Grass !  
 What Modes of Sight, betwixt each wide Extreme,  
 The Mole's dim Curtain, and the Lynx's Beam :  
 Of Smell, the headlong Lioness between,  
 And Hound, sagacious on the tainted Green !  
 Of hearing, from the Life that fills the Flood,  
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal Wood.  
 In the nice Bee what Sense so subtly true  
 From pois'nous Herbs extracts the healing Dew :  
 The Spider's Touch, how exquisitely fine,  
 Feels at each Thread, and lives along the Line.

How

How *Instinct* varies ! what a Hog may want,  
 Compar'd with thine, half-reas'ning Elephant !  
 'Twixt that, and *Reason*, what a nice Barrier,  
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near.  
 Remembrance, and Reflexion, how ally'd !  
 What thin Partitions Sense from Thought divide,  
 And middle Natures how they long to join,  
 Yet never pass th' insuperable Line !  
 Without this just *Gradation*, could they be  
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee ?  
 The Pow'rs of all subdued by thee alone,  
 Is not thy Reason all those Pow'rs in one ?

THE Bliss of Man (could Pride that Blessing find)  
 Is, not to know, or think beyond Mankind ;  
 No self-confounding Faculties to share ;  
 No Senses stronger than his Brain can bear.  
 Why has not *Man* a microscopic Eye ?  
 For this plain Reason, *Man* is not a Fly :  
 What the Advantage, if his finer Eyes  
 Study a Mite, not comprehend the Skies ?  
 His Touch, if trembling, ly alive all o'er,  
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry Pore ?  
 Or quick *Effluvia* darting thro' his Brain,  
 Die of a Rose, in aromatic Pain ?  
 If Nature thunder'd in his opening Ears,  
 And stunn'd him with the Music of the Spheres,  
 How would he wish that Heaven had left him still  
 The whisp'ring *Zephyr*, and the purling Rill ?  
 Who finds not Providence all-good and wise,  
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

SEE, thro' this Air, this Ocean, and this Earth,  
 All Nature quick, and bursting into Birth.

Above, how high progressive Life may go ?  
 Around how wide ? How deep extend below ?  
 Vast Chain of Being ! which from *God* began,  
 Ethereal Essence, Spirit, Substance, *Man*,  
 Beast, Bird, Fish, Insect ! what no Eye can see,  
 No Glass can reach ! from Infinite to Thee !

From



From Thee to Nothing !——On superior Pow'rs  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;  
 Or in the full Creation leave a Void,  
 Where one Step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd :  
 From Nature's Chain whatever Link you strike,  
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the Chain alike.

AND if each System in Gradation roll,  
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole ;  
 The least Confusion but in one, not all  
 That System only, but the Whole must fall.  
 All this dread Order, shall it break ? For thee ?  
 Vile Worm !——O Madness ! Pride ! Impiety ?

WHAT if the Foot, ordain'd the Dust to tread,  
 Or Hand to toil, aspir'd to be the Head ?  
 What if the Head, the Eye or Ear repin'd  
 To serve mere Engines to the ruling Mind ?  
 Just as absurd, for any Part to claim  
 To be another, in this gen'ral Frame :  
 Just as absurd, to mourn the Tasks or Pains,  
 The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

ALL are but Parts of one stupendous Whole ;  
 Whose Body *Nature* is, and *God* the Soul.  
 That, chang'd thro' All and yet in All the same,  
 Great in the Earth as in th' etherial Frame,  
 Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,  
 Glows in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,  
 Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent,  
 Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,  
 As full, as perfect, in a Hair, as Heart,  
 As full, as perfect, in vile *Man* that mourns,  
 As the rapt Seraphim, that sings and burns ;  
 To him, no high, no low, no great, no small ;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

CEASE then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name :  
 Our proper Bliss depends on what we blame.  
 Know thy own *Point*. This just, this kind Degree  
 Of Blindness, Weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.

Sub-

Submit — in this, or any other Sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear.  
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;  
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see ;  
 All Discord, Harmony not understood ;  
 All partial Evil, universal Good :  
 And spight of Pride, and in thy Reason's Spight,  
 One Truth is clear ; " Whatever is, is RIGHT."

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A Panegyrick on a *Country-Life*, by Mr DRYDEN.

O Happy, if he knew his happy State !  
 The Swain, who free from Bus'ness and Debate ;  
 Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,  
 And just Returns of cultivated Land !  
 No Palace, with a lofty Gate he wants,  
 T' admit the Tides of early Visitants,  
 With eager Eyes devouring, as they pass,  
 The breathing Figures of *Corinthian* Brass.  
 No Statues threaten, from high Pedistals ;  
 No *Persian* Arras hides his homely Walls,  
 With Antic Vests ; which thro' their shady Fold,  
 Betray the Streaks of ill-dissembled Gold.  
 He boasts no Wool, whose native White is dy'd  
 With purple Poison of *Assyrian* Pride.  
 No costly Drugs of *Arahy* defile,  
 With foreign Scents, the Sweetness of his Oil.  
 But easy Quiet, a secure Retreat,  
 A harmless Life that knows not how to cheat,  
 With home-bred Plenty the rich Owner blest,  
 And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.  
 Unvex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,  
 The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys :  
 Cool Grots, and living Lakes, the flow'ry Pride  
 Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide ;  
 And shady Groves, that easy Sleep invite,  
 And after toilsom Days, a soft Repose at Night,  
 Wild Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound ;  
 And Youth, of Labor patient, plough the Ground,

Inur'd to Hardship, and to homely Fare,  
 Nor venerable Age is wanting there,  
 In great Examples to the youthful Train :  
 Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rites profane.  
 From hence *Astrea* took her Flight and here  
 The Prints of her departing Steps appear.

Ye sacred Muses, with whose Beauty fir'd,  
 My Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd :  
 Whose Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear ;  
 Wou'd you your Poet's first Petition hear ;  
 Give me the Ways of wand'ring Stars to know ;  
 The Depths of Heav'n above, and Earth below.  
 Teach me the various Labors of the Moon,  
 And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.  
 Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,  
 And in what dark Recess they shrink again.  
 What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays  
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.  
 But if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight  
 Of my free Soul, aspiring to the Height  
 Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light,  
 My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,  
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.  
 A Country Cottage near a Crystal Flood,  
 A winding Valley, and a lofty Wood.  
 Some God conduct me to the sacred Shades,  
 Where Bacchanals are sung by *Spartan* Maids.  
 Or lift me high to *Hemus's* hilly Crown ;  
 Or in the Plains of *Tempé* lay me down :  
 Or lead me to some solitary Place,  
 And cover my Retreat from human Race.

HAPPY the Man, who studying Nature's Laws,  
 Thro' known Effects can trace the secret Cause.  
 His Mind possessing, in a quiet State,  
 Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.  
 And happy too is he who decks the Bow'rs  
 Of *Sylvans*, and adores the rural Pow'rs :  
 Whose Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can see,  
 Their glitt'ring Baits, and Purple Slavery.

Nor



Nor hopes the People's Praise, nor fears their Frown,  
 Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown,  
 Will set up one, or pull another down.

WITHOUT Concern he hears, but hears from far,  
 Of Tumults, and Descents, and distant War :  
 Nor with a superstitious Fear is aw'd,  
 For what befalls at Home, or what Abroad.  
 Nor envies he the rich, their heapy Store,  
 Nor his own Peace disturbs, with Pity for the Poor.  
 He feeds on Fruits, which of their own Accord,  
 The willing Ground, and laden Trees afford.  
 From his lov'd Home no Lucre him can draw ;  
 The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw ;  
 Nor heard, at bawling Bars, corrupted Law.  
 Some to the Seas, and some to Camps resort,  
 And some with Impudence invade the Court.  
 In foreign Countries others seek Renown ;  
 With Wars and Taxes others waste their own,  
 And Houses burn, and Household Gods deface,  
 To drink in Bowls which glitt'ring Gems enchase :  
 To loll on Couches, rich with *Citron* Steds,  
 And lay their guilty Limbs in *Tyrian* Beds.  
 This Wretch in Earth intombs his golden Ore,  
 Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd Store.  
 Some Patriot Fools to popular Praise aspire,  
 Of public Speeches which worse Fools admire.  
 While from both Benches with redoubled Sounds,  
 Th' Applause of Lords and Commoners abounds.  
 Some thro' Ambition, or thro' Thirst of Gold,  
 Have slain their Brothers, or their Country sold ;  
 And leaving their sweet Homes in Exile run,  
 To Lands that lye beneath another Sun.

THE Peasant innocent of all these Ills,  
 With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills ;  
 And the round Year with daily Labor fills.  
 And hence the Country Markets are supply'd :  
 Enough remains for Household Charge beside ;  
 His Wife, and tender Children to sustain,  
 And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train.

Nor

Nor cease his Labors, till the yellow Field  
 A full Return of bearded Harvest yield :  
 A Crop so plenteous, as the Land to load,  
 O'ercome the crowded Barns, and lodge on Ricks a-  
 Thus ev'ry sev'ral Season is employ'd : [broad,  
 Some spent in Toil, and some in Ease enjoy'd.  
 The yearning Ewes prevent the springing Year ;  
 The laded Boughs their Fruits in Autumn bear :  
 'Tis then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,  
 Bak'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields.  
 The Winter comes, and then the falling Mast,  
 For greedy Swine, provide a full Repast.  
 Then Olives, ground in Mills, their Fatness boast,  
 And Winter Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost.  
 His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of Bliss ;  
 His little Children climbing for a Kifs,  
 Welcome their Father's late Return at Night ;  
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste Delight.  
 His Kine with swelling Udders ready stand,  
 And, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's Hand.  
 His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,  
 Fight harmless Battles in his homely Yard :  
 Himself in rustick Pomp on Holy-days,  
 To rural Powers a just Oblation pays ;  
 And on the Green his careless Limbs displays,  
 The Hearth is in the Midst ; the Herdsmen round  
 The chearful Fire, provoke his Health in Goblets crown'd.  
 He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize ;  
 The Groom, his Fellow-Groom, at Buts defies,  
 And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.  
 Or stript for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oil,  
 And watches with a Trip his Foe to foil.  
 Such was the Life the frugal *Sabines* led ;  
 So *Remus* and his Brother-God were bred :  
 From whom th' austere *Etrurian* Virtue rose,  
 And this rude Life our homely Fathers chose.  
 Old *Rome* from such a Race deriv'd her Birth  
 (The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth ;)  
 Which

Which now on sev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,  
 And in that Compass all the World contains  
 E'er *Saturn's* Rebel Son usurp'd the Skies,  
 When Beasts were only slain for Sacrifice :  
 While peaceful *Crete* enjoy'd her ancient Lord,  
 E'er sounding Hammers forg'd th' inhuman Sword,  
 E'er hollow Drums were beat before the Breath  
 Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peals of Death ;  
 The good old God his Hunger did assuage  
 With Roots and Herbs, and gave the golden Age.  
 But over labour'd with so long a Course,  
 'Tis Time to set at Ease the smoking Horse.

*Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture : In his Hand  
 Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn  
 Sword on the Table by him.*

**I**T must be so—*Plato* thou reason'st well!—  
 Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,  
 This longing after Immortality ?  
 Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,  
 Of falling into Nought ? Why shrinks the Soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at Destruction ?  
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;  
 'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an Hereafter,  
 And intimates Eternity to Man.  
 Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful Thought !  
 Through what Variety of untry'd Being,  
 Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass !  
 The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies before me ;  
 But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness, rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,  
 (And that there is all Nature cries aloud  
 Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue ;  
 And that which he delights in, must be happy.  
 But when ! or where !—This World was made for  
*Cæsar.*

I'm weary of Conjectures—This must end 'em.

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Thus



Thus am I doubly arm'd : My Death and Life,  
 My Bane and Antidote are both before me :  
 This in a Moment brings me to an End ;  
 But This informs me I shall never die.  
 The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles  
 At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.  
 The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself  
 Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years ;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,  
 The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

WHAT means this Heaviness that hangs upon me  
 This Lethargy that creeps through all my Senses ?  
 Nature oppress'd and harass'd out with Care,  
 Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour her,  
 That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,  
 Renew'd in all her Strength and fresh with Life,  
 An Offering fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or Fear  
 Disturb Man's Rest : *Cato* knows neither of 'em,  
 Indifferent in his Choice to sleep or die.

A SPEECH of EDGAR's in King *Lear*.

Come on SIR,

14 JY 66

**H**ERE's the Place ; stand still, how fearful  
 And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low !  
 The Crows and Choughs that wing the Mid-way Air  
 Shew scarce so gross as Beetles. Half Way down  
 Hangs one that gathers Samphire ; dreadful Trade  
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his Head.  
 The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach,  
 Appear like Mice ; and yon tall anchoring Bark  
 Diminish'd to her Cock, her Cock, a Buoy,  
 Almost too small for Sight. The murmuring Surge  
 That on th' unnumber'd idle Pebble chafes,  
 Cannot be heard so high. I look no more,  
 Left my Brain turn, and the deficient Sight  
 Topple down headlong.

F I N I S.